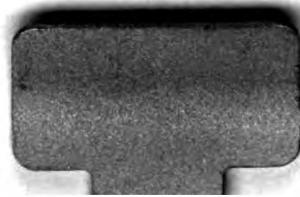
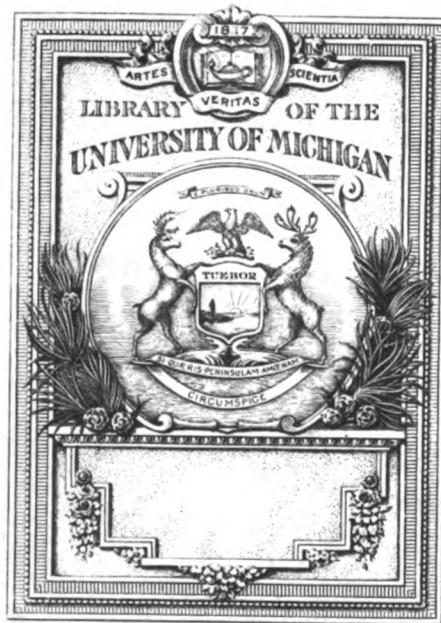


WHAT ABOUT Germany?



Louis P. Sochner



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What About Germany?



A trio of Nazi revolutionaries: Adolf Hitler, Hermann Goering, and the late Ernst Roehm, the only Nazi who was permitted to call Hitler by the familiar "Du," but who on June 30, 1934, was "purged."

What About Germany?

By

LOUIS B. LOCHNER

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Illustrated

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TO KENT COOPER
GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
FOR WHOM I REMAINED IN GERMANY TO THE END
THIS BOOK IS
APPRECIATIVELY DEDICATED

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FOREWORD

I LANDED in New York on June 1 after five months internment at Bad Nauheim. An Associated Press colleague slapped me on the back. "What about Germany?" he asked.

For the next thirty days that question, "What about Germany?" was repeated with increasing insistence. It was asked at luncheons, dinners, round table conferences, and "bull session" huddles generously arranged by Kent Cooper of The Associated Press. More than that, Mr. Cooper himself suggested that I might take time off to write a book. It was his understanding, of course, that whatever I might write would be my own personal narrative, and that any opinions expressed would be mine, not to be construed as opinions of The Associated Press.

Still I hesitated. In the first place, the material which I was able to bring with me or had succeeded in smuggling out of Germany earlier was necessarily incomplete. By far the largest bulk of my collection of documents and revealing papers lies in a safe place in Germany where the Nazis will never get it. Secondly, I felt that I was still too close to events to write a dispassionate, objective story of my twenty-one years in Germany. In the third place, I had to assume that a copy of such a book would fall into Nazi hands—in fact, I hope it will. I know the methods of Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels, but I can face, with considerable equanimity, his efforts to discredit it.

There was a further important inhibition which I had: all my life I have been a man who believes in the peaceful adjustment of international relations. I opposed America's entry into the last war because I believed a bloodless solution might be found. Could I go back on my philosophy of life and join in the chorus to fight

Hitlerism to its bitter end? In Germany I had made up my mind that Hitler understands but one language—that of force. All my theories of an approach of reason, of appeasement, of conciliation proved impracticable in the face of the national socialist theory and practice of domination by brute might.

Week after week, month after month, it became clearer to me that there is no peaceful approach to international gangsterism, that there can be peace and happiness neither in Germany itself nor in the world surrounding it until Adolf Hitler and his philosophy have been liquidated.

Since my return to America, conferences in Washington and New York, discussions with students of history and current events in various universities, reunions with fellow alumni from the University of Wisconsin, off-the-record talks before my fellow craftsmen in press clubs, and above all, contacts with the rank and file of my fellow citizens, have shown me that there is a tremendous interest in the answer to that question—"What about Germany?"

But how was I to answer it? The fact that I had been stationed in the Reich far longer than any of my repatriated colleagues and competitors merely complicated things for me. The longer I lived in Germany, the more I found that "Germany" is not a unified conception, in spite of Hitler's compulsory *Gleichschaltung*; that there existed as many currents and cross-currents as are discernible in any country or among any group of individuals.

I finally decided that the one contribution I can make to an understanding of the country which, because of the lust for power of one paranoiac and his paladins, is now our enemy, is that of narrating what I experienced or was in a position to observe during the course of twenty-one years, but more especially during the years of the Hitler regime.

I want the reader to feel as burning an anger as I do at the perversion of civilization that Adolf Hitler is trying to foist on an unwilling world, including millions of his own countrymen. It is my hope that the reader will realize what I had to learn during

nine years of Nazism, even at the sacrifice (for the duration) of treasured pacifistic principles, that there is no other slogan for me, there can be no other slogan for lovers of liberty anywhere, than that with which I have hitherto closed all my talks—Hitler MUST be beaten, Hitler CAN be beaten, Hitler WILL be beaten!



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What About Germany?





I

THE MODERN GENGHIS KHAN

MY INFORMANT seldom visited me, but when he came it was always on legitimate business which he was careful to announce in advance over our tapped telephone. Even today nobody in Germany suspects him. It was he who not only gave me the zero hour for the outbreak of World War II, but who later informed me of the exact day and minute for the attack on Crete. It was he too who, thirty days before Hitler started his offensive against Russia, revealed the day and hour—three A.M. on June 22, 1941—when the Nazi wave would start to inundate the USSR.

A week before Hitler's assault on Poland, this man delivered to me a three-page typed manuscript. The document, written in German, is entitled, "Contents of Speech to the Supreme Commanders and Commanding Generals, Obersalzberg, August 22, 1939." It is one of the most sensational and, at the same time, most revealing papers I own.

This is what Adolf Hitler told the army heads and commanding generals whom he summoned to his summer capital near Berchtesgaden :

"My decision to attack Poland was arrived at last spring. Originally, I feared that the political constellation would compel me to strike simultaneously at England, Russia, France, and Poland. Even this risk would have had to be taken.

"Ever since the autumn of 1938, and because I realized that Japan would not join us unconditionally and that Mussolini is

threatened by that nit-wit of a king and the treasonable scoundrel of a crown prince, I decided to go with Stalin.

"In the last analysis, there are only three great statesmen in the world, Stalin, I, and Mussolini. Mussolini is the weakest, for he has been unable to break the power of either the crown or the church. Stalin and I are the only ones who envisage the future and nothing but the future. Accordingly, I shall in a few weeks stretch out my hand to Stalin at the common German-Russian frontier and undertake the redistribution of the world with him.

"Our strength consists in our speed and in our brutality. Genghis Khan led millions of women and children to slaughter—with premeditation and a happy heart. History sees in him solely the founder of a state. It's a matter of indifference to me what a weak western European civilization will say about me.

"I have issued the command—and I'll have anybody who utters but one word of criticism executed by a firing squad—that our war aim does not consist in reaching certain lines, but in the physical destruction of the enemy. Accordingly, I have placed my death-head formations¹ in readiness—for the present only in the East—with orders to them to send to death mercilessly and without compassion, men, women, and children of Polish derivation and language. Only thus shall we gain the living space (*Lebensraum*) which we need. Who, after all, speaks today of the annihilation of the Armenians?

"Colonel-General von Brauchitsch has promised me to finish the war in Poland in a few weeks. Had he reported that I need two years or even only one year to do it, I should not have issued the order to march but should have allied myself temporarily with England instead of with Russia. For we are not in a position to carry on a long war.

"One thing is true: a new situation has now been created.² I got to know those wretched worms, Daladier and Chamberlain,

¹ Meaning the special SS military formations.

² Apparently Hitler refers to the nonaggression pact with Russia.

in Munich. They will be too cowardly to attack. They won't go beyond a blockade. We, on the other hand, have our *autarkie* (self-sufficiency) and the Russian raw materials.

"Poland will be depopulated and then settled by Germans. My pact with Poland³ was, after all, intended only to gain time. And as for the rest, gentlemen, the same thing will occur as regards Russia that I have tested out (*durchexerziert*) in the case of Poland. After Stalin's death—he is a very sick man—we shall demolish the Soviet Union. The dawn of German domination of the world will then break.

"The little states cannot scare me. Since Kemal's death Turkey is being governed by cretins and semi-idiots. Carol of Rumania is a thoroughly corrupt slave of his sexual desires. The King of Belgium and the Nordic kings are soft jumping jacks, dependent upon the good digestion of their gorged and tired peoples.

"We shall have to count on Japan's reneging. I have given Japan a full year's time. The emperor is a counterpart of the last czar. Weak, cowardly, undecided. May he fall a victim to the revolution! My cooperation with Japan never was popular anyway.

"We shall continue to stir up unrest in the Far East and in Arabia. Let our mentality be that of lords of the creation (*Herren*) and let us see in these peoples, at best, lacquered semi-apes who crave to be flogged.

"The opportunity is favorable as never before. My only apprehension is that Chamberlain or some other such dirty cuss (*Saukerl*) may come at the last moment with proposals and appeasements. I'll throw such a fellow down the stairs, even if I have to kick him in the belly before all photographers.

"No, it's too late for that.⁴ The attack upon and the annihilation of Poland begins early on Saturday. I'll let a couple of companies, dressed in Polish uniforms, make an assault in Upper Silesia or in the Protectorate. It's a matter of utter indifference

³January 26, 1934.

⁴Evidently meaning compromise.

to me whether or not the world believes me. The world believes in success alone.

"For you, gentlemen, glory and honor are in the offing, such as have not beckoned for centuries. Be tough! Be without compassion! Act more quickly and more brutally than the others! The citizens of western Europe must shudder in horror. That's the most humane method of conducting war, for that scares them off.

"The new method of conducting war corresponds to the new draft of the frontiers—one continuous rampart from Reval, Lublin, and Kosice to the mouth of the Danube. The rest will be awarded to the Russians. Ribbentrop has instructions to make every offer and to accept every demand.

"In the west I reserve to myself the fixing of the best strategic frontier. There one can operate with Protectorates, say of Holland, Belgium, French Lorraine.

"And now: at the enemy! In Warsaw we shall meet again and celebrate!"

My informant confided to me that, after hearing this astounding speech, Goering, wild with enthusiasm, climbed on a table, rendered fervent thanks, and promised to carry out the blood-thirsty orders.

Fearing that the document might be discovered in my home, I took it to the American Embassy and asked for permission to deposit it there. I also suggested that its contents be communicated to the American government.

"Why, my dear fellow, that's dynamite," the American official exclaimed, startled, when I began to read it. "I don't dare keep it in this Embassy for even an hour. Please take it with you at once."

There was nothing left for me to do except to take it to my home until such time as I could arrange to get it out of the country. As there was always the possibility of an unannounced search, I scrawled across the manuscript with red pencil, "*Ein*

Stück gemeiner anti-Hitler Propaganda" (A piece of low-down anti-Hitler propaganda). This is a subterfuge that I have employed in a number of cases, expressing pretended moral indignation over a document whose unexplained possession might prove embarrassing to me. Had a search been made and the document been found, I would, of course, have pleaded that the paper reached me anonymously by mail, and that my own attitude toward it was indicated by my red marginal note. I would also have pointed to other documents, displeasing to the Nazis, which I considered it my right and my journalistic duty to preserve in order to be aware of all sides of a question.

The speech may well have seemed to contain dynamite to the American embassy official who declined to have anything to do with it, for when I visited him that Friday, August 25, Hitler was still going through the motions of negotiating with the British government through Ambassador Nevile Henderson.

But at seven o'clock that night I experienced the worst moment of my eighteen years of Berlin reporting when suddenly, without a word of warning, all communication with the outside world was cut off by the military. I was speaking on the long distance telephone to London when the call was interrupted in the midst of a sentence. Our telewriter was grinding out our daily "night lead" to our relay point in Amsterdam. It stopped short. Our office ticker was moving a feature story to the main telegraph office, with instructions to file it to New York by wireless. It broke off abruptly.

"There is a temporary disturbance in communications," was the stock reply given by each governmental department whose aid we sought to reconnect us with our New York, London, and Amsterdam offices. We then tried frantically to reach Rome, Paris, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Budapest, even Danzig—anything to find a possible relay point from which our messages might be sent on to New York. In vain.

Stranger still, in the midst of a silence which appalled us—for nothing is more trying to a newspaperman than to have a "hot"

story and not be able to file it—Warsaw was on the telephone! My Warsaw colleague was attempting, as he frequently did, to use Berlin as a relay point for his story for New York, and he was amazed when we told him we were unable to pass his cable on.

It was obvious to us that the German government was planning to go into Poland the next morning by surprise. There was no other way of explaining the continued acceptance of calls from and to Poland while all other telephone and telegraph traffic stopped. The Poles were being lulled into a false security, and the military intelligence service doubtless hoped to pick up bits of valuable information by listening in on the calls from Poland.

As it happened, however, there was a flaw in what seemed to be a perfect communications ban. Later that evening we discovered that the authorities had forgotten to disconnect a special wire operated by the French Havas news agency between Berlin and Paris, this being the only such wire in existence. Our Havas colleagues obligingly permitted us to relay our copy over that wire to our Paris office. So we were able, after all, to narrate the dramatic developments of the day to the American reading public.

I went to bed late that night, expecting to be advised at any moment that the war with Poland had begun. But I was mistaken, just as the military censors had been. For there was no war—as yet!

At two o'clock that morning Hitler, true to his speech before the army leaders and commanding generals, gave the order for a general attack at four-thirty. (Dawn is the hour usually chosen by him.) During those early hours, however, Colonel-General Walther von Brauchitsch, Commander-in-chief of the army, warned Hitler that the entire world would turn against Germany if she were to make war on Poland. It was true, he admitted, that the Polish campaign could be won in a few weeks, but it would only be the beginning of a far more serious general war. He was reported to me as having made the following points:

1. The King of Italy declined to rally to Germany's aid.
2. Japan protested against the invasion of Poland.
3. France was mobilizing fast.
4. Great Britain signed the pact guaranteeing the integrity of Poland.
5. The British fleet was ready at Scapa Flow to block the Baltic, and off Scotland to block the North Sea.

Hitler, according to an informant whom I considered absolutely reliable, "turned livid." He was determined to have his war. To assure doubters like Brauchitsch of his sincerity in desiring peace, however, he prevailed upon Henderson to fly to London with new proposals.

Six exciting days followed, during which it was apparent that, despite the Henderson mission, preparations for war were continuing unchecked.

On August 26, Professor Karl Bomer, then head of the Propaganda Ministry's foreign press department, said during the daily conference that in the event of war the Foreign Press Section of the Propaganda Ministry would be in charge of the foreign correspondents as usual. Many workers in industrial plants were suddenly called for in official vehicles and even taxis, to be mobilized. The annual party convention at Nürnberg, scheduled for early September, was officially called off. Ration cards for eggs, textiles, shoes, and soap were given out. Private airplane flying was forbidden. Various annual conventions, such as that of the German pharmacists, were indefinitely postponed.

On August 27, I saw many soldiers on the streets, accompanied by their wives and children to the railway stations. Their faces were serious and there was no cheering.

Our young lady neighbor's trim car was requisitioned like so many others.

On August 28, my informant B. brought me the new zero hour for the attack on Poland—dawn during the night of August 31 to September 1. At the British Embassy everybody was busy packing. There were no more trains to France. Long queues were

forming before textile and food shops. There was a panicky feeling among the German people.

That day my Japanese colleague K. called to tell me his government would re-evaluate its relations to Germany. Japan felt let down by Hitler, as Ribbentrop told the Japanese ambassador about the pact with Russia only thirty minutes before he started for Moscow to sign it.

On August 29, one could hear on every side, "Another Munich is about to materialize. The British government will yield." The British Embassy itself seemed to think a peaceful settlement was in the offing.

On August 30, general mobilization was ordered in Poland. A Propaganda Ministry spokesman stated that Germany welcomed Queen Wilhelmina's offer of mediation, and added that Britain must now take the initiative and get the Poles to come to Berlin. Colonel Jozef Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, ought to be on his way now.

On August 31, the optimism displayed in the Wilhelmstrasse only two days before in regard to "another Munich" had given place to pessimism. The Polish delegation had not come and apparently was not coming.

That day I learned confidentially that during the early hours of the morning, Henderson was given Hitler's Sixteen Points for the settlement of the Polish issue by Ribbentrop who merely read them aloud without handing Henderson a copy. The Sixteen Points were released to the press late that afternoon.

Summarized, these points were that Danzig was to be returned at once to the Reich; Gdynia was to remain Polish; a Plebiscite, under international supervision, would decide the fate of the Polish Corridor within twelve months; only those who resided in the region before January 1, 1918, were to vote; both Germany and Poland would have free access, under the plebiscite, to certain roads in the Corridor; if the Corridor voted for Poland, Germany was to obtain a corridor across it to East Prussia, while if it fell to Germany, there was to be an exchange of population;

complaints in regard to the treatment of minorities were to be submitted to an international commission.

The great news of that day, August 31, however, was the publication of the fact that Great Britain was mobilizing.

That ended all hope of a peaceful solution of the conflict, and yet few people in Germany knew the zero hour was at hand. I saw that the same evening when, as usual on Thursday nights, a group of us met with a number of German colleagues in the Auslandsklub of the Propaganda Ministry. One of the Germans, a young chap who was usually more outspoken than his older and more conservative fellow craftsmen, still believed that the Sixteen Points were meant as a serious proposal and would be accepted by Poland and her Allies.

"We can't understand the Führer," he said. "Why didn't he strike the moment von Ribbentrop returned from Moscow with the pact? Instead, he keeps dilly-dallying. Besides, to us Nazis the idea of international supervision and, in fact, the very suggestion of a plebiscite is abhorrent."

At six o'clock the next morning, I was awakened with the news that Hitler had told the *Wehrmacht* to "meet force with force." The "force" which provoked this bombastic order of the day was the alleged seizure of the Gleiwitz radio station by Polish soldiers.

That morning I re-read the passage in Hitler's Obersalzberg speech of August 22: "I'll let a couple of companies, dressed in Polish uniforms, make an assault in Upper Silesia or in the Protectorate." Evidently the Führer had preferred Upper Silesia to Bohemia-Moravia for the firing of the first shot!

Let's take another look at that amazing speech of Hitler's. When the Nazi chieftain decided in the spring of 1939 to wage war on Poland, few people dreamed of Soviet Russia as even a temporary ally of Germany. In annual party convention after party convention communism had been denounced as World Enemy No. 1. Stalin was apostrophized as the Russian blood-

hound. There was no epithet too violent to apply to sovietism and all its works.

The party convention of 1935, for instance, was devoted almost entirely to the denunciation of communism. Propaganda Minister Joseph Goebbels, keynoting on September 13, 1935, warned against the "Menace to the world of soviet communism supported by Jewry." Communism, he proclaimed, was the "sworn enemy of all nations, all religions, and all cultures. *Co-operation with bolshevism is not possible either on a political or idealistic basis.*" (The italics are mine.) He charged that "recognition of the Soviet Union by the United States entailed a huge increase of communist propaganda, and countless strikes and disturbances blight America." He urged relentless ideological war upon Russia.

Moreover, Great Britain was attempting at that time to bring the Soviet Union to her side in the conflict that was looming on the world horizon. A special military mission was sent to Moscow to support the diplomatic effort. As the negotiations dragged on, however, Hitler's intelligence service reported to him that, while the British and French were anxious to welcome Soviet Russia into the fold, they were unwilling to make any major territorial concession to Stalin.

With characteristic opportunism, Hitler promptly re-activated the numerous connections established by men like Generals Hans von Seeckt and Kurt von Hammerstein-Equord during republican days with the soviet authorities, and sent Franz von Papen on a confidential mission to Moscow. Finally, through Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, he offered Stalin something tangible and worthwhile in return for a nonaggression pact which would insure Russian neutrality during the first phase, at least, of the war in prospect.

Ribbentrop was sent to Moscow with authority "to make every offer and accept every demand." He agreed that the Reich would share Poland with Soviet Russia; maintain benevolent neutrality during the pending Soviet conflict with Germany's old friend,

Finland; and show disinterestedness in the fate of the Baltic States of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, if and when the Soviet Union demanded military bases from these little republics. That Stalin later swallowed them whole constituted a painful surprise to the Nazi regime.

"Politics," a German editor remarked cynically to me, in explaining the deal, "is a business. The British and French simply didn't offer enough to Stalin. So we outbid them and walked off with the contract."

Why then, in his eagerness to seal his agreement with the Soviets, did Hitler not go to the German-Russian frontier to "stretch out his hand to Stalin," as he put it in his speech? A possible answer appears in a picture, released to the German newspapers and magazines, and presumably also to the world press, following the Stalin-Molotov-von Ribbentrop confab at Moscow on August 21, 1939. The picture speaks volumes. Ribbentrop is affixing his signature to the German-Russian nonaggression pact. As usual, he looks ponderous and serious. Beside him stands Joseph Stalin, his sardonic smile making him the very incarnation of wiliness. "You and Adolf may think you are clever," the Transcaucasian dictator seems to be saying, "but I've put one over on you, after all."

Hitler, as his Obersalzberg speech indicated, was ready to meet Stalin at the common frontier. Our repeated questions at the daily press conference in the Wilhelmstrasse as to whether the two statesmen would come together was met at first in a manner which might lead the uninitiated to think the meeting was in the offing. Later it was gently pooh-poohed as quite unnecessary. The fact is that Stalin had no intention whatever of coming.

The close of Hitler's speech gives the lie to the Nazi claim that Germany invaded the Lowlands only to forestall an Anglo-French assault upon the Rhineland and Westphalia. Even at this early stage, long before anyone thought of Holland and Belgium, *Der*

Führer announced his intention of converting them into Protectorates subservient to his will.

The speech on the Obersalzberg, indeed, delivered ten days before the outbreak of World War II, reveals Adolf Hitler as the man who planned this war, who wanted this war, and who finally succeeded in bringing about this war.



II

WHY HITLER?

How are we to explain the modern Genghis Khan? How was it possible that an intelligent and cultured nation was swept off its feet by a man who could not even speak its language correctly; a man who was far from Nordic in appearance, demeanor, outlook and tactics; a man who counted among his early followers homosexual soldiers of fortune like Ernst Roehm, thieves and embezzlers like Julius Streicher, sadists like Heinrich Himmller, financial down-and-outers like Hermann Goering, and political montebanks like Joseph Goebbels?

Adolf Hitler rode into power because, on the one hand, he proved to be the cleverest and most unscrupulous politician in Europe and because, on the other hand, the victors of World War I not only offered no real encouragement to the struggling young German republic, but totally misjudged Hitler as a crackpot and a fool.

It is always a mistake to underestimate the enemy. Wishful thinking and cheap jibes will not win this war. It is useful at this time for us to understand the modern Genghis Khan and it seems worthwhile to analyze the factors that contributed to his meteoric career. Chief among them all was the fact that he has a deep understanding of the German mentality and of its guiding impulse, national pride.

On the very night of my arrival in Germany in February, 1921, as a free lance, I had an experience which was symbolical of Germany and the Germans. Walking home from a restaurant,

past the famous Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church in west-side Berlin, I heard a man moaning in the shadow of one of the alcoves of the church. He was in great pain and unable to move. I got attendants with a stretcher and went along to the first aid station to which the man was carried to "sign a protocol" on the case—in Germany every unusual happening is registered, with the witnesses signing their names to the account.

The man who, it developed, was suffering from a double rupture, was poorly dressed, but his clothes were clean, the patches in his trousers were carefully sewed on, and he wore a stiff collar and seemed to have a starched shirt. When he was stripped for examination, however, we found that he didn't have a shirt, merely a so-called "false bosom," without sleeves or shirt body. That was typical of the German. He is proud. He craves respectability, and however great his poverty, he longs to make a good appearance.

A few weeks later, I happened to visit some friends in Silesia, among them a maiden lady of sixty who insisted that I be her guest for a simple supper.

She served me tea, cheese, bread and butter. I noticed that she placed the table lamp between us in such a way that I realized she was trying to hide something from me. I peeked across and saw that she was eating her bread dry and that she took no cheese. Again a manifestation of German pride, trying to convey to the foreigner a picture of comfortable respectability, when in reality she had scarcely enough to live on. My entertainment probably meant a deep dent in her budget.

Over and over, during the twenty-one years I lived in Germany, it was borne home to me that pride is the foundation of the German mentality.

As it happened, I was the last foreigner to chat at any length with the late German Foreign Minister, Dr. Gustav Stresemann, five days before his death in October, 1929. He was a sick man, pale and emaciated, but he insisted on sticking to his post in spite of orders to the contrary from his physician. We discussed

his achievement in bringing about the evacuation of the Rhineland by the armies of occupation five years ahead of the date provided for in the Treaty of Versailles.

"That is all very nice," Dr. Stresemann said. "But it is completely forgotten by the rank and file of the German people. They don't see that my policies have brought the Rhineland a much earlier liberation than any of us dared hope for. What they see is that the French are persisting until the last possible day in their attempts to humiliate us. The evacuation, you will remember, is provided for in stages. Now, no sooner had it been agreed upon than the British in the Cologne area quickly packed up and left. The French, on the other hand, remained until the thirty-first day of the month on which they had agreed, through Briand, to leave any particular zone, during all that time made us feel that they were still the masters, and then, to 'rub it in,' as it were, held a final military parade with the French flags displayed from the flagstaffs. That so hurt our national pride that my fellow countrymen forgot what I have accomplished. They now run after new leaders who are preaching an exaggerated nationalism." In other words, the ground was being prepared for Hitler.

During the summer of 1931 I was assigned to accompany Chancellor Heinrich Bruening and Foreign Minister Julius Curtius on their peripatetic journeys to Chequers, Paris, London (for the seven-power conference), and finally to Rome.

On the return trip from Paris Chancellor Bruening told me despondently that he had laid his cards frankly on the table with Ramsay MacDonald and Pierre Laval—as he was later to do with Benito Mussolini—and that both statesmen had understood Germany could not continue to pay reparations. The Reich needed a substantial foreign loan to infuse new blood into her anemic economic arteries. "But the French terms are such," Bruening confided, "that my country would be humiliated if I were to accept them."

He was therefore returning empty-handed. What this did to

the young, barn-storming Hitler movement is not difficult to imagine.

A third incident revealing this misunderstanding of the German mind on the part of the Allied Nations was told me by the late German war minister, General Wilhelm Groener. (At Hitler's orders, General Groener was buried without the customary military honors when he died in 1939, because he had outlawed the Brown Shirts in 1932.) The General told me that he, a convinced democrat, had consistently stood for the smallest army possible. He believed, however, that the 100,000 man army conceded under the Treaty of Versailles was inadequate for a population of sixty millions and open frontiers.

"With 200,000 men," he told me, "I can render my country safe from any attack." The Inter-allied Commission turned his request down cold, in a manner calculated to humiliate the German war minister.

There is no doubt that the post-war Allied world of 1919-1933 lost a big chance to make the young, struggling German republic the bulwark of democracy in central Europe that it might have become, with constructive, sympathetic assistance from the outside.

Against this background of international complacency and German humiliation there was projected the figure of a fanatical rabble rouser, a *soi-disant* New Messiah, a self-appointed Teuton deliverer from all Germany's evils: Adolf Hitler.

Why was Hitler possible? I submit a purely personal analysis, based upon at least ten years of careful observation of the man, in the hope that it may prove a contribution to a question which must be studied from every possible angle if the war against Hitlerism is to be won.

1. *Hitler believes in the divine origin of his mission.* He is convinced that for at least 1000 years to come, Germany is pre-ordained to hold the hegemony of Europe, and that he has been commissioned by Providence to acquire for Germany this pre-destined position of leadership.

Faith of this kind is contagious, particularly when the man who preaches it has visible success. Hitler's frenzied followers claim, "What our Führer does is always right," and his diplomatic victories and his military achievements seem to the un-thinking masses to substantiate their claims.

2. *Hitler knows the mentality of the German people.* He knows there are certain sentimental approaches to which they will respond. He knows discipline is almost a fetish with them. He knows, above all, that pride is a dominant component of the German spiritual make-up.

From the beginning of his career as political and spiritual leader, he has hammered away at German pride. He represented the Allied powers as slave holders trying to keep the proud Nordic German in perpetual bondage. He conjured up in eloquent terms the glorious Germany of centuries past. He lauded German culture as antedating the Anglo-Saxon, Gallic, even the Roman cultures.

This glowing picture of Germany's past greatness always carried a moral: Only when a people is united, when it subordinates all its thoughts and energies and private comfort to the common weal, can it attain greatness. And thus he played upon the German chord which is marked "discipline."

3. *Hitler recognized that the common man can grasp an idea better if it is presented to him in concrete symbols rather than in the abstract.* So he gave his movement flags and standards and banners and slogans. He adopted, perhaps unconsciously, much of the symbolism of the church upon which he had turned his back.

The men who fell during the abortive beer cellar *putsch* at Munich in 1923 became the saints of his movement. Two temples were erected in their honor and every ninth of November ceremonies are held before these shrines that have all the semblance of a religious rite.

The most sacred symbol of his movement is the blood-stained party flag which headed the march during the 1923 *putsch*. Time

and again I have stood within a few feet of the German Führer at the party conventions of Nürnberg and watched him dedicate the new flags of the movement. He would seize the bloody, battle-scarred emblem of 1923 and touch the new flag reverently with it, with all the ceremony of a high priest.

He designated as a national anthem a hymn composed by the Berlin student Horst Wessel, one of the "martyrs" of the Nazi movement.

He resurrected the ancient swastika as the symbol of national socialism. There is no place in Germany today where one can escape it.

He offered himself as a substitute for the symbol named Kaiser.

4. *Hitler realized that the German has a penchant for philosophical questioning.* The German asks the why and wherefore of life. Hitler believed that religious systems last for a maximum of 2000 years, and he felt, therefore, that Christianity had about run its course. So he substituted for it the Nazi conception of blood and soil as the dominant factors of creation. The Nazi *Weltanschauung*, or philosophy of life, is, in the final analysis, intended as a substitute for religion.

Dyed-in-the-wool Nazis expire with the name of Adolf Hitler on their lips. If they are still church-minded, they observe his birthday in church by reading from *Mein Kampf* instead of from the Holy Scriptures. Death notices begin with the words, "There died in the faith in Adolf Hitler . . ." They have cast off the Christian virtues of humility, penitence, and contriteness for sin as un-Nazi. The Bible has value only in so far as it is purged of Jewish references. The Old Testament is taboo, and so is much of the New.

Hitler's followers picture him as the perfect man. Every Nazi will tell you *Der Führer* is beyond criticism. Go to any mass meeting and you will think you are at a religious revival with the difference that the modern Messiah appears in person at the climax.

At the Nürnberg party convention of 1938 I was seated next

to Alfred Rosenberg, the ideological leader of the Nazi movement, whose *Myth of the Twentieth Century* is the negation of Christianity. He denied at first that there was any intention of creating a new religion. Then he admitted that the Nazi *Weltanschauung* might be regarded as a substitute for Christianity. "If that means establishing a new religion," he admitted, "then of course we are founding one."

5. *Hitler knows that, in order to remain virile, a movement needs not only its own ideology but an opponent against whom it can match wits.* The Jew and communism, therefore, were singled out as arch enemies of the German people. "Der Jude ist an allem schuld" (The Jew is to be blamed for everything) becomes a very convenient slogan.

It did not matter that a Jew had served his country in the war, that his family had been identified with German life for five or six hundred years, that he had been christianized generations ago. One Jewish grandmother was enough to stigmatize any law-abiding German as a pariah.

Communism was branded by Goebbels as World Enemy No. 1, and the Nazi fight against it has been unrelenting. In this conflict, they have been driving out the devil with Beelzebub, for Berlin has adopted many of the methods of Moscow. Field Marshal Hermann Goering himself told a group of us back in 1933: "Gentlemen, you may rest assured that we have studied the methods of Moscow minutely, and that in combating bolshevism, we shall go the communists one better."

6. *Hitler capitalized as no one has ever done before on the German weakness for the uniform, the decoration, the title.*

The love of uniforms is ingrained in the German, so Hitler started on his fourteen-year struggle for supremacy by designing a distinctive garb for his followers. The brown SA and the black SS uniforms were the result. Added zest was given to the adventure of wearing these uniforms, as it was forbidden by the republican regime. It seemed heroic to defy the law.

Today almost every German has some kind of uniform. Not

only Hitler's fighting columns, the SA and the SS, but the Nazi party organizers, the wheelhorses of the various wards, were given a distinctive brown garb. Then the Nazi motor corps was organized—and again a uniform was born. The air protection league workers, the labor front, the *Werkschaaren* (skilled apprentices), the Nazi field police, the students, the news photographers, the journalists—all were provided with uniforms by Hitler.

Amid so much uniformed splendor, there was a group of men bursting with envy and in some danger of acquiring an inferiority complex: the diplomats of the Reich. On state occasions they appeared in dress suits and toppers while every other self-respecting German was strutting about in a smart uniform.

Just before Adolf Hitler went to Italy on May 2, 1938, to pay a visit to King Victor Emmanuel and Dictator Benito Mussolini, the faces in the Wilhelmstrasse acquired a new light; they shone with joy and anticipation.

"I don't know what my husband is up to," one German diplomat's wife said to me at a luncheon party. "He seems to be at the tailor's all the time."

The veil of secrecy was lifted in Rome. All the members of the diplomatic entourage of Adolf Hitler suddenly appeared in dark blue uniforms, with gorgeous gold or silver trappings. They put in the shade anything that could be produced in the way of official uniforms.

Much to the chagrin of its citizenry, the short-lived German Republic had forbidden the issuance of German decorations and the acceptance of foreign ones. But Adolf Hitler knew his people better. An ever-increasing shower of decorations began to descend upon the Nazi Third Reich. There are orders for distinguished service to the state in the realm of science and learning, not to speak of military achievements. There are decorations for civil servants after stated periods of public service. The Olympic Games of 1936 afforded an opportunity to confer a special Olympic decoration in various categories. Mothers were

decorated for child bearing, with iron, silver or gold medals to indicate the degree of their fecundity. A German without a decoration today is almost suspect.

Toward the close of my stay, Americans were really conspicuous at formal functions because they had neither uniforms nor decorations. Time after time, I have sat next to some German whose first effort was to find out my profession. At once he would change from the simple Mister to the more ponderous *Herr Chefredakteur*, with an obvious sigh of relief.

Hitler was quick to sense this weakness for titles, and soon they were showered in the same profusion as decorations and uniforms. Musicians, painters and sculptors were awarded the title of professor. Opera singers became *Kammersaenger* (Chamber Singers). Actors of the stage and screen were rewarded for excellence of performance by the title of *Staatschauspieler* (State Actor).

The road to success in Nazi Germany today is strewn with more impressive titles, fancier decorations, and higher-ranked uniforms.

7. *Hitler found a synthesis between seemingly opposed ideas by linking nationalism with socialism.* By that master stroke, he gained adherents from among the monarchists and conservatives on the one hand, and from various groups of workers on the other.

As a result, I heard rock-ribbed conservatives say, "We don't like these ideas of the Labor Front forcing employer and employee into one organization, but Hitler will make our nation big and strong again. *Er ist ein ganzer Kerl* (He's a real guy)." While I heard from the labor side, "We don't believe in all these patriotic fireworks, but we have been given jobs and the Labor Front is insisting upon better working conditions. Why not howl with the wolves?"

At this point, I must remind the reader that I am speaking of the factors that brought Hitler into power, and allowed him to evoke such enthusiasm during the first years of his administra-

tion. The disillusionment for many came long before he plunged the world into war.

8. *Hitler had a remarkable faculty for being all things to all men.* The rank and file of the Germans—unlike the French who seem to be given to cool analysis—are easily carried away by sentimentalism. Hitler merely had to unleash the proper emotions in each crowd, show sympathy and understanding for its problems, and his case was won. Apparently nobody bothered to expose the inconsistencies in his arguments.

I have heard *Der Führer* address a group of German women, speaking so tenderly of his mother, expressing such fond concern for the problems of the housewife, tracing so eloquently what the German woman had done and could do for the Nazi cause, that the listeners were in tears. They overlooked the fact that he denied women all political rights and that the world he sketched so glowingly was distinctly a man's world. Stripped of all its sentimentality, Hitler's talks to women simply implied: "Bear sons for the Fatherland. The State will then take them over. You won't be concerned in that. Just go on bearing more children."

To the workers he spoke touchingly of the days when he had been a poor, down-and-out day laborer. Because of that experience, he told them, he could understand the worker as no political leader before him. What seemed to escape the workers was that at the same time he was demanding longer working hours, the abolition of trade unionism, and Nazi party control of labor!

He told employers that business must be freed of its foreign and domestic restraints. The nation and the workers had grown soft and self-willed. What his listeners overlooked was his preaching that business and industry must subordinate their interests to the State. Only later they learned, as Fritz Thyssen and others did, that to Hitler the State meant the Nazi party.

Hitler succeeded in imbuing each group with the idea that it, more than any other, was the cornerstone upon which the Nazi edifice rested.

It must never be overlooked, in analyzing the reasons for Hitler's rise to power, that he represented—as Mussolini had done before him—the arch-enemy of communism. There were many leaders of big business, even in the United States, who applauded his stand. Financiers in America, in England, and in France were willing to overlook the inhumanity and the injustices of the Nazi regime because, as they pointed out, Hitler was preventing the bolsheviks from inundating Europe.



III

PREPARING THE GROUND

AT ANOTHER time and under different circumstances the Nazi party would merely have had a temporary flare-up followed by a sudden collapse, as other movements in Germany born of despair—I cite especially the communist party—had temporary influence when there was hard sledding in Germany, only to subside when conditions improved.

But there were other factors which enabled Hitler in the decisive election of early March, 1933, to win 43 per cent of the votes cast, with his temporary allies, the Hugenberg nationalists, carrying the other 8 per cent to assure him a safe majority.

Above all, there was the fertile soil prepared for the right seed. For Hitler's success can be measured only in terms of the conditions which he found at hand: six million unemployed; an economic depression which spread through the world and hit Germany—which was still paying reparations—particularly hard; a Republican Government so absorbed in fighting the depression that it lacked both the time and the imagination to devise an effective counter-propaganda against Nazism; a bureaucracy honeycombed with spies who reported every weakness in the republican regime from which Hitler could make political capital; a foreign world which failed to see anything but the queer antics of heel clicking, uniform wearing, beer-saloon fighting, epithet hurling, and rabble rousing by which the Hitler movement outwardly manifested itself.

Three other considerations enter the picture as well:

1. The unsuspecting trustfulness of many leading exponents of the republican regime, and their failure to realize that, once in power, Hitler would never relinquish it.

2. The positive measures adopted immediately by the Nazi regime to ingratiate itself with a public that did not realize, until it was too late, that every social objective pursued by Hitler had war as its perverted ultimate goal and was designed to immortalize the name of Adolf Hitler.

3. The inactivity of the principal European powers during the period when they might have held Hitler in check.

These three considerations deserve a little more comment.

Soon after the Nazis had entrenched themselves in Germany, Joseph Goebbels made a revealing statement. "We availed ourselves of the instrumentalities of democracy," he boasted, "to put democracy out of business."

This fact was confirmed over and over. I asked men like Karl Hoeltermann, leader of the republican formation *Reichsbanner*; Carl von Ossietzky, Nobel peace prize winner and concentration camp inmate; and Paul Loebe, for many years president of the Reichstag: "Why did you let Hitler seize power so completely?"

"Because we were guileless democrats and believed in our democratic institutions. We had been used to the ups and downs of politics, and had found that, when one party makes mistakes and another gains the ascendancy, a government shake-up develops sooner or later as the result of the parliamentary elections.

"We saw the Hitler movement grow and win elections, but, of course, we assumed that Hitler's party would, like all others, make mistakes, and then our chance would come again. We felt confident he could not make good so we were willing to let him have a try.

"When the Hitler administration began, the Führer's slogan was, '*Gebt mir vier Jahre Zeit*,' (Give me four years' time). That seemed fair enough. New elections, we thought, would sweep him out of power again. The experiment of letting him run the country for four years, we realized, would be costly, but as good

democrats we thought it would teach the country an invaluable lesson, and do away, once and for all, with the specter of Hitlerism."

But Hitler had come to stay. Once in power, he had no idea of relinquishing it. The trouble was that the non-Nazi Germans, like the foreign powers, had not taken Hitler seriously enough. Otherwise they would have had their agents at the Kaiserhof Hotel, only a stone's throw from the Reich's Chancellory, where Hitler was coming and going. They would have insisted upon inspecting the colossal card index system which the Nazis had developed in their new, palatial Brown House in Munich. And they would have taken a closer look at some of their more important officials.

Hitler was openly meeting at the Kaiserhof not only his own sub-leaders; but he was also conferring with ambitious politicians such as Dr. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, Franz von Papen, and Alfred Hugenberg. Obviously, Karl Severing, the Reich's Minister of the Interior, did not check up on the activities of the Kaiserhof, for Hitler's first big meeting with representatives of the foreign press, in December 1932, completely escaped the German press department. It was not until German embassies and legations throughout the world were filing messages about this sensational occurrence, that the Wilhelmstrasse woke up to what had happened.

"Why didn't you tell us?" the head of the foreign press section said to me reproachfully.

"Why blame us?" I retorted. "You let some twenty-five foreign journalists file into the Kaiserhof Hotel, two minutes away from you, and you weren't even aware of it. Where is your intelligence service? It's our job to get news, not to hand it out to you."

Perhaps the most crushing blow to the republican regime was being prepared in Munich at the Brown House—a card system, closely guarded in the vaults of the national headquarters of the party, which not only classified minutely every official of the

Reich, every publicist, captain of industry, savant, scientist, and other person of importance as to his political opinions, racial origin, ability, private life, and possible utility in a coming Nazi order; but which was setting up on paper, against the moment of seizing power, a complete Nazi government, down to the smallest village constable.

When a political party emerged as the result of elections, either in imperial or in republican Germany, it would claim the principal federal offices and other pivotal jobs, to make sure that the policies endorsed by the voters were inaugurated and carried out. The overwhelming majority of government positions, however, remained in the same hands, year after year, no matter what party was in power. Thus thousands upon thousands of civil servants who had held office under the Kaiser, served under socialists, democrats, and centrists. To the chagrin of the republicans, they discovered too late that many of these hold-over government officials had listened to the word "national" in "national socialism," and had secretly become converts to Hitlerism.

For years, the Nazis worked on their card catalogues. As a revolutionary movement, they were determined to clean house from the bottom up. When Hindenburg called upon Hitler to form a government, on January 30, 1933, they were ready to name a supposedly devoted and reliable follower for every job in the entire Reich that seemed important in their complete capture of power.

True, the card index was not infallible. Men and women rendered lip service to the Nazi organization with every intention of sabotaging it. Others joined the parade when it seemed certain of going places, just to hold their jobs. So it made mistakes. But it sufficed for its purpose.

At the very moment of his accession to the chancellorship, Hitler applied the surprise tactics of which he has been so fond throughout the present war. Many republican hold-overs expected to be removed from office in the course of time, but instead, Hitler's appointees swarmed into their new offices, and

when the regular officials arrived for their day's work, they were stopped by brown-shirted SA men, carrying revolvers, who curtly informed them that they were forbidden to enter.

"But we must at least clean up our desks and remove our belongings," pleaded the bewildered bureaucracy.

"You will receive your things in due time." Not, however, until the Gestapo had first taken a good look at them!

Filling all government jobs with sympathizers was an important step toward attaining control of Germany. For instance, elections could be manipulated as the Nazis desired. The result was the 95, 98, and 99 per cent endorsements of Hitler by the electorate which followed.

The German trade union movement, however, was a great force. It was a private venture and therefore beyond the reach of federal, state, and local government appointments. By a surprise movement, Hitler promptly possessed himself of the buildings, funds, and machinery of this powerful institution, with its sub-divisions, the Freie, Christliche, and Hirsch-Dunkersche Gewerkschaften, or trade unions.

How did he do it? It was simplicity itself. In his first Reichstag address, March 22, 1933, Hitler gave assurance that all who were willing to cooperate in the erection of a better Germany, under national socialist leadership, were welcome. The trade union leaders accordingly decided that "boring from within" was better than remaining outside. They determined, therefore, to participate in the annual May Day exercises.

But the following day, the Nazis, by a surprise movement, under the leadership of the inebriate, pot-bellied Dr. Robert Ley, invaded all labor headquarters with the aid of the SA and SS—calling in the police where necessary—and seized the books, safes, funds, and buildings of the labor movement. Ley formally reported his coup to Hitler, who thereupon appointed him head of the new *Deutsche Arbeits-Front* (German Labor Front) in which employers and employees were compulsorily united.

By destroying the trade unions, Hitler eliminated the most

formidable threat to his regime. It was the trade unions that had killed the rightist Kapp Rebellion of 1920 with their general strike. It was the trade unions that had, at all times, come out unequivocally for democracy in Germany.

The ill-fated republic was honeycombed everywhere with turn-coats. There was, for instance, Dr. Wilhelm Ohnesorge, for many years director of communications in the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs, an extremely important position. It was not until he emerged as Reichspostminister and cabinet member in February, 1937, that biographical sketches revealed he had been one of the earliest Nazi party members! Ten years before Hitler came into power he had technical facilities for listening in on every conversation of a German statesman or political leader that might interest the Nazis!

When the secret steering committee of the republican state government of Prussia, headed by the social-democratic Premier Otto Braun, met in confidential sessions to vote on expending certain funds to meet the Nazi menace, the confidential protocol clerk was Rudolf Diels. Later he was to take over the secret police, in advance of SS Leader Heinrich Himmler, where he became a relentless pursuer of those whose politics differed from his, and filled concentration camps with innocent men and women at a time when indiscriminate flogging and other maltreatment were the order of the day.

Two young men held important secretarial positions in the democratic party of the republican era—Erich Gritzbach and Dr. Stephan. Immediately after Hitler's accession, Gritzbach turned up as Hermann Goering's right-hand man, and he has remained his personal adjutant ever since. Stephan was retained in the Propaganda Ministry as a hold-over from the old government press department, despite his democratic past, although Goebbels was more uncompromising than any other minister in insisting that only Nazis hold jobs under him. Later the Reich's

press chief, Otto Dietrich, appointed Stephan his personal adjutant.

After Hitler made his maiden speech in the Reichstag, March 23, 1933, the parties which still existed were allowed the floor for their swan songs. In a tired voice Otto Wels, the old Social-Democratic leader, presented his party's viewpoint. Hitler promptly rose and delivered what was rated one of the aptest *ex tempore* rebuttals ever heard on the floor of the Reichstag. It was only later I learned that there were turn-coats even within the Social-Democratic party organization, and that Hitler had been supplied with a copy of Wels' speech an hour after the battle-scarred politician had dictated it! So Hitler's rebuttal was far from being as extemporaneous as it seemed.

These instances are by no means isolated. Among our acquaintances, for instance, there were a musician employed by government radio, a young official in the economics ministry, and a salesman in a factory handling government orders, all of whom confessed, after Hitler took over, that they had secretly been party members for years! Naturally, our relations cooled off quickly.

Taken unprepared, the republican regime vanished quickly. By July 6, 1933, Hitler could proclaim that the national socialist revolution was ended.

Once completely in the saddle, he inaugurated a series of policies and measures which were calculated to establish confidence, but which were actually intended either to perpetuate the name of Adolf Hitler or to serve as links in a long chain of preparations which he undertook from the first day of his government, for the war he was planning.

Hitler's foremost task in 1933 was that of solving the unemployment problem. There were six million Germans on relief who had to be taken off the streets and put to work. Hitler solved it by a wide-flung program of constructing super-highways, and by decreeing compulsory labor service for all able-bodied youths of both sexes. During the first years of the regime, labor

service for girls was voluntary, but it was made obligatory as soon as the facilities could be provided.

The laudable social objective of offering men jobs on the roads, however, was perverted in two directions. No opportunity was missed to impress upon the German public and upon the world that these were the Adolf Hitler *Strassen*, and that future generations would regard them with the same admiration that we express for the remnants of the Roman aqueducts. Then too these super-highways were designed from a military-strategic point of view, to make possible the blitz offensive into Poland in 1939; into Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France, in 1940; and into Yugoslavia and Greece in 1941.

Whatever the merits or demerits of compulsory labor service, it too was designed primarily as an auxiliary to the war machine. The daily drill was quasi-military, the whole set-up military in spirit, the handling of the spade was a preliminary to the handling of a rifle. One of the show pieces of the annual Nazi party convention at Nürnberg, in fact, was the faultless performance of the goose step and the snappy presentation of shining, polished spades, instead of arms, by a regiment of draftees in the Federal Labor Service.

During my visits to the front in the course of the present war, I always ran into the Labor Service, not far behind the fighting front. The young men were repairing roads and other damage; but if surprised by the enemy, they knew how to handle a rifle as well.

Hitler also sanctioned a gigantic program for the erection of new buildings. Soon Berlin looked so torn-up from arbitrary wrecking of old buildings and construction of new edifices, that the favorite joke of the day was: "Two Russian flyers came to Berlin last night to drop some bombs. But when they flew over the city they said, 'It's no use wasting our good bombs—some-one has evidently been here before us.'"

This gigantic building program, which was to furnish employment to thousands, was another commendable social objective.

But like the road-building, it was perverted to gratify the ego of one man. The mayor of Berlin, Dr. Julius Lippert, was summarily removed from office for daring to suggest that homes for the workers were more necessary than the contemplated Adolf Hitler *Prachtbauten* (Edifices of Splendor).

However questionable the ultimate object, and however dictatorial the method adopted, it cannot be denied that Hitler's recipe for ending unemployment worked. Germany had practically no unemployment just before the war began. Today, indeed, there is a dearth of labor power, for at last Hitler has the war he wanted.

Another of these social objectives, whose character was to be changed, was the *Kraft durch Freude* (Strength through Joy) organization, which afforded the worker an opportunity, at little cost, not only to see his own beautiful country but also to travel to Madeira, to Italy, Spain, the fjords of Norway, and the French Riviera on ships built especially for the German Labor Front. If the worker preferred quiet to travel, he was enabled, through this organization, to spend his vacation on the Baltic and North Sea coasts for a small fee.

A whole fleet of ocean-going vessels was to be launched exclusively for KDF, as the organization was generally called. Six steamers, in fact, were already in use when the war began. It cost the workers only twelve, fifteen, or sixteen marks to spend a full week on such a steamer.

Spas, reserved for workers, were being erected for the stay-at-home vacationist. At Sassnitz, on the Island of Ruegen, a workers' summer resort with 20,000 beds and innumerable cottages was almost completed before the war began.

But at length we saw how this undertaking, too, had been perverted into a measure of military preparedness. For the German press announced proudly that the KDF ships had been constructed with a view to converting them into hospital ships. The state rooms, officers' quarters, social hall and other saloons had all been designed as hospital wards, doctors' and nurses' quarters

consultation, x-ray and examination rooms, and operating clinics.

As to the workers' spas in northern Germany, these too had been laid out with a view to their ultimate use as convalescent homes for wounded soldiers.

Having put unskilled labor to work, Adolf Hitler next put pressure on German scientists to intensify their researches for synthetic products of every conceivable sort. *Ersatz* is now an international household word, and it testifies to the effort of the German people, living in a country devoid of many important raw materials, to find some substitute for the commodities that are lacking.

For instance, when I visited certain coal mines of the Ruhr region, I learned that the attitude toward coal had changed. It was regarded almost as a precious stone. Today Germany derives all sorts of synthetic and by-products from coal: gasoline, motor oils, ammonia, soap, even butter, it is claimed.

Another time I joined a party of journalists touring beautiful Thuringia, famous for its forest preserves. We were invited to visit a factory where synthetic wool and cotton were made from lumber. There was much joking during the trip. One reporter selected an oak tree and suggested that a dress suit be made from it; someone else wanted kindling-wood pants made of red fir, and so on.

Our scoffing dwindled when we entered the factory and saw the display of carpets, clothes, ladies' finery—all made of wood fiber. In comparison with my American suit, the synthetic sacco suffered; but I was amazed at the variety of new patterns in women's dresses, many of which can be printed only on synthetic goods as cotton or silk do not lend themselves to the necessary treatment.

Only a few days before leaving Germany, I read that the synthetic textile industry, in its search for unusual patterns, was now examining nature through a microscope in order to discover new forms. A frog's eye, the tip of a bee's tongue, a cross-cut of

an ear of corn, even a drop of human blood revealed patterns never before used on textiles.

On another occasion I saw how books were being attractively bound in fish leather. Fish, it was argued, is a raw material which is abundant in Germany and in the North and Baltic Seas, while cattle must, to some extent, be imported. Then why not use fish skins prepared in such a way that they had all the attributes of ordinary leather as well as offering novel and hitherto unknown designs?

Here again the objective in itself was creditable. No nation can be blamed for desiring to arrive at a position where it is not necessarily dependent upon imports from abroad. But we know now, from the many confidential messages that went to scientists and inventors, that these researches were intensified and speeded up on the grounds that Germany would soon become involved in a war.

I had a friend in one of the suburbs of Berlin, a self-made man with a genius for invention, who used to show me the progress of his researches with pride. Often he would ask me to come to his factory after working hours to demonstrate one of his successful experiments. I will not mention the nature of his studies, in order not to compromise him. Suddenly, he shut up like a clam. He would no longer discuss his work, although previously he had taken a boyish delight in telling me about it.

At first he gave evasive replies. Finally—and this is why I must protect him by not identifying him more closely—he broke down and confided that the army had taken over his invention, that he was no longer master of it, but was under contract to the army to develop it to final perfection as fast as possible. That was in 1938!

In March, 1934, the German press made a sensational announcement that Hitler had devised a plan for giving every thrifty worker in Germany an opportunity to own a cheap car. On opening the annual automobile show, Hitler said: "Let us get over the idea that cars are luxuries. It is the duty of every

German to buy a car. It is high time that the German people got acquainted with this modern convenience."

After several years of experimenting, the ideal *Volkswagen* (peoples' car) was designed, and the price fixed at \$395. Hitler himself on May 26, 1938, laid the cornerstone of a gigantic new city, Fallers Leben Über, significantly named for the composer of *Deutschland über Alles*—where the car was to be built by the hundreds of thousands. A hitherto unknown engineer, Dr. Ferdinand Porsche, became the "small man's hero" for inventing this inexpensive automobile. Six years later, on Rudolf Hess's last public appearance in Germany, Porsche, together with Professor Willy Messerschmitt, internationally known airplane constructor, was awarded the title of *Pionier der Arbeit* (Pioneer of Labor), the highest award for noncombatant activity available in the Third Reich of Adolf Hitler.

A special savings system was devised, enabling the worker to acquire a car in several years by the regular payment into this account of small monthly installments. It was made plain that some time would elapse before the plant could be in full swing. At the same time, the prospective owner was urged to get his application in early, accompanied by the first payment, so as not to have to wait too long for delivery upon the completion of his installments.

Hundreds of thousands of gullible workers acclaimed the press announcement and diverted at least a part of their savings to the special automobile-on-the-installment-plan account. The climax came when the war broke out. It then developed that the *Volkswagen* was being used exclusively for military purposes in the African desert. The motor was less affected by sand than any other motor built in Germany. The chassis withstood the strain of the desert better than any other known German type.

Another object, which was praiseworthy in itself, was Hitler's persistent effort to unify the German nation administratively, as it had been unified politically. One strong central authority was established from which all power now emanates. Government in

Germany was thus simplified. Many projects favored by the federal government and indeed indispensable to the well-being of the Reich, had failed of realization in the past because of protests from the individual states.

The real object of this unification became evident the moment war was declared. Just as the armed forces from the first day in Poland in 1939 until the present day have operated under a unified command, so the home front was virtually placed under a unified command on September 1, 1939. Rationing, priorities, building and manufacturing permits, blackouts, wages, prices—in short, every phase of life on the civilian sector, was regulated from Berlin, with Hermann Goering, as chief executive for the Four Year Plan for Self-Sufficiency, in supreme charge.

One of the greatest fears of the world of finance and business was that Hitler's accession to power might derange the economic system of Germany, thereby causing financial disturbances in other countries as well. Hitler, it will be remembered, on February 24, 1920, promulgated a twenty-five point program of the Nazi movement. Article II demands "abolition of incomes obtained without work and effort; breaking of bondage to interest."

To the relief of men of affairs everywhere, Hitler entrusted the Reich's finance to that wizard of German economy, Dr. Schacht.

Schacht had been a political will-o'-the-wisp all his life. He had been a pre-World War I liberal, war-time super-patriot and annexationist, post-war democrat, maligner of the Democratic party from which he resigned to ally himself with the nationalists, sponsor of the Young Plan, saboteur of the Young Plan, and finally ardent follower of Adolf Hitler, without whose full consent, as he put it in his Leipzig Fair speech in 1935, he would do and say nothing.

International finance, however, welcomed the appointment of Dr. Schacht as Reichsbank president and minister of economics as a sign that Hitler "wasn't so crack-brained, after all." Again Hitler seemed to pursue a commendable objective. But as in the

other instances I have cited, his purpose was merely to pursue the one consuming aim he had in view—to bring about a large-scale war.

Schacht, as his foreign friends learned to their dismay, became the financial organizer of Hitler's armed challenge to the world. A friend of mine, who for many years had been a close collaborator of Dr. Schacht, but who severed his connections with the Reichsbank when he realized where his high-collared chief was headed for, ably summed it up:

"The wizard of National Socialism transformed the economic system of the Reich into a complete machinery for the preparation of war. A unique system of taxation, of monopolies, of currency manipulation was built up which enabled the German leader (Hitler) to use German labor, German purchasing power, German technical inventions, for an unprecedented concentration of national strength. Every action, every man, every idea served war purposes. If Hitler was the political organizer, Goering the military organizer, Dr. Schacht became the financial organizer of the attack of National Socialism on the European neighbors of the Reich."

More recently, since the war began, the German government has introduced a system of *Eisernes Sparen* (Iron Savings), by which the population can save money against the day of peace, in order then to have ready cash for purchasing all those consumers' goods that are now lacking and that are promised in the event of certain victory.

Again we find a commendable social objective. That the real purpose of encouraging "iron savings" is that of supplying money to the government for the war is seen from the fact that the person who has such an account can, under no circumstances, touch it until the war is over. Thus the system is unlike the United States War Defense Bonds, which are redeemable earlier than on maturity. It stands to reason that the German government will not let the money thus paid in on "iron savings" accounts lie idle!

Not only were all these social objectives—so loudly praised and

laudable in themselves—perverted to purposes of war; but the ideas themselves were, for the most part, taken over from already existing institutions of the short-lived democracy, and, in part, even from the imperial regime. A new name, a new dress, and an established idea became Hitler's idea.

As an example, Hitler's labor battalions had their forerunner in the former voluntary Labor Service of republican Germany, which was comparable to the American CCC. The "Strength through Joy" movement had roots in the earlier *Wandervogel* (Birds of passage), which existed for much the same purpose.



IV

WHY WASN'T HITLER STOPPED?

It is obvious to us today that the German people, like the foreign powers, underestimated Hitler and failed to grasp the significance of what was taking place. On December 27, 1932, I visited General Kurt von Schleicher, the soldier-politician who undermined Heinrich Bruening, placed Franz von Papen in the chancellorship and then unseated him, and finally became German chancellor himself, on December 3, 1932, only to yield to Adolf Hitler fifty-nine days later.

It was originally intended that the substance of our forty-five minute talk would be used as an interview, but soon after my return to The Associated Press office, the General's secretary called to say the chancellor had thought it over and decided not to talk for publication now. An exact transcript of what we discussed is among my papers in Berlin.

What impressed me particularly at that time, and what sticks clearly in my memory, is that von Schleicher too, failed to gauge the strength of the Hitler movement. The words "*Ruhe, Ruhe, Ruhe*," (Quiet, quiet, quiet), spoken slowly in that sonorous, melodious voice of von Schleicher's, still ring in my ears.

"My policy is one of steadyng the jarred nerves of the German people, and especially our politicians," he said. "'*Ruhe, Ruhe, Ruhe*' is my motto. That policy is succeeding. Take today: everything is quiet. Why? Because I have suggested to all the parties that there should be a truce during the Christmas holi-

days. As you see, they have accepted my suggestion. These eight or ten days will do much to steady our political nerves.

"After the Christmas season is over I shall find other occasions for calling a political truce, and before we know it, the whole excitement that has characterized recent weeks and months will have subsided and we can go back to our constructive tasks again."

Even then I thought the fatal mistake the general-chancellor made was in assuming that the quiet of Christmas week was a result of his appeal for a truce. During all the years I lived in the Reich nothing of importance ever happened in government or politics during a season that is perhaps more dear to the German than to any other nation. There would have been a Christmas truce anyway!

No sooner were the Christmas holidays over, than politics set in with such fury that on January 30 President von Hindenburg invited Adolf Hitler to take over the reins of government. Von Schleicher suffered a rude awakening from his "*Ruhe, Ruhe, Ruhe.*" His chancellorship was one of the briefest in German history.

There was a curious echo of that interview a year and a half later. At three o'clock in the afternoon, June 30, 1934, Hermann Goering summoned the foreign press representatives to the Wilhelmstrasse for a conference. The story he gave us was his account of the "purge" that had continued all that day in every part of the Reich, but particularly in Bavaria under Hitler's personal leadership, and in Prussia, under the direction of Goering.

When the story had been told and after many of the correspondents had left the building, Goering called casually from the door, as though it were an afterthought: "By the way, General von Schleicher was killed too. He was shot while attempting to offer resistance."

There was not a word of truth in that reference to alleged resistance. Schleicher was assassinated by SS men. I dashed back to my office to file the greatest story of the year. My contact man

for Lutheran Church affairs, "Captain Miller," was waiting for me.

"Von Schleicher has been killed," I shouted to him breathlessly as I rushed to the long distance telephone to speak to London.

The captain reared from his chair, exclaimed "I must telephone at once," and went to one of our booths where he called up Dr. Hermann Muckermann, noted Catholic priest and professor of eugenics, who was on the Nazi black list.

Muckermann tore out of his home, in a suburb of Dahlem, to warn Gottfried R. Treviranus, minister of transportation in the last Bruening cabinet, who happened to be playing tennis in his back yard next door.

Treviranus, I learned afterward, did not even pause to enter his house, but climbed over the back fence and hailed a taxi that took him to friends in Potsdam. Here he was given clothes to replace his white tennis trousers, and was smuggled out of Germany and into England, which he later left for Canada where he has been a farmer for the past two years.

Treviranus climbed over the fence just in time, for at that very moment, SS men were knocking at his front door. Muckermann, I understand, escaped to Holland.

There was a vast gulf of miscomprehension between von Schleicher's gentle "*Ruhe*" of December 27, 1932, and the turbulent massacres of June 30, 1934!

Whatever von Schleicher's political shortcomings may have been, he was certainly innocent of the crime with which he was charged—of having conspired to overthrow the state—in order to justify his murder. The officers' corps of the army felt its honor had been insulted by this charge and by the fact that von Schleicher and his chief collaborator, Colonel von Bredow, were killed without trial.

Field Marshal Count Alfred von Schlieffen is regarded as one of the greatest military strategists Germany ever had, and high German officers regularly meet on the anniversary of his death. A stinging rebuke to Hitler and Goering was administered by the

officers at the annual von Schlieffen memorial dinner on February 28, 1935. Field Marshal August von Mackensen presided. As the names of the members of the high officers' corps who had died during the previous year were read aloud, the banqueters rose in their memory. The last names were those of von Schleicher and von Bredow.

Von Mackensen paused for a moment. "As regards the death of the last two named," he said, "it has been proven that the personal honor of the two was not touched by the purely political struggles for power of the time in question. They treaded paths which were looked upon in some quarters as inimical to the government, which fact led to fateful consequences. This declaration has been worded and phrased in agreement with the Reichswehr Ministry."

Again the old marshal paused impressively, then continued without manuscript: "They fell as men of honor on the field of honor on which Fate placed them."

While the Germans were caught napping by the Hitler movement, it is less surprising that England, France, and other interested powers seemed to have been asleep. A lethargy had come over them that was difficult for us to understand, seeing as we did how often the Nazis took a bold step with their tongues in their cheeks, fearing they had gone too far.

If there was one foreign statesman who thoroughly misjudged Hitler and his movement, it was André François-Poncet, the French Ambassador to Berlin. From what I know of behind-the-scenes activities toward the end of the Bruening era in 1932, I am forced to conclude that no other diplomat is more directly responsible for the elevation to power of Adolf Hitler than this brilliant, forever-wisecracking French politician.

According to François-Poncet, the incorruptible Chancellor Heinrich Bruening was too brainy and experienced in the wily game of international politics. Hitler, on the other hand, was a fool and a political dilettante—as he expressed it to the late Amer-

ican Ambassador William E. Dodd. With the Nazi leader in power, he thought, it would be much easier to effect deals which would be favorable to France. Therefore, it would be better to have Adolf Hitler in the chancellor's chair rather than Heinrich Bruening.

The French ambassador to Germany was a weighty personality in those days. His opinions influenced not only the Quai d'Orsay but Downing Street and the foreign offices of numerous satellites that had hitched their wagon to the French star. So it is not too much to say that François-Poncet is a partial answer to the question, "Why Wasn't Hitler Stopped?"

Many of Hitler's manifestations of bravado were perpetrated with the evident object of feeling his way and seeing just how far he could go.

The first of these was the dramatic withdrawal of Germany from the League of Nations, on October 14, 1933. Nothing happened.

Hitler defied the world and embarked upon rearmament. On March 16, 1935, he proclaimed universal, compulsory military service. Nothing happened. Some of the foreign diplomats with whom I spoke, in fact, thought Hitler was bluffing. They continued to insist he was bluffing even when they saw that gigantic military parade in honor of *Der Führer*'s fiftieth birthday on April 20, 1938, which filed for hours past our reviewing stand in the Charlottenburg Chaussee. Some were even naive enough to believe the German army was sending only sample tanks through the streets, then having them turn off at the next corner and, through a side alley, drive back for a second and third time!¹

Hitler defied the world and marched into the Rhineland on

¹One of the first English prisoners of war whom I questioned, at Maastricht, Holland, in May, 1940, told me that he and some of his fellow prisoners had started out against German tanks with their rifles, because they believed the tanks were made of wood.

A young German lieutenant whom we had known for years and whose word I had no reason to doubt, told us on returning from the Polish campaign of September, 1939, that some Polish soldiers tried to go up against the German tanks with bayonets!

March 7, 1936. This time the whole German nation stood aghast. Everybody thought something would happen. "The French will be across the border in a few hours," a colonel in the army told me. "They can't stand for provocation like that." Nothing happened.

On January 30, 1937, foreign representatives were ousted from the directorates of the Reichsbank and the Reichsbahn (federal railways). The nations which had delegated these directors, under the terms of the Treaty of Versailles, took it lying down.

On the same day, at the Reichstag session, commemorating four years of Nazi rule, Hitler formally served notice to the world that he no longer considered himself bound by the Treaty of Versailles. Nothing happened.

Der Führer now thought the time had come to test the inertia and listlessness of his opponents by a series of territorial aggrandizements which led Goebbels to suggest he receive the appellation, applied in the Middle Ages to German Emperors, of *Mehrer des Reichs* (Augmenter of the Empire).

The tricky *Anschluss* of Austria in March, 1938, under conditions that showed criminal conspiracy² to overthrow the established Austrian government; the forced cession of the Sudetenland by Czechoslovakia to Germany under the terms of the Munich accord of September 29, 1938, between Chamberlain, Daladier, Mussolini and Hitler; the amazing annexation of Bohemia-

² I have in my possession a most interesting press release from the official German news bureau, the DNB, showing that the Hitler regime knew about and approved of the attempt on the life of Austrian Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss, even though President von Hindenburg, on behalf of the German nation, expressed his abhorrence of this political murder. The DNB release is entitled "The Peoples' Judgment in Austria," and it was issued at 8:14 p.m., July 25, 1934, at a time when, if I remember correctly, Dollfuss was already dead. The 750 word item stressed the point that the people of Austria had sat in judgment over Chancellor Dollfuss, Minister Fey, and Director of Security Karwinsky, and had joined with the army in rising against "the Dollfuss system." Later developments that day showed that the expected uprising had been abortive and that the army recognized, by its obedience, the government of Kurt von Schuschnigg. At 9:45, therefore, a hurried "kill" order went to all recipients of the DNB service, including The Associated Press Bureau in Berlin, forbidding the publication of this premature announcement of a successful revolution in Austria.

Moravia as a German Protectorate in March, 1939; the daring junction, only a week later, of the Memelland to the Reich—all these accretions of German territory occurred with a breathtaking rapidity without, however, evoking more than platonic protests by the greater and lesser powers of Europe.

We of The Associated Press delegation who had reported the Munich conference of the Big Four, looked at one another in surprise when we heard of Premier Neville Chamberlain's pathetic waving of a paper on his arrival in Croydon, and his trustful ejaculation, "Peace in our time."

We were flabbergasted. We could not understand anyone being so naive as to think Hitler had turned pacifist. The Führer's saber-rattling speech at Saarbruecken only a few days later, on October 9, 1938, showed that the appeasement policy of Munich had merely whetted his appetite for international adventure; and his address to the generals, revealed in Chapter I, bore testimony to the contempt in which he held his opponents in Great Britain and France.

At the same time, Hitler, whether from vanity or a desire to see to what extent he could mislead foreign powers, liked to tell them the things which he thought they would like to hear—as in his speeches for domestic consumption he was all things to all men.

One evening, I believe it was early in 1938, I was seated next to Sir Nevile Henderson, last British Ambassador to Berlin, at a formal dinner. Henderson had presented his credentials to the German Chief of State only a short while previously. To my surprise Sir Nevile said, "After the usual formalities were over, we had a most interesting discussion of Zeppelins. The Führer spoke eloquently about their value as carriers of international good will."

I pricked up my ears. This was the first time I had ever heard of Hitler's displaying the slightest interest in the vast dirigibles that carried German fame around the world. Hitler, it was generally known, cordially disliked Dr. Hugo Eckener for his staunch republicanism and for his refusal to swallow Nazism

hook, line and sinker. When I boarded the later ill-fated "Hindenburg" on its first flight to Lakehurst in May, 1936, I learned from my German colleagues on board that they were not permitted to mention the presence of the "Columbus of the Air" on board, much less in command of the dirigible, so pronounced was Hitler's antipathy against Dr. Eckener.

In those days Hitler was wont to skip about the country in that restless way of his, visiting every plant, institution, undertaking, attending every ceremony, demonstration, event which could be exploited for the greater glory of his Third Reich. Yet he never inspected the hangars of Friedrichshafen nor attended an overseas take-off of the giant "flying sausages," as Goering derisively called them.

Then how explain this sudden burst of encomium of Dr. Eckener's life-work? Quite simple: The new Ambassador of His Britannic Majesty was enthusiastic about Zeppelins; hence, to win his confidence, Hitler diplomatically became a dirigible fan too. This is the way Sir Nevile told me the story:

"After the usual formal ceremony of accrediting a new foreign diplomat, Herr Hitler asked that I remain for a more informal, unofficial chat. To get conversation going, I told the Führer what a wonderful sight I had witnessed during my ocean passage from Argentina to Europe en route to assuming my Berlin post. I had booked on a German ship.

"Suddenly, one day in equatorial waters, the 'Graf Zeppelin' hove into sight. It pointed its nose directly at our ship, came down until it was only a few hundred feet over us, and then slowed down its pace exactly to that of our ship.

"For some minutes cordial wireless messages were exchanged, and of course during all this time there was most enthusiastic flag and handkerchief and cap waving by both sets of passengers. I told Herr Hitler it was a sight which I would never forget, and expressed my appreciation of the chivalry of the Zeppelin commander in staging this auspicious ceremony of welcome as I was about to take on my new duties.

"Herr Hitler then drew a most interesting picture of Zeppelin development and stressed its important mission of binding the continents together in a common peaceful endeavor."

I had observed this same effort on Hitler's part to adapt himself to his audience in an interview which I had had with him in 1934. At that time Hitler proposed nothing less than a conference with Franklin Delano Roosevelt. I saw this seemingly super-self-confident man actually blush when I broached the theme of German-American relations.

"Herr Reichskanzler," I ventured to say, "may I presume to offer a suggestion? You seem constantly to occupy yourself with the problems of Europe, but if I may say so, to neglect relations with the vast American continent. Why is that?"

This evidently caught him off-guard. He was not used to having his infallibility challenged. For a moment he blushed like a schoolboy, hemmed and hawed, then stammered an embarrassed something about having so many problems to ponder that he had not yet had time to take up America.

The approved manuscript on Hitler's expressed desire to meet the leaders of other nations reads as follows:

"Chancellor Adolf Hitler told me today that he might have man-to-man talks with the leaders of other nations—including President Roosevelt.

"By such personal conversations, he thought, the pitfalls of diplomacy might be avoided.

"The antiquated diplomatic method of exchanging notes,' he said, 'finds a telling condemnation in that fact that, despite the efforts of diplomats, the nations in 1914 slipped into the most gigantic war in history, although I am convinced the diplomats themselves were the most surprised when war broke out. . . .

"I believe heartily in the man-to-man discussions of responsible statesmen. The Berlin visit of Sir Anthony Eden, I am certain, did much to clarify the situation between Germany and Great Britain.

"One thing that every representative of a foreign power will

find in dealing with me is that I speak with absolute frankness. . . . I want Germany's signature to mean something again. And under no circumstances will I submit to dictation. . . .

"When I am once convinced that a certain course is the only and the right one for my nation, I intend to pursue it, come what may. I will do what I do openly. I will not, for example, pretend outwardly to accept 150,000 men as a basis for our army, then secretly arm another 150,000."

"Gee, that was swell," Hanfstaengl said to me afterward. "Nobody but a foreigner could tell him that. I've tried to convince him that he ought to occupy himself more with the U.S.A., but he won't listen to us. Your jerking him up on that point had immediate results—he wants to see Roosevelt."

My own feeling was rather that he was trying to tell me something I would be pleased to report, just as he told Ambassador Henderson what he wanted to hear about Zeppelins.

Later, it will be recalled by every reader, after Hitler embarked upon his total war, he boasted repeatedly of having secretly armed Germany to the teeth while the others were asleep.

For the rank and file of the German people, I must testify that they genuinely feared Hitler had gone too far in his demands upon Czecho-Slovakia, and they were greatly relieved at the Accord of Munich, not so much because they wanted the Sudetenland, but because war had been averted. They viewed Chamberlain's willingness to come to Munich as a gesture of genuine good will. In the movie houses the applause for Chamberlain was so much greater and more spontaneous than for Hitler when pictures of the Munich meeting were shown, that the news reel soon was taken out of circulation. Later the post cards showing Chamberlain and Hitler in conversation were also withdrawn from sale.

I recall the despondent mood in which I returned from a visit to Praha in March 1938, in the course of which I was received by President Edouard Benes for an off-the-record chat on the international situation. I felt I knew the Nazi attitude toward Czecho-Slovakia pretty well, so when the Czech chief of state tried to

pooh-pooh the idea that Hitler might succeed in any way in interfering with affairs of the Czechoslovak republic, I reminded him of a slogan which Dr. Otto Dietrich, Hitler's press chief, was fond of hammering into the consciousness of German journalists: "Hitler makes the impossible possible."

His Excellency laughed, "There is a contradiction of terms in what Dr. Dietrich says," he replied, unconcerned. "The word impossible expresses a limitation beyond which even Herr Hitler cannot go."



V

"TERROR IS A WHOLESOME THING"

"Give me four years time," was Hitler's slogan when he took over. It needed far less than that to erect in Germany the most complete dictatorship known in modern history.

When the Nazis came into power, they possessed themselves of virtually all the government offices and wrecked the trade unions. That first impact was so terrific that the country was completely dumbfounded and dazed, and one position of influence after another was abandoned, often without even a struggle.

But filling pivotal positions with Nazis could not alone have guaranteed the continuance of the Nazi regime. The Gestapo saw to it that the German people were kept sufficiently in terror not to attempt to conspire against it without fully counting the costs.

Before Himmler took over the secret service, I asked his predecessor Regierungsrat Rudolf Diels why, now that all other parties had been abolished and the Nazis were in full control, organizations like the SA and SS were still maintained. Why couldn't everything be left to the regular organs of the police?

"The value of the SA and the SS," he said, "seen from my viewpoint of inspector-general responsible for the suppression of subversive tendencies and activities, lies in the fact that they spread terror. That is a wholesome thing."

When, therefore, my American friends sometimes ask me, "If the German people, or at least some of them, are opposed to Nazism, why did they ever stand for its fastening itself so com-

pletely upon the country?" I can only point to the bestiality of the Nazi concentration camp; to the efficacy of the Gestapo in ferreting out every person who tried to maintain independence of thought and action; and the utter impossibility, once a German fell into the meshes of its ubiquitous organization, of ever extricating himself.

We Americans are so used to the *habeas corpus* act and to the institution of bail, as well as to the fundamental legal conception that every man is to be regarded as innocent until proven guilty, that we sometimes fail to grasp the full implications of the diabolical system instituted by Adolf Hitler.

The Nazi concentration camp is an institution that stands outside the jurisdiction of the German courts. It is operated and managed by the Gestapo, the Nazi secret police, which can, without warrant, arrest anybody it chooses, either because his being at liberty might endanger the safety of the state, or because he himself might be in personal danger if not taken into "protective custody" for his own good.

"Protective custody" was imposed frequently during the first years of Nazi rule. I cite a typical example of which I possess detailed documents, to show why it often became "necessary" for the Gestapo to arrest someone who was obnoxious to the regime.

At the head of the Reichsbank's loan division there was a certain Reichsbankrat Koeppen, who made a little extra money, in his leisure hours, by collecting the monthly rent from tenants in a corporation-owned tenement house.

Now Koeppen was not a Nazi party member, but as it happened, one of the tenants, a shiftless, meddlesome fellow named Georg Riecker, was. One day Riecker—although he told Koeppen he was quite able to pay his rent—refused to meet his obligation. When threatened with eviction, he ran to the Nazi party precinct headquarters with a tear-jerking story of the cruelty of Herr Koeppen, of his own poverty and the terrible conditions in which his children, among them a little girl suffering from tuberculosis, were living. When the kind-hearted Nazis handed him 200 Marks

(about \$80), to buy proper clothes and bedding for his destitute family, and promised to get after Koeppen, he broke down and wept.

The next day the daily newspaper *Angriff*, which had been founded by Goebbels and was still his mouthpiece, exposed the soulless Koeppen. The story so incensed the people of the section in which Koeppen lived that an angry mob threatened to do violence to this "exponent of heartless liberalism."

What was more natural than for the humane Gestapo to protect Herr Koeppen from maltreatment, probable torture and even possible death by taking him into custody and marching him off to a concentration camp?

Koeppen was excluded from membership in the Labor Front and from all insurance and other benefits vouchsafed to its members. When Koeppen had been held in "protective custody" for nearly a year, Reichsbank President Hjalmar Schacht addressed a letter to Goering, stating that his own investigations had proven there was not a word of truth in the charges against Koeppen, that he had thereupon been released from the concentration camp and given an opportunity to repair his shattered health. He had been reinstated as of August 24, 1935.

Schacht's letter closed with the words: "Now that an officer of the Reichsbank, without sufficient reason, has suffered most serious injury to his liberty, his honor, and his position, I ask your assistance toward seeing to it that his honor is restored publicly."

Koeppen was lucky in finding someone in high position willing to fight his case. Thousands who were similarly taken into "protective custody for their own good" remained in concentration camps indefinitely. In some small towns the demonstrations against these hapless victims—the evidence of a *kochende Volkseele* (a people's soul boiling over) as a current phrase expressed it—were led by the burgomaster, who, of course, was a Nazi. He would then prevent violence by handing the alleged culprit over to the Gestapo for "protective custody."

This method of ridding the regime of persons who, for some

reason or other, were a thorn in its flesh is not used as often today as it was at the beginning of Nazi rule. Arrests by the Gestapo are as frequent as ever, but as the regime entrenched itself more and more, it dropped the pretense of inducting a man into a concentration camp for his own good, and merely asserted that he was a potential enemy of the state who, for the protection of all citizens, must be deprived of his freedom.

There was and is no legal procedure by which a person thus seized can regain his liberty or even find out on what charge he has been seized. The presumption, however, is that he is guilty. Nor can he obtain any inkling as to how long his internment is likely to last. When the regime, for undivulged reasons, decides to liberate him, he must sign a statement that he was well treated, and he is put on oath not to reveal what transpired in the camp while he was an inmate. It goes without saying that he receives no compensation for losses sustained through his enforced detention.

No word in the German language today is more calculated to instill fear and horror in the mind of a Teuton than the dreaded expression *Konzentrationslager* (concentration camp). The KZ, as it is known, is Nazidom's most efficient instrument of terror. The mere threat of it is usually sufficient to elicit a confession, to extract the names of accomplices, or to persuade someone to desist from a course deemed inimical to national socialism.

When the Nazis took over in 1933, endless stories were poured into the ears of foreign correspondents about the inhumanities of the concentration camps. Neighbors declared they could not sleep because of the moans and agonized cries of the inmates. Relatives insisted their loved ones had been beaten up beyond recognition. Families reported that ashes of KZ inmates were sent with the brief remark by the Gestapo that the person whose cremated remains were thus returned to the family had been seized by a violent illness or had committed suicide or had been shot while attempting to make a get-away.

There is no epithet violent enough in denouncing this barbar-

ous institution. The fact that the authorities, with but one exception, refused to let us visit concentration camps is negative proof that they are not show pieces of Nazi "civilization." When I first heard of the moans and anguished cries coming from the Gestapo headquarters in the Prinz Albrechtstrasse of Berlin and in the Columbus House in the neighborhood of Tempelhof airdrome, I applied to the then foreign press chief, Dr. Ernst F. Hanfstaengl, for permission to visit either or both places. My request was politely but firmly declined.

The large camps, particularly Oranienburg near Berlin, Dachau near Munich, and Buchenwald in the Thuringian Forest, remained closed to us. Only once were we taken to a KZ, at Sonnenburg, which existed only for a brief time, and Sonnenburg, it is significant, was apprised of our coming several days in advance.

The guards at Sonnenburg looked like gangsters, hard-faced men, who seemed to take a sadistic delight in inflicting pain. They were men in their early twenties, apparently without families, who had been indoctrinated during their formative years with Nazi fanaticism. They were the scum of Germany.

One of them made a fatal admission when I asked him about the reasons for flogging.

"You see," he said proudly, "it teaches them discipline. I give every fellow a thrashing when he first comes in. That has a very salutary effect. After that he is more likely to obey orders implicitly. We don't try first to find out whether a man is guilty or not, or whether he will submit to discipline or not. It is much better from the viewpoint of keeping everybody in check to give each new arrival a hiding first. It is safe to assume that he is guilty of something or other, else he would not have been arrested and brought here."

A negative confirmation of this statement was afforded me when friends of Lutheran Pastor Martin Niemoeller told me he walked about the concentration camp at Oranienburg with a placard, "*Nicht schlagen*" (Don't beat up). The Gestapo did not want to make a martyr of Niemoeller.

It was the spring of 1933 when a small group of us, including my colleague H. R. Knickerbocker, were taken to the concentration camp at Sonnenburg. It was a former penitentiary which had been abandoned during the humane republican regime. We were supposed to see with our own eyes that the treatment of inmates of concentration camps was not at all bad.

We were led through the kitchen and handed the day's menu. Quite normal! We were shown the inmates at physical exercise out in the courtyard.

"The man who is shouting the commands was the whip of the communist party in the Prussian parliament," our guide told us. "He had been a drill sergeant in the imperial army during the world war. It is much better if one of their own number puts the internees through the physical exercises."

We asked whether we might exchange a few words with the ex-sergeant. Our guide agreed.

"How is the food?" we asked him. With a peculiar emphasis which left no doubt as to his real meaning, the former communist deputy said, "Oh, *for the past two days* it has been quite good."

Among the internees we saw Carl von Ossietzky, pacifist writer and, during his internment, winner of the Nobel peace prize—an award, incidentally, which so incensed Adolf Hitler that he forbade the acceptance by any German not only of the peace prize but of the Nobel prizes in chemistry, physics, and literature, although these were decided by Swedish committees of savants and were not, like the peace prize, awarded by a political body, the Norwegian *storting*.

Knickerbocker and I, who had known Ossietzky for years, asked whether we might chat with him. Fortunately, our intelligent, university-bred guide from the Prussian premier's chancellory decided he had better stay with the rest of the visiting journalists. He ordered an exceptionally stupid-looking guard to accompany us and listen to the conversation.

We asked Ossietzky how he spent his time.

"Chiefly reading," he replied. "Unfortunately, this place has

only just been opened so there is as yet no prisoners' library. I must therefore rely upon my wife to send me such books as the censor will permit me to have."

"We'd like to send you some books," suggested Knickerbocker. "What type do you recommend?"

An impish smile passed over Ossietzky's features. "I don't suppose there is any objection to history."

"Knick" was quick to see the point. "Any particular period of history?" he asked with a cautious glance at the guard.

A grateful smile illuminated Ossietzky's face for a moment as he realized the American journalist had caught his meaning. His expression changed to a mischievous one as he drawled, "Well, I think medieval history would be very *à propos!*"

It was, he was telling us, a medieval institution into which we had come, and not the innocent detention camp our guides tried to make it out to be.

Later on, we encountered Erich Muehsam, the leftist poet who was to perish in another concentration camp, but we were not allowed to ask him the one question uppermost in our minds: "How did you get those scars on your face?"

One feature of the concentration camp is the exceedingly hard labor which the hapless victims, especially the Jews, must perform. Stone-crushing and road-building are favorite punishments. If the victim falls by the wayside because he cannot perform the heavy work demanded of him, the guard is authorized to draw his revolver and put the man out of his misery as one would a horse that has broken its legs.

The most notorious of the various camps, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was that at Buchenwalde, in Thuringia. It was chiefly a camp for Jews. Bodily punishments, of which flogging was a mild form, were the order of the day.

There was a general denial of every form of comfort. At the other camps the inmates at least had a roof over their heads and bunks to sleep in. It was no uncommon thing for new arrivals at Buchenwald to sleep on the cold ground on wintry nights. The



Carl von Ossietzky, famous German writer and winner of the Nobel peace prize, is taken from the Berlin jail to the concentration camp at Sonnenburg.

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death rate was appalling, as I learned from a rabbi whose lot it was to officiate at the funerals. I know of many authenticated cases where Jews, broken in body and spirit, deliberately ran into the electrically charged enclosure, preferring electrocution or a bullet to continued suffering.

Beside these physical injuries, there was a form of mental or spiritual torment to which the inmates were subjected, which to men of fine sensibilities must have been as painful as physical suffering. For instance, socialists would be rounded up, and placed in the middle of a ring of camp inmates. Then they would each be compelled to deliver a speech either denouncing the fellow socialist next to him or heaping aspersions upon the socialist movement itself. Jews would be compelled to make pronouncements claiming that the Hebrew is responsible for all Germany's ills. The guards would have a great time.

Occasionally a brave soul dared to disregard these orders. I have known of cases where a socialist had the courage to denounce Nazism instead and to end with some such phrase as "Long live liberty," or "Long live human rights." As a rule, this meant additional torture by the Gestapo agents; but occasionally, such courageous behavior so impressed the guards that they stopped molesting the individual further.

The impotence of even the highest judicial authorities in the Reich to interfere with the Gestapo was brought home to me in 1937 when I happened to lunch at the residence of the late American Ambassador William E. Dodd with the German Minister of Justice, the late Dr. Franz Guertner.

After luncheon, Professor Dodd began to ask the Nazi Minister a number of pointed questions, which Dr. Guertner answered as best he could, though he appeared rather ill at ease. I had a hunch that an opportunity presented itself for helping a man in distress. I had found on previous occasions that there are moments—rare enough, to be sure—when one can shame a Nazi into an act of mercy or of justice.

That morning I had learned of the arrest, a few weeks before,

of a seventy-one year old man, former organizer for the defunct German Metal Worker's Union, and of his internment in a concentration camp. My socialist friends who gave me the information, assured me that the old man had not committed the slightest act against the regime, but had lived in retirement on his modest savings.

"Herr Reichsjustizminister," I said, "there is one thing about national socialist justice that I simply do not understand. How is it possible to arrest someone who has lived a quiet, retired, decent citizen's life, without as much as telling him why he was arrested?"

"I think you must be wrong about your facts," Dr. Guertner replied.

I cited chapter and verse.

"Oh, that was the Gestapo," he said. "I thought you were speaking of our regular justice. The Gestapo is outside my jurisdiction."

The Ambassador and I remarked that it was incomprehensible to us that there could, in an orderly state, be a category of justice outside the jurisdiction of the Minister of Justice. Dr. Guertner did not like this reflection upon the scope of his authority, and as I had hoped, he promised to interest himself in the case.

I wrote to him, setting forth the facts, being careful to refer to our conversation at the American embassy, to remind him of his promise to do something, and to state that I was sending a copy of my letter to Ambassador Dodd since he had taken such an interest in our discussion.

A few days later I received a reply from Guertner, advising me that his intervention had succeeded and that the septuagenarian metal worker had been released. My friends confirmed this. But we rejoiced too soon. The Gestapo allowed just enough time for Guertner to start on a prolonged leave of absence, and then arrested the trade union organizer again, to protect the Nazi state against possible harm from an aged man broken in body and in spirit.

Of course, there were times when internment in a concentration camp did not seem sufficient punishment to the Gestapo. In such cases they resorted to their favorite trick of shooting a man on the excuse that he was "attempting to escape."

A case in point was the deliberate murder of Fritz Husemann, president of the German Mine Worker's Federation and social democratic member of the Reichstag.

Husemann was not a firebrand, but a substantial, honest leader of the old school. He had learned the dangerous miner's trade from the bottom up. When the Nazis killed the German labor movement, Husemann was offered an attractive post in Amsterdam by the International Federation of Trade Unions. But Husemann refused. He felt he should remain in his fatherland and see things through.

In April, 1935, I received information from the outlawed German Social Democratic party, whose headquarters were then in Praha, Czechoslovakia, that Husemann had been taken from the jail at Bochum, where he had been under arrest for some time, and transferred by the Gestapo to the Esterwege concentration camp. They expressed fear that he had been murdered en route.

I rang up the Propaganda Ministry to ask the press department about the whereabouts of Husemann. Dr. Stephan, the official in charge, claimed that he did not know Husemann had been arrested. He would consult the Gestapo and call me later.

Meanwhile I did a little investigating of my own. I rang up the police department at Bochum and asked about Herr Husemann.

"We don't keep any records on dead people," was the revealing answer.

"Where can I find out just when he died?" I persisted.

"Maybe if you ring up the Krematorium of Krefeld, the men in charge there can tell you," the police officer obligingly suggested. I called Krefeld.

"Herr Husemann," the crematory official told me, "was delivered here on April 15 and cremated yesterday."

I called the Propaganda Ministry again. "Anything yet on Husemann?"

"We were just about to call you. Herr Husemann is hale and hearty in a concentration camp."

"Then who was the Herr Husemann who was cremated yesterday at Krefeld?" I asked.

There was an embarrassed silence. "It can't be possible," declared Dr. Stephan, "but I'll check again."

After a while he called back. "I am sorry to have given you the wrong information," he faltered. "The Gestapo felt certain Herr Husemann was in a concentration camp. It appears, however, that he tried to escape while he was being taken there and he was shot dead."

Through friends I got in touch with Frau Husemann.

"It is simply preposterous to claim my husband tried to escape," she said. "You know what a steady, level-headed man he was. The night before he was to be transferred to Esterwege, he wrote me this note: 'Tomorrow I shall go to Esterwege with the same equanimity as always. I shall try to adjust myself to the regulations there. As I was once a soldier and am otherwise used to order, I ought to succeed. I imagine nothing inhuman will be demanded of me, and consideration will be taken for my age. So please view the whole situation calmly. We want both to bear what fate has decreed for us. We have borne many a sorrow together these thirty-seven years—why should we not succeed this time? Go about your work as usual and busy yourself with our grandchildren, who love you dearly. I hope we shall meet again in the not too distant future.' "

When people became too skeptical of that phrase, "shot while attempting to escape," another slogan began to recur with alarming regularity. This or that inmate of a concentration camp had been found dead in his cell, with a rope around his neck. I recall that the Confessional Synod people were up in arms when the Gestapo reported that a pastor well-known for his piety, and who

only the day before had been visited by a brother clergyman who found him unbroken in spirit, had committed suicide in his cell by hanging. It leaked out that he had been flogged to death and the Gestapo, to hush up the matter, fastened a rope around his neck and suspended him from the prison cross-bars.

A friend of mine was rounded up during the "purge" of June 30, 1934, because he had been an employe in the office of Von Papen who, although he had been vice-chancellor under Hitler, was at that time suspect to the Nazis. By some miracle my friend escaped execution by the firing squad and went to a concentration camp.

When he was released I scarcely recognized him. He looked ten years older. His hands shook so violently he could hardly hold a cigarette. When I asked what had happened, he exclaimed, "Please don't ask me. It was just too awful."

I never got his story, although we saw each other frequently during the next seven years. His brother once told me, "Please don't ask him. It excites him so to be reminded of those days in the concentration camp that his nerves get unstrung at each mention of that dreadful experience."

The German ambassador to one of the nations identified with the Axis came to Berlin for his periodic report to Hitler and Ribbentrop. After his formal audience, he had the courage to intervene on behalf of a theologian who had gone to college with him and who was now in a concentration camp.

Hitler expressed amazement. "Why, I was told he had been released," he said, obviously surprised. He assured the ambassador there would be no slip-up this time.

When the diplomat reached the Führer's outside office, a Gestapo official approached him and said curtly: "Remember that you are to discuss only the things that have been put down on the agenda. You took up a matter with our Führer which you were not authorized to talk about. That must never happen again. Mind your own business."

The Gestapo has its men in every government department. A

friend of Dr. Schacht's, calling upon him one day, remarked that there was a new face in the outer office.

"Oh, don't you know him?" Schacht said nonchalantly. "That's the Gestapo officer who must watch me."



VI

THE NAZIS IN CONTROL

HAVING seized the government and, through the Gestapo, placed the opposition under lock and key or at least terrorized it into inactivity, the Nazis next proceeded methodically to take control of all the innumerable clubs, societies, *Vereine* and other organizations of a social, economic, patriotic, or fraternal nature in which Germany abounded.

Organizing is almost a fetish with the Teuton. It is often said that whenever three Germans meet they found a *Verein*. When the Nazis took over, there were hundreds of thousands of organizations. What an opportunity that offered the strategists of the movement to gratify the vanity of deserving but incompetent party *wheelhorses*! They let them loose upon the organized stamp collectors, butterfly chasers, bowling alley devotees, small gardeners, chess players, amateur photographers, and even crossword puzzle guessers!

These innumerable groups suddenly learned that they did not have the proper *Weltanschauung*. It followed logically that if they lacked this prerequisite to healthful living in the new Nazi state, they could not possibly be good stamp collectors, entymologists, bowlers, etc. So a *Führer*, with the proper philosophical attributes was imposed on them—on all, that is, which were allowed to exist. Many a time-honored institution fell by the way-side.

Among the organizations to which the ax was applied was International Rotary. I was a member of its Berlin branch, and

thus lived through its struggle for continuation and final elimination.

The Berlin Rotarians were a fine, forward-looking, internationally-minded group, and an oasis during the first years of Nazism in a desert of nationalistic prejudice, narrow-minded provincialism, and goose-stepping conformism. The first demand made upon them was that they get rid of their three Jewish members, among them Heinrich Gruenfeld, whose name was a by-word in Germany.

When a family wanted an impeccable trousseau for a daughter, they would buy it at Gruenfeld's. If a gentleman was fastidious about his full dress shirt, muffler, and handkerchief, he was insured against criticism by the *Jeunesse dorée* if he bought them at Gruenfeld's. Old Heinrich Gruenfeld had always been a public-spirited man. He was so German in his thinking and outlook that he founded the *Bund fuer deutsche Schrift*, which aimed to do away with Latin characters in newspapers, books, and street signs, and to substitute the difficult Gothic characters which, even under Nazism, are proving antiquated and no longer suited to modern needs.

Shortly before he died—elimination from Rotary which he loved, no doubt contributed to his death—he invited me to visit him in his holy of holies, his private office in his store on Leipziger Strasse. It was filled with mementoes, a veritable museum. There were all sorts of honorary diplomas and engraved testimonials awarded him in recognition of his outstanding public services.

"And now they say I am not a German," he kept repeating, pathetically. "I just can't understand it."

Inexorably the screws were tightened on Berlin Rotary. Nothing was left undone to appease the Nazis but in vain. On August 31, 1937, after it had fulfilled a (to the Nazis) very welcome function in acting as host during the 1936 Olympic Games, notice was served that Walter Buch, Chief Justice of the Nazi party court, found that "Rotary is *not* anti-semitic, and is ruled by an inter-

national organization conceived in America." That ended Rotary in Germany.

Step by step, the Nazis were eliminating whatever or whoever did not suit them. Even justice—the garden variety of justice, not its palpable perversion, the Gestapo system—had to be dovetailed into the fundamental conception of Nazism, "Whatever is useful to the national socialist state, is right." Moreover, like every other institution, it had to be subordinated to the will of one man, Adolf Hitler.

A judge whom I knew well gave me the following picture:

"Suppose a case of larceny or embezzlement or manslaughter is brought before me for trial. I hear the case, examine the witnesses, scrutinize the evidence, and study up the law as it applies in the particular instance. I announce that I am taking the case under final advisement and will pronounce judgment the next day.

"That same night, likely as not, I am visited by the local party boss. He tells me that the defendant is a man who has rendered certain services to the party which must be taken into account when deciding upon his guilt or innocence. In short, the party demands an acquittal.¹

"Or suppose I have finished a case in one sitting and have meted out punishment in accordance with the law. Likely as not the party will step in and demand a revision if not a commutation of the sentence.

"I simply could not stand it any longer, and hence applied for a post as military judge. There, at least, the party cannot interfere—at least not yet!"

At a luncheon in the Kaiserhof Hotel, Dr. Roland Freisler, Secretary of State for Justice, remarked:

¹ From the Nazi standpoint, the party official has a right to make demands upon an official of the state. For during the party convention of 1934, Adolf Hitler said, "*Nicht der Staat befiehlt der Partei, sondern die Partei befiehlt dem Staat.*" (It isn't the state that commands the party, but the party commands the state.)

"Justice, like everything else in Germany, emanates from our Führer.² He is not only the supreme executive and the supreme legislator, but also the supreme judge. Whatever our Führer wills, gentlemen of the legal profession, whether you be judges, court officials, department of justice specialists, or attorneys, you must carry out.

"If our Führer decides that so-and-so is guilty, then, *meine Herren Richter* (Judges), you must find him guilty. There are no two ways about it. Our Führer's word here as in everything else is law."

A New York friend who accompanied me, reminded me later of the famous case of the miller of Potsdam. The story goes that Frederick the Great was annoyed by the rattling noise of a windmill on the estate next to him and demanded that the owner tear it down. The miller, however, refused. Frederick, in a rage, threatened to raze the structure. The miller replied calmly that he would take the case to court, adding, "There are, after all, still judges in Prussia." The king was so pleased with this faith of a simple miller in the judicial institutions of his realm that he saved the mill for posterity as a symbol of Prussian justice.

While thousands of judges conformed to Hitler's dictum, there were enough independent men left to make it necessary for him to demand in the Reichstag on April 26, 1942, that his yes-men confirm what Freisler in 1938 demanded as his right. Hitler argued:

"I demand that the nation give me the right to take a hand and act on my own wherever men do not unconditionally obey and perform in the interest of a larger task involving the existence or nonexistence of our nation. Front and home, transportation, administration, and justice must be obedient to but one thought, that of winning victory. . . . I expect German justice to understand that the nation does not exist for its sake, but that it (justice) exists for the nation; in other words, that the world which

² Addressing the International Penal Congress at Berlin on August 21, 1935, Freisler said: "Adolf Hitler's will is the supreme law of the land in Germany."

includes Germany must not be allowed to go to pot merely in order that formal justice may triumph, but that Germany must live no matter how much the formal conceptions of justice may stand in the way. . . . From now on I shall intervene personally and remove from office all judges who do not recognize the needs of the hour."

It is safe to assume that after the Reichstag unanimously voted these expressed powers to Hitler, no judge in Germany was in a position to impose sentences other than those demanded by the Führer, who is judge, jury and prosecutor, and chief executive and chief legislator as well.

One further important aspect involved in Nazi "justice" is the principle of retro-activity. Communists were tried and even executed for offenses committed before the Nazis came into power; their punishments awarded in accordance with the severe scale of penalties decreed by Hitler. By applying this principle of retroactive justice, so foreign to enlightened jurisprudence, the Nazis succeeded in eliminating many adversaries.

There was one other sector of German life upon which the Nazis seized eagerly the moment they came into their own. Youth was regarded as the most important group in the entire German nation for perpetuating national socialism.

When this war ends with the defeat of Hitlerism, no task will be more important than that of re-educating German youth in the normal, time-honored, civilized conceptions of truth, honor, decency, morality, and chivalry. Personally, from what I have seen in nine years under the Nazi flag, I am less interested in disarming the German nation than I am in disbooking the German schools of those books in which history is perverted and blood and soil are substituted for God, in which the Nordic race is placed on a sublime pedestal, militarism is glorified, conquest sanctified and Adolf Hitler represented as the Perfect Man.

The detailed story of the corruption of youth under Nazism has been told the American public by other writers. Nevertheless,

I would like to give a few sidelights from my personal experience.

One day late in 1936 a friend brought me a Christmas book for children, which had been published under the patronage of the notorious gauleiter Julius Streicher of Nürnberg. It shocked me deeply. The book was advertised as "one which has thus far been lacking for our youth." The theme of this little opus was that the Jew is the incarnation of the devil.

"Don't trust the fox on meadow green, nor trust a Jew his word to mean," was a verse on the title page, illustrated by a caricature of a fox with Jewish features and a Jew raising two fingers to swear an oath. The first poem was entitled, "The Devil is the Father of the Jew," and it was illustrated by a red, cloven-hoofed beast. An eighteen-year-old girl, Elvira Bauer, wrote the doggerel and drew the illustrations.

"The author," observed the publisher, "in a masterful way is introducing youth to a field of knowledge which has hitherto been made available to but few."

Angus M. Thuermer, the youngest American member of our Berlin staff, had been a former Boy Scout leader in the United States and he was an ideal man to become our specialist on the German youth movement. He acquitted himself of his task with enthusiasm and ability, and prepared the following account of his observations:

"In a very real sense the words of the poet Wordsworth, 'The shades of the prison house begin to close around the growing boy,' can be seen in Nazi Germany today.

"The modern 'prison house' into which the young German nowadays is sent is the wall-less but confining structure of the Nazi youth organization. At the age of ten, unasked himself, and without the consent of his parents, the youngster begins a 'term' of eight years.

"Under the tutelage of ardent Nazi party members, he is taught to believe in Adolf Hitler as an infallible leader, and that to die for Nazi Germany is the noblest lot that can befall a young Nazi.

"The youngster wears a snappy uniform of short black pants

and brown shirt in summer, and a ski-suit in winter; instructors pound into him that he is the elite of the German nation, for to his organization alone Adolf Hitler has given his name—*Die Hitler Jugend*. He takes part in parades, rallies, mass meetings, song fests, gym tournaments, shooting matches, and represents the German nation at international sport events.

“To his meetings come the heroes of the war—the *Ritterkreuzträger*—the bearers of the knight’s cross of the iron cross. To the Hitler Youth these ardent Nazi warriors retell their deeds of prowess on the field of battle, at sea, and in the air. The pliable mind of youth is molded by every subtle means known to the modern science of propaganda.

“But the now passionate Nazi has not completed his instructions, in fact the Nazi is never ‘paroled’ to ramble as he sees fit, in the philosophies of the world. His education continues.

“At the age of eighteen he is due for six months in the labor service. For half a year he bends his back over a shovel, making highways or fortifications.

“His contact with the outside world is maintained. He is told what is happening. But, as I have had occasion to observe at a Nazi labor camp, his information comes from the *Voelkischer Beobachter*!

“At meal time, the camp commandant calls for silence, and shouts an order. Up pops one of the labor youths, and parrot-like reels off the leading article in Hitler’s paper. An evening session of instruction by Nazi leaders may follow.

“After six months at labor, the youth is ready for his service with the army.”

Not satisfied with these isolated indications that German youth was being reared in ideas and taught ideals that run counter to all we have learned to respect and emulate, I asked Baldur von Schirach, the Reich’s Youth Leader, to receive me for a talk. I quote from the interview, as approved by von Schirach and published in his *Reichs-Jugend-Pressedienst* on April 3, 1935:

“I am not concerned in questions of faith. If I keep demanding

of our youth that it overcome thinking in terms of a particular religious faith this does not constitute an attack against Protestantism or Catholicism, but it is an offensive against the spirit of disunion which was ever the cause of setbacks in the history of our German people. It caused the tragic death of Arminius the Cheruscan³ quite as much as it did the collapse of 1918. . . .

"As an educator of youth I have indeed certain apprehensions regarding some passages of the Old Testament, in which pornographic and indecent incidents are narrated in a manner that must necessarily be a source of danger to the youthful mind. . . . But it is not my function to take over responsibilities of the church. . . .

"Never in all my life have I thought of attacking the Christian faiths, but of course I was yesterday, am today, and shall ever be of the opinion that the confessional youth organizations in their present-day structure and tendency are to be disfavored.⁴ . . .

"As to the question of quasi-military training and the allegation that such training leads to the militarization of youth, my reply is: I would favor quasi-military education even if Germany were surrounded by disarmed neighbors, for the simple reason that the tendency of such training is peaceful and humane. We want nothing except to make our youth healthy and happy. To attain this ideal we need bodily training. Our soldierly attitude has nothing in common with militarism. . . .

"When you claim that our youth assumes an attitude of superiority toward parents and teachers, you must remember that naughty juveniles existed at all times and ever will exist.

"At the same time, it is not the task of the Hitler Jugend to develop 'model' children. . . . It is a good thing that the German

³ Arminius in 9 A.D. defeated the Roman legions under Varus in the Forest of Teutoburg. The Nazis, despite their Axis friendship with Italy, rejoice over every victory of ancient, medieval and modern Germans over the descendants of Romulus and Remus.

⁴ That is one of the chief sources of conflict between Nazism and the churches—the insistence of the regime that the religious youth organizations must be dissolved. The American reader will perhaps understand this best when I remind him that the YMCA is a thing of the past in Nazi Germany.

youth of today possesses more self-confidence than the young generations that preceded. I have always found that those people got farthest in life who even in their youth were taught to master their fate. . . .

"You must understand that the political development of Germany has not increased our respect for old people, and for this reason we have the excusable conceit of believing that in decisive political situations more depends upon youthful aggressiveness than upon the experience gathered in seventy years of living. . . ."

It was obvious from this statement that von Schirach himself is chiefly responsible for the notorious arrogance of the Hitler youth, which is causing so much heartache in German families.

One of the tenets in which German youth is now raised is that the bringing forth of sons for the fatherland is so important that even the question of marriage is secondary. Julius Streicher told a graduating class of high school girls: "It is your duty to bear sons for the fatherland. Have them in wedlock if possible, out of wedlock if necessary. The state will look after them."

An SS man who courted a young English girl of my acquaintance, told her in a most matter-of-fact way over the tea cups in a Berlin café that he had asked the Racial Investigation Bureau of the Nazi party to run down her family tree and had found her racially perfect, of pure Nordic blood. Would she have a child by him? Of course, he could not promise her marriage, as his work was too unsteady, but he would make a regular contract with her, by the terms of which he would acknowledge himself as father of the child-to-be, and would undertake to provide fully for it.

To make sure that youth will follow in the steps of national socialism, an elaborate system of schools has been devised at which the racially purest, bodily fittest and intellectually brightest youngsters from Nazi families receive special training for Nazi leadership and a party career.

After completing the courses in these primary schools, they

are taken to one of the "Castles of the Order" where they are brought up much as Teutonic Knights were brought up in the Middle Ages. They see and hear nothing but what the Nazi party believes it good for them to see and hear. They receive about \$80 pocket money a month, live in elegant quarters, amidst idyllic natural surroundings, and have liveried servants to look after their wants. Their physical training is severe and exacting.

The principal "Castle of the Order" is at Vogelsang, near Gemuend in the hilly region south of Cologne and west of the Rhine. When Hitler visited the place in March, 1937, he made a significant admission. In explaining why so important an institution of national socialism was given an exposed geographical location, near the western frontier, he said, "Today Vogelsang still lies at the frontier, later it will be in the center of Germany."

At the time some thought he referred to transferring the castle later on, or at least its equipment, personnel and tradition. We know now that even in those days he was planning aggression.

The task of undoing what Hitler has inflicted on German youth to warp its mind and spirit is quite as gigantic as that of restoring peace and order on the European continent! Some Americans, with whom I have discussed the question since my repatriation, have said they fear it will take generations. Not I. After all, Hitler has been in power only nine years.

From my own experience with German youth, I know that not all those boys and girls who had some part of their education, at least, under a liberal regime, have embraced Nazism. Of the young people, about eighteen, who attended high school with my son—who completed his education in the United States, taking two degrees at the University of Chicago—only three became Nazis. This is no isolated experience.

Although we were Americans, our long stay in Germany had won us many friends among the younger generation. There was nothing more touching than some of the letters we received from boys in their early twenties at the front, who had grown up with our children.

"If this unhappy war were only to end soon!" is a phrase which recurs again and again. It was as much as these young lads dared say in censored letters. But when they came home on furlough, they would pour out their hearts to us.

I am far from being of the opinion that all these young men have become so corrupted by Nazi teachings that they must be counted as lost for purposes of building a better Germany. Even today they can be reached by radio propaganda, for the men at the front, as I often had occasion to observe during my visits, tune in on foreign stations in spite of the general order forbidding such listening-in. Their commanders apparently feel that men who face death day after day should not be denied this one extravagance out in the front lines. It will shorten the war by years if we can but tap this well which, once exploited, will yield in increasing measure day by day.

Of course the youngsters who have never heard anything but national socialist doctrine must be entirely re-formed intellectually, although I know of many cases where the parents are quietly undoing at home what the Nazi teacher does in the way of harm at school.

In any case, why should it take generations to make normal human beings of German children when it took only nine years for Hitler to pervert their minds?

My faith in democracy is too great to grant such superiority to the efficacy of Nazi lore.



VII

FAT YEARS FOLLOW THE LEAN

THERE is a legend even today of the spartan Hitler, of the man who lives with strict simplicity, modestly asking nothing in the way of comfort. "As Chancellor," declared the national press headquarters of the Nazi party on February 5, 1933, "the Führer draws no salary. Inasmuch as he earns his own income as an author, he has renounced all income as Reichs Chancellor." This spirit of renunciation was to run through the whole party, for Hitler promised the German nation that no salaries would exceed 1000 Marks (\$400) per month! Frugality was to be the keynote of the new regime.

Actually, an orgy of spending, of personal aggrandizement, of riotous living set in, before which everything that had happened in Germany since the days of August the Strong paled into insignificance.

The lean years when Goering, for instance, was happy to get a square meal from one of my American colleagues, were at an end. They were followed by fatter years than even Hitler had dared to hope for, years in which the Nazi hierarchy enjoyed to the full the fruits of fourteen years of work for their "cause."

The "simple, modest, frugal" Führer, who claims to work for his people without remuneration—his income from royalties and other sources is such that a salary would seem like pocket money—led the procession of the brigands by setting up a household that put in the shade anything the Kaiser ever had. His mountain home in the Bavarian Alps near Berchtesgaden was com-

pletely remodeled, with costly broad windows overlooking the snow-covered peaks, priceless paintings and tapestries, expensive rugs and carpets, spacious guest rooms furnished with every imaginable comfort. His city residence in Munich became a veritable art gallery, so rapidly did he buy up old and modern masters for his private collection.

Some distance from his mountain chalet he constructed that weird eagle's aerie, the like of which no other living human being can boast. It is a tea house, perched 900 feet high upon a mountain top and accessible only by an elevator on the inside of the Kehlstein Mountain, whose shaft was hewn into the rock at the cost of a number of workers' lives. Here Hitler dreamed his dreams of world conquest.

Much has been written of that weird hide-away since The Associated Press, on March 9, 1939, for the first time revealed details of it to the world.

Before Hitler came into power in January, 1933, his summer home in the Bavarian Alps, about five miles above Berchtesgaden on a slope of the Obersalzberg, gave him the seclusion and quiet he requires to offset noisy *heils*, tramping feet, and the blare of trumpets. Even then, the end of this seclusion was in sight. I traveled to the Obersalzberg in August, 1932, and, to my surprise, found that a simple Bavarian mountain restaurant about two hundred yards up the road was thronged with ardent Nazis who trained their spy glasses on the house below in the hope of catching a glimpse of *Der Führer*.

As soon as Hitler became chancellor, the "Berghof," as he calls his chalet, became the Mecca for disciples of national socialism, and Hitler was forced to come out on the veranda to salute the masses fringing the roadside. Then too the house had to be enlarged to make possible visits of statesmen and party leaders summoned by the chief of state. So the solitude of his retreat was a thing of the past.

Then Hitler discovered a little tea house where he would go to relax but there too he was followed. The top of the Kehlstein, the

Führer thought, would give him exactly what he wanted—an inaccessible retreat which would be bathed in sunshine, even when the "Berghof" was wrapped in gray clouds.

The Kehlstein is steep and abrupt. It seemed impossible to construct a road to the top. Only a chamois could climb its giddy slopes. But an engineer with imagination conceived the idea of approaching the top by means of an elevator.

This meant constructing a tunnel 500 feet long into the Kehlstein, whose entrance is protected by two huge bronze doors which swing open to admit Hitler's car, and which are closely guarded. The elevator rises very slowly up a shaft over 900 feet high. A man who accompanied Crown Prince Michael of Rumania on his elevator ride to the top found that the ascent took exactly seven minutes.

As the elevator doors open at the summit, there is afforded a marvelous view of snow-capped mountains, of green meadows far below, and of Hitler's "Berghof" nestling like a little toy house far, far down.

The building is constructed in typical Bavarian peasant style. On three sides there is a glass-encased veranda, east, south and west, so there is almost continuous sunshine. This gave rise to the legend that Hitler's aerie was perched on a turntable and could be turned toward the sun.

The house consists of three parts—a small kitchenette, a lavatory, and a large living room. Here the Führer has perfect solitude. Only on the rarest occasions have any foreigners been invited to this retreat. The first was the departing French ambassador, André François-Poncet, who got along well with Hitler, and as a result the Führer took him to his retreat on October 18, 1938, for a last conference on German-French relations.

The second foreigner was Crown Prince Michael who was taken up to the top of the Kehlstein for tea, while his father, King Carol, was conferring at the "Berghof" with Hitler on November 24, 1939. So few people have been in Hitler's hide-away that

even Captain Fritz Wiedemann confessed he had never been on the Kehlstein.

The general public knows nothing about the retreat. No publicity has been given it. The few pictures that have been taken were not released for publication. The films and plates, indeed, are locked up in the secret archives of Hitler's personal photographer and official cameraman for the Nazi movement, Professor Heinrich Hoffmann of Munich.

In Berlin, Hitler was not content with the spacious *Reichskanzlei* which had been adequate for Bismarck. He designed and had built a chancellory which for sheer garish splendor has no rival in Europe today. His enormous study out-Mussolinis Mussolini. In addition, he had a private theater built in the gardens of the chancellory where, before the war, he regularly regaled his friends and guests with ballets and theatrical performances. The theater is furnished in light blue silk and velvet, and has all the up-to-date accoutrements, such as a turntable stage, the latest lighting effects, and easily handled props.

Hitler, indeed, was a lavish party-giver, and his gifts, too, were lavish.

When Hitler travels he not only has a special train at his disposal¹ but he is accompanied by some 200 selected SS guards, more heavily armed than the retinue of any German Emperor had ever been. After the war started, the special train was heavily armored, with anti-aircraft guns fore and aft.

His General Headquarters is furnished with every conceivable comfort. It is always placed near a mountain or hill so that, in the event of an air raid, he and his staff can jump into the armored train which is then pulled into the tunnel passing through that mountain.

¹ The officials of the Republican regime, Bruening and Curtius, had no special trains when they traveled to see MacDonald, Laval, the Seven Powers Conference negotiations, and Mussolini in 1931. Only once did they even have a special car. One way in which I came to know these two statesmen so well was by reserving a compartment in the same car as theirs. By accident, I also obtained access to their expense accounts. Aside from railway and hotel expenses, their *per diem* allowance was thirteen marks (\$5.20)!

When I was Hitler's guest for the last time during the Nürnberg party convention of 1938, I noticed that servants whom I recognized as being from the Reichs Chancellory at Berlin had been brought to Nürnberg, probably because they had gaudy liveries consisting of gold-braided coats, silk knee pants, white stockings, and buckled half shoes.

Hitler's idea is that he must worthily represent a German greater than the world has ever known, and that the outward trappings must be in harmony with this conception. It is an idea which was readily adopted by all the little Hitlers.

Like Hitler, Goering and Von Ribbentrop have their own private trains. Their limousines, particularly those of Himmler and Goebbels, are works of engineering and ballistic art.

The cunning Dr. Joseph Goebbels, vociferous exponent of community spirit, has proved to be the most exclusive property owner on the attractive Wannsee, a much frequented lake between Potsdam and Berlin. The first the public knew about the little doctor joining the plutocracy was when hikers, who for years had wandered along a path close to the lake shore, past the homes of the rich, found a huge *Verboten* sign on reaching the Goebbels estate.

They became conscious again of Goebbels joining the Upper Four Hundred when a news reel was released, showing how the Herr Minister's children spend a normal day. There were scenes showing the young Goebbelses on smart ponies, accompanied by grooms in natty liveries. For once psychologist Goebbels miscalculated. The people were so incensed at this evidence of a new aristocracy-in-the-making that the news reel strip disappeared from the movie house bills in a few days.

There are other things that must have cost a pretty penny, and I shall not speak here of the expensiveness of Dr. Goebbels' numerous amours. His official residence in Berlin, adjacent to the American Embassy, is costly and elaborate.

About the time the first of his two beautiful country seats was completed, I was invited to a dinner for provincial German journalists who were visiting Berlin. We were seated in small groups,

with an official of the Propaganda Minister as host at each table.

As luck would have it, the host at my table was not from the press department, but from one of the many other offices under Goebbels' jurisdiction and he therefore did not know me. I mumbled my name in such a way on introducing myself that he took me for a provincial also. Before long he made a little speech which, I learned afterwards, was recited in substance at the other tables as well.

"You know what a modest man our Herr Minister is," he said. "He was therefore awfully hesitant about getting himself a more substantial residence. But of course he has a duty to the state, and when distinguished visitors come from abroad he must have a dignified place in which to receive them. After all, he cannot entertain a Lord Londonderry or a Count Galeazzo Ciano in a five-room apartment!" With this to soften the blow, he told about the place Goebbels had acquired on the Wannsee.

When the Propaganda Minister entertains, money seems to be no object. Berlin was still talking, when we left, about the fantastic party which Dr. Goebbels and his wife² gave in July, 1937, in honor of the biennial congress of the International Chamber of Commerce, on the *Pfaueninsel* (Peacock Island) in the Wannsee, which had served in times past as a quiet retreat for members of the Hohenzollern dynasty.

When we arrived on the island, our path up to the meadow, where tables were set, was lined by girls from the Berlin high schools, dressed as pages in white tights and white coats, each with a white staff in her hand. Goebbels staged a *fête de nuit* the like of which was probably never seen in Germany before, not even in imperial days. For several weeks all access to the charming island had been barred, and artists were at work converting it into a miniature paradise with myriads of lights, an enormous outdoor stage for dancing, a bar at which sat some

² Frau Magda Goebbels was brought up in comfort and educated by a Jewish stepfather. She was so trusted by Hitler that she often prepared dishes for him when he feared poisoning.

forty mixers, and tables for six or eight spread over an area large enough for three thousand guests.

An elaborate outdoor dinner was served, wine and champagne flowed freely, one could order any cocktail or other drink one pleased from the bartenders; in addition, every woman was presented with a dainty piece of china. Later the opera ballet performed, wearing new costumes designed especially for that night, and at midnight we were treated to fireworks such as I have not seen in years. Where the government gets the money to entertain so lavishly I don't know. Nobody seems to care in the Third Reich. After us the deluge!

Like so many diminutive men whom nature has dealt with in a rather ungenerous fashion, Goebbels loved to be surrounded by exceptionally tall men. Even within the walls of his own ministry I have seen him walking about with this bodyguard of tall SS men trailing after him, either because he lived in constant fear of attack, or because he thought it smart to be followed by towering vassals.

One evening as Mrs. Lochner and I were leaving the Palais Prinz Leopold where Goebbels holds court on formal occasions, the little doctor left the salon for a moment and headed for his study at the further end of a corridor. Even for this short walk, the huge SS guards, spurs clanking, and revolvers bulging, trooped behind him!

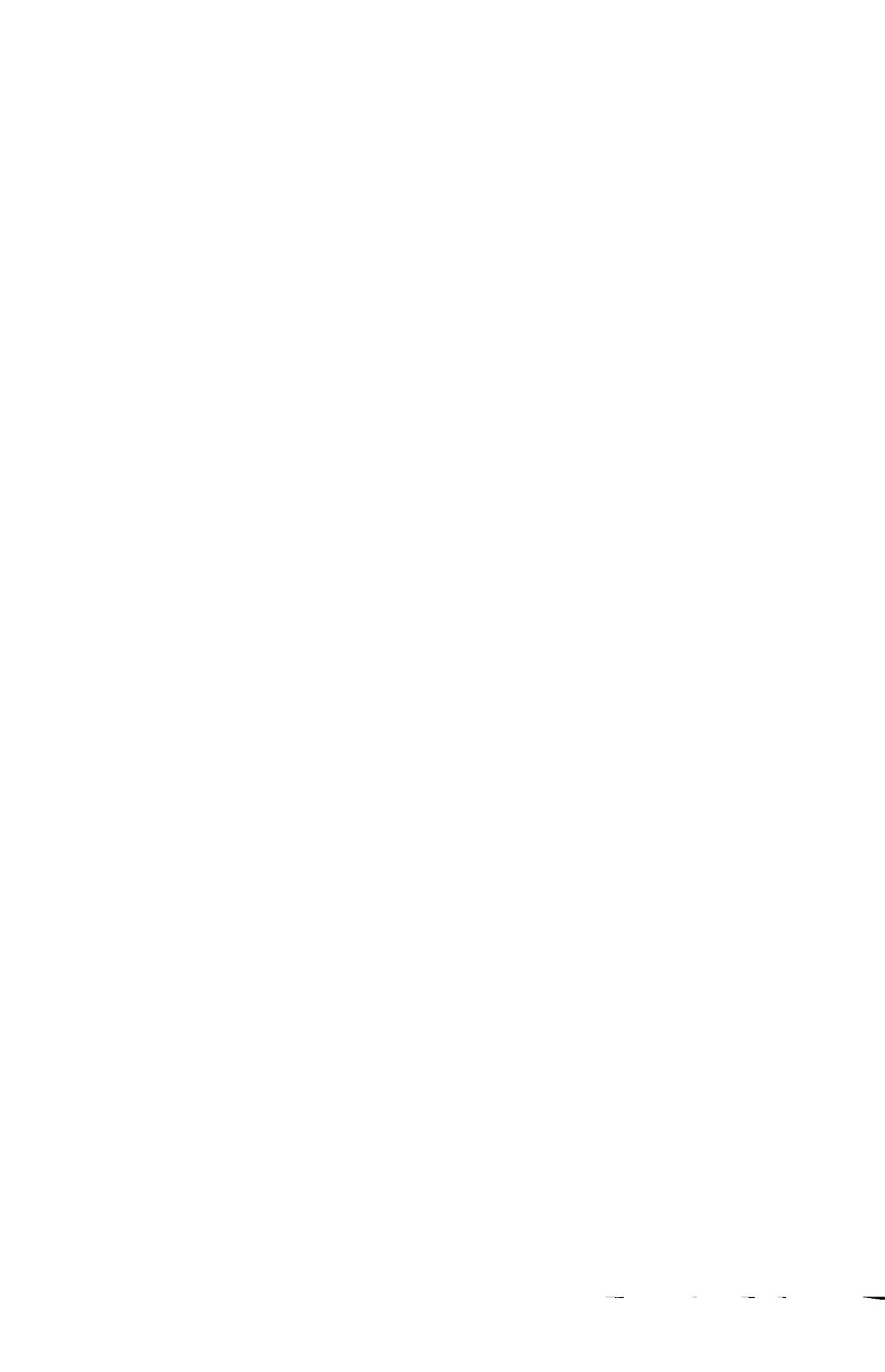
Like other Nazi leaders, Goebbels had to have an adjutant. The "great commoner" has pressed into service Prinz zu Schaumburg-Lippe, scion of one of the oldest ruling houses of Germany, to help him into his overcoat, open his mail and make telephone appointments for him.

Of all the leaders of the Third Reich, Marshal Hermann Goering outdoes them all as far as expensive tastes are concerned. He loves pomp, splendor, pageantry and uniforms as a Hollywood star loves publicity. Innumerable are the jokes that center around Goering's weakness for uniforms. Enough of them have appeared



Goering shows his wedding presents to a group of foreign correspondents. He is pointing to a piece of jewelry. It was a diadem of amethysts and diamonds which he said he was able to purchase from the savings on his bachelor's tax.

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in America to obviate any necessity for my devoting space to them. Goering himself collects these jokes and is said to pay five Marks for each new one.

He loves public shows as much as his rival, Joseph Goebbels does. His marriage to the actress Emmy Sonnemann on April 10, 1935, was a "Hollywood wedding." Its Hollywood character was emphasized by the fact that tickets for standing room in the church and along the line of parade were sold "for charity" at twenty Marks, or about \$8.00 apiece. Some 25,000 persons applied for these tickets, in order to see Adolf Hitler as best man, wearing his brown storm trooper's suit; two Hitler Youth boys (instead of bride's maids) carrying the train of the bride's flowing gown, and Goering himself, in a new uniform, just designed, trimmed with white braid, with wide white stripes on the trousers and slanting across the coat pockets, large white wings over the breast pocket, and weighed down with medals.

I have among my papers a copy of the minute-by-minute instructions for the progress of the nuptial ceremonies, comprising six typewritten pages. The Lutheran Bishop was allowed exactly five minutes for his address and Goering's personal adjutant, Dr. Gritzbach later told me, "I had my watch in my hand and was charged to give the bishop a signal to stop when the five minutes were over. But the old boy did very well. He was through in five minutes less ten seconds." For the actual marriage rite, according to the agenda of the Evangelical Church, ten minutes were set aside.

The Lutheran cathedral, where the Hohenzollerns once worshiped was flood-lighted with Jupiter lamps while the movie cameras clicked to the couple's "I do." After the ceremony, some 500 automobiles brought more than 1000 Nazi leaders to the gay party at the Kaiserhof hotel.

Next morning Goering sent word to five foreign correspondents to come to his recently remodeled Prussian premier's residence to have a look at his wedding presents. When we arrived about eleven o'clock, the *Herr Ministerpräsident*, as he then called him-

self—now he prefers *Herr Reichsmarschall*—was busy showing the presents to relatives. We therefore had an opportunity to examine the luxurious central hall which had been constructed according to his own plans.

Costly tapestries—genuine Gobelins with hunting *motifs* that must especially have pleased Goering in his further capacity of Reich's Master of the Hunt—were suspended along the walls. In one corner stood a modern Wurlitzer organ. To my surprised question, "How come?" the secretary in attendance pointed to two paintings by Dutch masters on opposite walls.

"Now note what happens when I push the button," the secretary said with proud efficiency. The two paintings were lifted upwards, their faces parallel with their ceiling. In their places became visible a motion picture apparatus on one side and a white movie screen on the other. "Here is where the Herr Ministerpräsident sees the films which Goebbels forbids the German and foreign producers to exhibit to the general public," he observed with a mischievous twinkle.

A wide door on one side of the great hall now opened and, beaming like a happy boy on his birthday, Hermann Goering greeted us. For the first time since Hitler's seizure of power on January 30, 1933, this uniform-loving man appeared in civilian clothes. Friends of mine who later saw the photograph that was taken of our meeting invariably looked twice before realizing that the man in an ordinary sack coat beside me was the Nazi with the biggest collection of uniforms in Germany.

And now came the unforgettable part of that scene. Bellowing in a stentorian voice and striking an imperial pose, Hermann Goering said, "*Meine Herren, ich habe Sie hierher gebeten, um Ihnen zu zeigen, was die Liebe meines Volkes mir an Geschenken zugeeignet hat.*"

It is difficult to convey all the implications of this ponderous speech in English, but here is an attempt: "Gentlemen, I have asked you here so that I may show you what the love of MY

people has dedicated to ME in the way of presents." That was Goering all over.

With an expansive flourish he beckoned us to follow him. Three large rooms were stuffed with presents. There was Adolf Hitler's gift, a Lenbach portrait of the Iron Chancellor, Prince Otto von Bismarck. There were priceless works of art, such as a hand-wrought silver three-master taken from the Hamburg municipal museum and donated by the Nazi governor; an inlaid sixteenth century chest from Nürnberg, donated by the Nazi government for Mecklenburg from a state museum. There were bizarre swords of Oriental origin, and beautiful cut glass tumblers of German make. There was the model of a yacht which was to cost two million Marks—a present from the German Automobile Manufacturers Association.

Taking up a costly diadem of amethysts and diamonds, Goering remarked, "My bridal gift to my wife. It represents what I save by no longer paying the bachelor's tax." It never occurred to him that the correspondents made mental calculations as to what the income of a man must be when, by the mere saving on the bachelor's tax, he could afford to acquire amethysts and diamonds for a diadem!

There was a conspicuous lack of duplication of presents. When I remarked on this to Goering's right-hand man, he said blandly: "Oh, we saw to that. We simply wrote to the organizations and individuals from whom we expected wedding gifts, or who asked our advice concerning presents, that the Herr Ministerpräsident would be pleased to receive such-and-such an article. We sized up the financial capacity of each prospective donor and allotted the presents accordingly.

"Sometimes, too, a mistake was made. We then simply returned the gift with instructions. For instance, take those cut glass hunting mugs with the Goering coat of arms and the initials 'H.G.' Just imagine! They arrived without the initials. So of course I returned them with the polite suggestion that the Herr

Ministerpräsident would be pleased to have his initials engraved also. That worked."

This was, indeed, a unique demonstration of what might be called "organized love of a people."

Goering's Berlin home was a beggar's house compared with his country estate, Karinhall, on the Prussian state forest preserve known as the Schorfheide, enchantingly located on the Wehrbel-lin Lake some fifty miles north of the German capital. Karinhall was erected at a cost of many millions. Its splendor is so extraordinary that, although an invitation was informally extended to us, we never succeeded in securing an actual date for a visit. Apparently, there was some fear that sooner or later we would give publicity to what we saw. If he chose, Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles might tell the American people something about Karinhall, for he was a guest there on March 3, 1940.

Among the first things Goering did was to have a mausoleum constructed for the remains of his first wife, Karin, whose body he had transferred to the Schorfheide vault with great ceremony. His visitors are usually taken to the mausoleum as part of their entertainment.

It is known that Karinhall abounds in priceless tapestries, hunting trophies, expensive furniture, and every comfort. A spacious swimming pool was built of a rare, light-green rock. To prevent the stone-cutters and masons from discussing it with the village folk, they were segregated in barracks and tents, and kept on the enormous estate until they completed their labors.

Bison and buffalo were imported for the hunting grounds. Edda, Goering's only child, was provided with a special room in which was built an electric toy train with which Goering too plays for hours by way of relaxation. A bomb-proof safe was installed, as National Socialism's Number Two man has acquired a priceless collection of jewels from a German duke for whom Nazi taxes and "voluntary gifts" evidently became too high.

Naturally Karinhall rates a special uniform and Goering blossomed forth in a costume that combined prehistoric symbolism

and German mythology with twentieth century comfort. He looked like Wotan merged with Fatty Arbuckle and Tom Mix.

One of the most brilliant soirées I ever attended was Hermann Goering's Opera Ball on January 11, 1936. It was the traditional opera ball of imperial days, as I cabled The Associated Press. Members of the former royal family, cabinet ministers, the diplomatic corps and functionaries of the Nazi party and the Third Reich were present.

The floors and walls were covered with ebony-colored silk, alternating with patches of strawberry-colored silk on the stage. Both harmonized with the gilded columns. A profusion of artistically arranged flowers completed the picture. Into this frame of artistic splendor were projected two tiers of boxes for men and women typifying the imperial past, the Nazi present, and the militarized future of Germany.

General Goering himself in the natty uniform of an air corps general occupied the chief box with his wife, Prince Philip of Hesse and the latter's wife, the Italian Princess Mafalda. Opposite him, in the brilliant pre-war uniform of the black hussars, was former Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, who shared a box with Crown Princess Cecilie and Prince Eitel Friedrich and Prince Oscar, two of his brothers. Some distance from this group sat another brother, Prince August Wilhelm, in the brown uniform of a storm trooper.

In the next box, white-gloved and wearing immaculate evening dress with decorations, was the venerable former Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria, bowing and smiling as the ladies and gentlemen of the old regime saluted him and the Hohenzollern family. The Duke of Coburg-Gotha, like Prince August Wilhelm, wore the brown storm troop uniform. He conversed in animated fashion with Gustaf Krupp von Bohlen und Halbach and the latter's wife, Frau Bertha.

Prince Louis Ferdinand, who realized that his family was being used to enhance Nazi prestige, was conspicuous by his absence.

Naturally the news photographers were keen for a picture showing the first public social meeting of ex-royalty with the new powers-that-be in Germany. A representative of Joseph Goebbels, however, intervened and forbade not only the taking of pictures showing members of the former ruling houses, but all mention of their presence in accounts in the German press.

Goering insists that his wife be addressed and spoken of as *Hohe Frau*, (Exalted Lady), a term usually applied to women of royal lineage. He desires that this former actress, who appears to be unassuming and natural, should appear in public wearing a different fur each time, and bedecking herself with different jewels at each appearance in her theater or opera box, or accompanied by nurse, butler, governess and secret service officer when she goes walking in a spa like Bad Gastein with her little daughter Edda. That is Goering's conception of representing the dignity of the Third Reich!



VIII

THE BIRDS OF PREY

WHEN Ernst Roehm, leader of the SA and Hitler's closest friend, was "purged" on June 30, 1934, the regime deemed it convenient to cite riotous living as one of the causes of his downfall. His successor, Victor Lutze, was presented to the nation as a home-loving man of plain tastes, who would insist upon frugality and simplicity among Hitler's brown-shirted storm troopers.

In an order of the day, dated July 1, 1934, and addressed to the SA, Hitler said:

"I demand especially of the SA leader that he be an example of simplicity and not of luxury. I do not desire that the SA leader give expensive dinners, or even take part in such. People did not invite us formerly. We have now no reason to be there. Millions of our fellow citizens are minus the essentials of life even today. They are not jealous of those whom fortune has presented more. But it is unworthy of a national socialist, especially, to enlarge the gap between need and fortune which is extremely large as things stand anyway."

Lutze, however, no sooner settled down in Berlin than we learned from friends of ours that the new SA chief had become their neighbor.

"The Lutzes have taken over the big villa opposite us," they said. "It belonged to a Jewish merchant who built it at a cost of 1,500,000 Marks. On the estate are, among other things, a swimming pool and a riding track." Soon the Lutze children were in possession of attractive mounts. On the whole, the former petty

post office employee from Hanover, was doing very well indeed.

With the "Big Three" setting an example of how statesmen in the Third Reich should live, others dutifully followed. Labor Leader Robert F. Ley erected an establishment for himself which indicated that some part, at least, of the workers' membership dues had found permanent investment. At a time when Goering was appealing to every household to search for brass, bronze, copper and other metals, and when the German system of priorities made the use of these metals for nonessentials impossible for ordinary mortals, laborers engaged in building Ley's swanky home were telling their friends of the costly bronze chandeliers which the labor leader had insisted upon having.

The simple life of the Nazi leaders could be illustrated by innumerable episodes. The most expensive delicatessen shop in Berlin is that of Rollenhagen. Early in 1940, when people were paying \$30 a pound for coffee at the black bourse, Rollenhagen's had plenty of it for preferred customers.

One day an acquaintance of our family who lived near the residence of the Reich's Youth Leader, Baldur von Schirach, received from Rollenhagen's a three-pound package of coffee at the price of \$1.60 a pound. She said nothing to the delivery boy, paid for the coffee, and became the proud owner of one of the most treasured commodities in Germany.

A few hours later, Rollenhagen's telephoned. "We are sorry but a mistake was made. A package was delivered to you that was intended for the Reich's Youth Leader von Schirach."

Our acquaintance was not to be bluffed into surrendering the priceless coffee. "I don't know what Herr von Schirach may have ordered; I only know that a package was delivered to me with a bill, I paid the bill, and therefore the contents is mine."

Rollenhagen's did not dare press the matter further.

A distant cousin of mine had the following experience. One day an elegant car from the Hotel Adlon catering department stopped before the apartment house on the west side of Berlin where she was living. Two liveried servants emerged, opened

the rear section of the car, and unloaded trays, plates and covered hot dishes. While she was wondering for whom this expensive meal might be intended, her own doorbell rang. She was baffled when she opened the door and saw the servants with the steaming dishes.

"Herr Reichspostminister Ohnesorge sends his best regards," said one of them, "and asks us to say he will be over shortly. He has several important state papers still to go over."

"But there must be a mistake. I don't even know the Herr Minister."

"Aren't you Fraeulein S?" asked the surprised Adlon employee.

"No, she lives one flight higher."

Tableau!

When Joachim von Ribbentrop became German Foreign Minister in February, 1938, the official residence proved too small and unpretentious for the sort of "representation" Ribbentrop felt he must indulge in. He decided that the old presidential palace in the Wilhelmstrasse, in which Friedrich Ebert and Paul von Hindenburg had lived, must become the foreign minister's official home.

In keeping with Hitler's idea of the four-square pillar for Nazi porticos, the façade of the beautiful palace was changed accordingly, and the entire interior rebuilt. But von Ribbentrop also had a private house in Berlin-Dahlem. I have it from a reliable building contractor that Ribbentrop had one of the most luxurious air-raid shelters in Berlin constructed under his Dahlem home, at a time when building materials were scarce.

"Herr von Ribbentrop," the contractor told me, "has had separate bedrooms built underground for each of his children. And as if that were not enough, a telephone was installed in each of these rooms so that the children may reach their father in case he happens to be in the Foreign Office or in the official residence in the Wilhelmstrasse at the time of an air-raid alarm. Other

people, yes, even big firms can't get telephones, no matter how they try!"

As might be expected, Heinrich Himmler, chief of the police system of the country and head of the dreaded SS, also needed a new home. In keeping with the character of this modern Joseph Fouchet, a veritable fortress was erected in Westside Berlin. His estate is surrounded by a forbidding wall, from behind certain apertures of which machine guns can stop any passerby who ventures too close.

When Himmler travels in his car at breakneck speed, a screaming siren terrifies the populace. The car is equipped with a box for six rifles on the running board; with a powerful radio set, typewriter, and a special brake for the Reichsfuehrer SS to use in case his chauffeur should be assassinated while driving.

Himmler also managed to acquire a country home at St. Quirin on the Tegern Lake, Bavaria, where he can wear his short leather yodler trousers and at the same time continue wearing his citified pince-nez. He also owns a porcelain factory at Alach near Munich.

Xaver Schwarz of Munich, treasurer of the Nazi party, acquired a beautiful estate on one of the lakes near the Bavarian capital. He contracted for the erection of a villa at a price of 100,000 Reichsmarks.

One morning, as he drove out to inspect the progress made on his villa, he was shocked to see a big sign, "Xaver, where did you get the 100,000 Marks?"

A regular inquisition started, but nobody on the premises or in the neighborhood had the faintest idea how the sign got there. In a rage, Schwarz posted a reward of 5,000 Marks for the apprehension of the perpetrator.

The next morning there was a new sign: "Xaver, where did you get the 105,000 Marks?"

The culprit was never found.

Another Munich resident who became a millionaire soon after Hitler's accession to power was the official photographer of the

Nazi movement, Heinrich Hoffmann. As he had a virtual picture monopoly on state events, it is no wonder he was soon able to open elegant photographic ateliers, exhibition and sales rooms. Millions and millions of pictures of the Führer were sold, not only to the adulating masses but also to government offices, schools, factories and business houses.

Hoffman also made a considerable fortune acting as Hitler's middleman in the purchase of paintings and Gobelins. Although he was always cursing the Jews, he showed surprising broadmindedness when it came to dealing with them for his own profit. The Associated Press picture department fell under the jurisdiction of Dr. Goebbels and was commanded to dismiss its honest, able business manager because he was non-Aryan. All our protests were in vain; it was a case of conforming with the German laws or closing up shop.

As soon as Hoffmann learned that our news photo manager had been dismissed and was leaving for the United States, he approached him with a lucrative proposal to become his agent in America.

"But don't you know I am a Jew?" exclaimed my colleague in utter astonishment.

"Oh, that makes no difference," replied Hitler's friend. "Nobody cares what I do in America, and I want to make money."

Another high Nazi who was able to make his position pay him huge dividends was the gauleiter for East Prussia, Erich Koch. It was not long until he owned numerous factories, a whole fleet of ships, and considerable real estate. He was soon nicknamed by his own party members the "czar of East Prussia."

One of my German friends, an able business man, went to Koenigsberg on business and ran into Koch whom he had known from school days. Koch asked him to lunch and after he had imbibed several of those famous East Prussian grogs, he waxed confidential.

"Why don't you come up here for a couple of weeks?" he

asked. "I'll show you how to make money. There are unlimited possibilities here."

Directly after the surrender at Compiègne, trips by German officers to France became very popular. The army cars carry the initials WH (*Waffe Heer*, or army branch of the service). After these trips became the order of the day, the Berliners spoke of the WH as *Wir Holen* (We are fetching).

Hans Heinrich Lammers, whom we knew when he was a ministry of justice official and the tenant of a modest apartment in our neighborhood, became Reichs Minister and Chief of the Reichs Chancellery. He promptly remodeled a beautiful villa, transforming it into a gorgeous ministerial residence.

I commented on this one evening at an informal dinner to Dr. Wilhelm Stuckart, secretary of state in the Ministry of Justice. I expressed my surprise that the Nazis, after coming into power on a platform of spartan simplicity, were everywhere evincing a decided inclination toward the plutocratic.

Stuckart was annoyed. "You speak as though our statesmen were a lot of grafters who suddenly waxed rich," he said. "The Lammers villa and other official homes have been built by the state. The dignity of the Reich of Adolf Hitler demands an elevated standard of living for those entrusted to represent it."

Like so many debates with exponents of Nazism, this one, too, proved fruitless. We found no common ground.

Hitler not only insisted upon aristocratic villas for his associates; he personally saw to it that each had a talking picture installation. Dr. Hans Frank, now head of the government of conquered Poland, is the source of this information. He invited my wife and me to dinner one night in 1936 and afterwards took us to his cellar, a large comfortable room with couches and club chairs and a movie screen at the far end.

We sank into deep, soft seats to watch a film portraying Japanese life. "They are all of one mind," said the solemn explanatory voice, "thinking only of the one man whose memory they are to honor."

"How different from the German Evangelical Church," I remarked in a stage whisper to the guest beside me, who had slid into his chair after the room had been darkened. That morning Hitler's Minister for Church Affairs had made a vain effort to unite the various factions of the Protestant church on a basis acceptable to the Führer.

My neighbor mumbled something and ostentatiously moved to a chair some distance from me. When the lights went on I realized my *faux pas*. It was the Minister for Church Affairs to whom I had wise cracked. And he was definitely not amused.

For some reason I could not avoid getting into trouble that night. As it happened, the windows on one side were covered not by individual curtains but by one long portiere, the longest I had ever seen. Across from me sat Frau Hilde Meissner, an engaging and socially versatile woman, wife of Dr. Otto Meissner, Germany's greatest adept at political metamorphosis. She too seemed astounded at the size of the curtain and in a bantering tone called across the table to me, "And what, Herr Lochner, do you suppose is behind the big curtain?"

"Of course the Gestapo," I called back, realizing only too late that she had spoken at one of those moments when, after everybody has been chatting at the top of his voice, there is a sudden cessation of talk. Into this general silence had burst my reply, uttered in the home of the man who was really running the ministry of justice.

There was a tense moment. Fortunately, Dr. Frank possesses a sense of humor. Raising his glass and flashing a smile at me, he ended the general embarrassment, by saying, "Prosit, Herr Lochner."

It became more and more apparent that, in spite of his numerous public admonitions to the hierarchy of the party and the members of its various sub-formations to lead exemplary lives of simplicity, Hitler apparently had no objection to the Nazis enriching themselves and living in abundance while the rest of the nation was making heavy sacrifices.

A man who had been a party member almost from the beginning, told me that one night, somewhere around 1926, Hitler gave as the sole criterion for membership that the applicant furnish proof of being "unconditionally obedient and faithfully devoted to me." When someone in the little group asked rather diffidently whether even thieves and others with criminal records could join, the Führer nodded. "Their private lives don't concern me," he remarked.

We who had lived in Germany for twelve years before the Nazis came into their own, were amused witnesses to the changes in their outlook during the fat years. No more was said about the Nazi slogan that no official must receive more than four hundred dollars per month. Now and then the working class people would say as a joke, "Dr. Goebbels must be a mighty good economist. How he manages to acquire houses, cars, and expensive comforts, all on one thousand Marks per month is beyond us."

During the early months, the Nazis declared they were going to restore the German girl to that Gretchen-like demureness they so admired. Cigarette smoking for women was taboo. One day my daughter Rosemarie was seen puffing at a cigarette by a Brown Shirt who came up to her, unaware that she was a foreigner.

"The German lady does not smoke," he admonished her solemnly.

"And the German gentleman does not accost a lady who is a stranger to him," she retorted, ending that particular argument.

As time passed and the Nazis had their first taste of the pleasures of "society," the leading women of the regime were seen enveloping themselves in clouds of cigarette smoke.

Rouge, face powder and lipstick were at first taboo. Now, however, the youthful second wife of Labor Leader Robert F. Ley has been instrumental in having courses in cosmetics opened for women workers. The uniforms of the *Arbeitsmaedel* (draftees in the girls' labor service) were at first models of

ugliness, and were supposed to serve as guides for the simplicity of women's dress. But Frau Magda Goebbels, one of the smartest dressers in Berlin, opened a national fashion institute which set the pace for feminine garb.

The coronation of King George VI caused a fluttering of hearts in circles of the New Nazi aristocracy. We were greatly amused to observe the wire-pulling that ensued with the family of the then ambassador to the Court of St. James, Joachim von Ribbentrop, to secure a coveted invitation to be guest of the embassy in London during Coronation Week.

By the time Hermann Goering staged his first grand opera ball at twenty dollars a ticket, in 1936, a new society had emerged, in faultless evening clothes, perfumed handkerchiefs, carefully manicured hands, rouged lips and permanent-waved hair. It made the alleged extravagances of the republic, as pilloried in the Nazi organs, seem like manifestations of an incorrigible social inferiority complex.

Typical of the spirit of the New Order in Germany was the following sally of a well-known Munich comedian: "Yesterday, as I stood at the street corner waiting for a tram, a wonderful limousine swished by me. Of course it belonged to a gauleiter."

He received a tremendous hand, but the Gestapo locked him up in a cell for a few days to ponder over this ribald remark. When he promised that he would recant publicly, he was released.

The beloved comedian, boisterously welcomed at his night club, recanted as follows: "Yesterday, as I stood at the street corner waiting for the tram, a wonderful limousine swished by me. Of course it did NOT belong to a gauleiter." He received an even bigger hand.

Large-scale racketeering set in. Party influence became so great in the daily life of the German citizen that he began to speak of Vitamin B as a prerequisite to getting anywhere. B stands for *Beziehungen* (pull).

After this brigandage at home, there followed the lucky wind-

falls of a number of bloodless acquisitions. The Anschluss of Austria, the cession of the Sudetenland, the extension of a protectorate over Bohemia and Moravia, and the annexation of Memel gave the party hierarchy a foretaste of what might come later when the Nazi eagle screamed all over Europe.

In Austria, of course, there was a large Nazi movement, so a good share of the swag went to the natives, although the best-paid government jobs—with their vast expense accounts and residences—went to deserving party members from the Reich. But in the Sudetenland the opportunities for personal aggrandizement were considerably better, for there were abandoned Czech undertakings and Jewish properties to be developed lucratively by whoever was appointed trustee.

Bohemia and Moravia were a paradise for Nazi economic expansion. A large portion of Czech business had been in Jewish hands. All this became fair game for deserving Nazis, as did Lithuanian interests in Memel, abandoned by their frightened owners.

By the time the second world war broke out, Nazi carpet baggers had had enough experience to enable them to bring about large scale German infiltration into Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian, French, Serbian, and Greek industry. To begin with, the army of occupation bought up practically everything the conquered countries had in the way of consumers' goods. A paymaster accompanied each army unit, with trunksful of bills in denominations of one, two, five, ten, twenty, fifty, one hundred, and one thousand Reichsmarks. They were fiat money, without even a responsible signature on them.

Berlin would arbitrarily decree in advance what the value of this money was to be in terms of the currency of the conquered country, and soldiers and privates were permitted to exchange their regular Marks for this special fiat money. The national bank and commercial establishments of the conquered country, in fact, all institutions or persons selling services or goods, were compelled to accept the fiat money as legal tender.

The rate, of course, was always favorable to the conqueror. There was no out-and-out theft. Every officer or soldier paid for what he took, and the average man in uniform probably thought he was acquiring honestly what he took back home to his wife or sweetheart or children. I often heard them commenting that everything was so much cheaper than it was at home!

Silver fox furs from Norway became a common sight on the streets of Berlin; silk stockings from Paris, Brussels lace, silk from Athens.

I was present on the third day after the capitulation of Paris when the Galeries Lafayette re-opened for business. In a few minutes the establishment was filled with field-gray Teutonic uniforms as though a swarm of locusts had descended on it. I went into a silk specialty shop in Athens one morning early in May, 1941, to see how business was going. Teuton soldiers were standing in line. The innumerable shelves of this internationally known house were empty at the close of day. There wasn't a bale of silk left.

All this, however, was merely giving a taste of plunder to the little fellows to help the war morale. Those higher up were looking for bigger game. They began systematically to take over one business after another, one factory after another, one plant after another in the conquered areas.

It is too early to estimate how much of Europe's substance the Nazis have arrogated to themselves. Shortly after my return from Gestapo internment, one of America's largest financiers, a man whose word carries great weight in Wall Street, said to me: "The largest task of economic and financial unscrambling of an omelette in human history faces us at the end of this war. What Nazi aggrandizement has done to the economy of Europe nobody can estimate."

I believe him implicitly.



IX

HEIL HITLER!

THERE is no greater showmanship today than that revealed in the build-up of a Hitler mass meeting to a peak of excitement and mob hysteria.

For hours before the meeting begins, the faithful have been streaming to the scene of the demonstration. The factories, the party headquarters, the government offices must all "spontaneously" furnish an allotted quota of participants. Everyone in Germany is catalogued from the cradle to the grave and his attendance at a demonstration is checked, so there is no chance that the hall or arena or stadium will not be packed while thousands stand outside to listen to the loudspeakers.

The crowd is put in a receptive mood by stirring marches. In strategic parts of the hall gigantic posters hammer away at the slogan of the evening, "We demand colonies," or "The Jew is our Misfortune," or "We want a New Order under Adolf Hitler," or "One People, One Reich, One Führer," depending on the occasion.

After this build-up has gone on for a while, one suddenly hears excited *heils* at the end of the hall, and people begin to crane their necks. The first of the groups of leaders has arrived; the district Führer, for instance, the chief of police, the head of the local SA.

After another ten minutes or so there are more *heils* and commotion. Now the top hierarchy—a Goering or Goebbels or Himmler—proceeds suavely through the center aisle as the

audience salutes with outstretched hands. These satellites lap up the moment during which they feel themselves to be little Hitlers.

A near-climax comes when the flags and standards of all the participating groups are solemnly brought in amid strains of military marches especially written for this part of the rite. These emblems are arranged on the platform as an effective background to the speaker's rostrum.

By this time excitement has reached fever heat and the audience has been prepared for the climax, the supreme experience of seeing and hearing the New Messiah in person. Long before he reaches the hall, we hear the ecstatic, hysterical cries of followers stationed for blocks away along his route. They assume organlike dimensions when finally at the rear of the hall the leader, the Führer, the man who has power of life or death over eighty million humans, makes his appearance.

A searchlight plays upon his lone figure as he slowly walks through the hall, never looking to right or left, his right hand raised in salute, his left hand at the buckle of his belt. He never smiles—it is a religious rite, this procession of the modern Messiah incarnate. Behind him are his adjutants and secret service men. But his figure alone is flooded with light.

By the time Hitler has reached the rostrum, the masses have been so worked upon that they are ready to do his will. But the masses also effect a transformation in him. He becomes electrified. He appears to go into a trance. He is carried away by his own eloquence. He returns to his chancellory completely washed up physically but revived spiritually. If he was in the doldrums before going to the meeting, he has snapped out of them by the time he returns.

The fact is that Adolf Hitler needs the adulation of the masses as a fish needs water. He grows stale unless he hears the cheering crowds, unless he can harangue them, unless he can take their frenzied salute.

The masses are always uppermost in Hitler's mind. I have

often been asked, "How is Hitler when you interview him?" For the first few minutes Germany's autocratic ruler gazes at his visitor with those unusual dark-blue eyes of his to which many German women ascribe hypnotic powers—pupils that seem almost brown in contrast to the bluish hue of the whites of his eyes—as though to impress his personality indelibly.

Then he looks up to the ceiling. He has a vision of the masses. He is no longer speaking to an interviewer, he is addressing multitudes. The individual opposite him, or the small group present in the room, no longer seem to exist except in so far as they typify the crowds whom he is addressing as his eye roves along the border of the ceiling. His voice, always rather rough, swells and grows, and he fairly shouts his denunciations, accusations, theories, bitter irony and biting sarcasm. Once when I discussed the Jewish question with him in his Berchtesgaden mountain retreat, I actually saw white, foamy saliva exude from the corners of his mouth.

I recall the first time I met Adolf Hitler. It was in January or February, 1930. Late one evening the secretary of the Bolivian legation entered my Berlin office bringing with him a rather stout, squat, heavy-set man whose hat was pulled over his eyes. When he took off his hat I saw a badly cut-up face.

"Herr Roehm," said the Bolivian diplomat. This was the leader of the SA, Hitler's intimate friend, who alone of the numerous sub-leaders was permitted to use the familiar *Du* in conversation with his leader, best known as a soldier of fortune and for his homosexual orgies. The Bolivian, who had known Roehm in the days when the German soldier reorganized the Bolivian army, had brought him to me, thinking it was time The Associated Press was introduced to the Hitler movement.

Roehm's face had been horribly mangled in the first world war and had been further scarred by attempts at facial surgery. Roehm was cynically realistic in his comments. Eighty per cent of his SA in Berlin, he told me, were down-and-outers, many of them former communists who had switched to the Hitler camp

because it paid better. He was taking these fellows off the street and disciplining them.

Oddly enough, this man who was to die as a traitor in the "purge" of June, 1934, had written his autobiography, which he entitled *The Story of a Traitor*, in which he described his break with the republican government. As time went on, I found that, unreliable as he was, he had a more reasonable viewpoint in regard to Germany's relation with the world than the other Nazi leaders, and in Hamburg he delivered a speech in which he urged close South American cooperation.

Roehm offered, if I ever went to Munich, to introduce me to *Der Chef*. Members of the inner circle in those days often spoke of Hitler in that way; some of them calling him *Der Adolf*.

As it happened, my home office sent me to Basle, Switzerland, early in 1930 to cover the first annual meeting of the governing board of the Bank for International Settlements. I decided to return by way of Munich and have a look at the man whose meteoric political career had often engaged my journalistic attention.

I was in luck. Both Roehm and Hitler were in Munich, at the new, palatial Brown House which the Nazi movement had just built.

Roehm's adjutant, a beautiful boy in his 'teens, entered and whispered something into the SA chief's ear.

"The Führer is ready to receive you," Roehm said.

At the door to Hitler's office, we were met by Rudolf Hess. It was Hess who stood behind Hitler throughout our brief talk. It was Hess who took down full notes of what was said on both sides. It was Hess to whom Hitler turned occasionally as though to find support, and Hess invariably nodded assent. Roehm clicked heels and left.

We remained standing as we spoke; obviously it was to be merely a formal introduction. Hitler in those days always wore a dark blue or black business suit, white shirt, black tie and party button. He reserved the brown uniform for party events. His voice was hoarse from speaking at mass meetings. His gestures

were nervous, his eyes piercing; his hair, as always, was parted on the right side. Over his desk there was a portrait of Frederick the Great whom, of all Germany's historic characters, Hitler had chosen as his hero.

It has often been remarked that Hitler's success is due in part to his ability to ingratiate himself with visitors whom he hopes to win over, by saying what he thinks they want to hear. (His imperious ultimatums to those whom he feels strong enough to crush are another matter.)

In the present instance, without waiting for me to ask a question, he launched voluntarily into German-American relations.

"It should be easy to come to an understanding with the United States," he observed. "The only thing that divides us is the problem of reparations, which I insist are political debts. When we come to power, we intend, of course, to pay all private debts. Investments, loans, and so forth, are good with us. But we shall see to it that political debts are cancelled."

Most of what Hitler discussed with me then is obsolete today—his tactics toward his chief political adversaries, the Social Democrats; his experience in the Thuringian campaign, where the Nazis for the first time obtained a majority; his belief in the necessity of a large armed force for Germany.

There was a curt gesture of dismissal, a brief handshake, and my first meeting with Adolf Hitler was ended.

I had heard Hitler speak in public for the first time a month or so before, in January, 1930. After his release from jail following the ill-fated beer cellar *putsch* of 1923, he was banned from Prussia. This meeting was his first public appearance in the German capital and he decided to address the students of the university.

As the brown party uniform was then forbidden in Prussia, the students who had been selected as his bodyguard wore the same type of white shirt and black trousers. They filled the aisles and lined the walls.

Hitler too wore a black suit, white shirt and black tie. My first impression of him was that of a consummate showman. As movie

cameras were turned upon him, he pretended not to notice them, spoke earnestly to his shadow, Rudolf Hess, and, as the cameras continued to click, began to write as though he were drawing up an outline of his remarks. It was good acting.

His impassioned speech that evening centered about his usual tirade against the Treaty of Versailles. Its details are uninteresting now. I looked about me and saw that his young followers were transported and that he himself seemed to be in a trance. Yet he exerted no magnetic power over me. His eyes seemed to hypnotize those at whom he looked sharply, yet his glance left me personally untouched.

I came away from that meeting wondering how a man whose diction was by no means faultless, who ranted and fumed and stamped, could so impress young intellectuals. Of all people, I thought, they should have detected the palpable flaws in his logic. For he condemned wars in general but called upon youth to get ready for the inevitable war against Germany's oppressors.

It was jovial, erratic, Harvard-bred Ernst F. Hanfstaengl who first succeeded in securing world-wide publicity for the leader of the Nazi movement, by inviting some twenty-five or thirty chief correspondents from at least a dozen nations, the United States included, to a press conference early in December, 1932 (almost two months before his assumption of power) in the Berlin Hotel Kaiserhof on Wilhelmplatz, directly opposite the Reich's Chancellory and the government press department. Putzi phrased his invitation to us in such a manner that each one believed we were to have an exclusive chat with Hitler. We were greatly surprised to find the room crowded with newsmen.

It was quite clear that Hitler had been carefully coached by Hanfstaengl on burning problems of foreign policy. Before we had an opportunity to put a question, Putzi was there with a suggestive query. A few hours later the world press was full of snappy, pithy direct quotations from the man who had hitherto been regarded as a crack-brain and political amok-runner.

Thanks to Hanfstaengl's clever handling of the meeting, Hitler could from now on command the attention of foreign powers and foreign readers.

Among the first to realize this was Dorothy Thompson, then on a journalistic tour of Europe. I ran into her by accident the next morning in the Kaiserhof Hotel, where she was scheduled to see *Der Führer* directly after my interview—this time exclusive—in which I had clarified a few points he had made the day before at his international press reception.

Dorothy's visit resulted in her much-discussed magazine article, "This Man will never be Chancellor of Germany," or some such title. My output for the morning was summed up in the words, "Hitler is certain the swastika will soon fly over Germany as its official flag."

A year after Hitler succeeded to the chancellorship, I pointed out to Hanfstaengl that no foreign correspondent had as yet been admitted into Hitler's presence to do the sort of story that would bring his personality closer to foreign readers. The interviews which had been published were of the stereotyped question-and-answer type approved by the Propaganda ministry. The human element was lacking completely.

Putzi had lived in the United States for many years and knew American press methods, so he immediately saw the point and arranged for me to see *Der Führer* early in February, 1934. I quote at random from the published accounts of that interview.

"As I entered the study Hitler emerged from behind a desk in the right-hand corner of the spacious room. He was dressed in the brown uniform of a Nazi storm trooper. He came halfway across the room to greet me affably, and then motioned me to sit on a settee while he and the sole witness to our conversation seated themselves in straight-back chairs. Our whole conversation was in German.

"I asked: 'Herr Reichskanzler, in the days before you came into power you mingled with the people to keep in close contact with them. Now when you appear anywhere, the streets are deco-

rated and set speeches of welcome, delivered by the heads of local governments, greet you. How do you manage to keep your hand on the pulse of the nation? How do you keep contact with the common man?"

"A smile illuminated Hitler's face and then he laughed. 'For one thing, you ought to sit at my daily lunch table upstairs,' he said, and laughed again. 'You would see how every day new faces turn up. My house is like a beehive. The latchstring is always out for my co-fighters, no matter how humble their rank. Our organization reaches down into the smallest hamlet and village; from everywhere my followers come to Berlin and drop in on me. Over that lunch table they then tell me about their worries and troubles.

"There are, of course, numerous other methods of keeping in touch with affairs, but I just mention this characteristic one by way of illustration.'"

Remember, that was back in 1934. Since then times have changed. Hitler has become one of the most unapproachable men in the world. The easily accessible round table in the chancellory has long become a legend. Hitler, according to the testimony of men who know, now sees and hears only whom or what the coterie surrounding him deem fit for him.

My account of that fifty-minute interview is too long to reproduce here. At one point I described how *Der Führer's* "face darkened and his voice grew hard." At other times I found him using "crisp, precise words," or "pausing for a moment to reflect, then speaking quickly," or "speaking in a voice that vibrated with emotion, his jaw became firmly set, his index finger pointed straight at me."

Hanfstaengl liked this form of personalized interview, and he felt his chief would approve of the transcript; but he was certain that, if my copy were first sent to the Propaganda Ministry, all human references would be eliminated.

"I'm going to keep the manuscript in my pocket," he said, when I submitted a German translation to him, "until I can place it

directly in the Führer's hands. I want to make sure he is in a good humor when I hand it to him."

A month elapsed before the interview was approved; only certain references to the German navy were struck out. "We never even spoke about the navy," declared Hitler. Whether he really did not remember a subject on which he had discoursed at some length or whether he had suffered a change of heart, I did not know.

The real facts in the case are that Hitler, by way of illustrating his desire to get jobs for everybody, said he thought the navy was altogether too costly an instrument of defense.

"You build a battleship or a cruiser," I remember him saying—and the original transcript of the interview, now in a safe place in Berlin, will bear me out—"and almost before it has been put in commission it is outmoded. The cost is terrific and the utility doubtful. I would much rather take this money and apply it to road construction and building projects. The same amount of money would yield much bigger returns and provide far more jobs."

Later I attended the launchings, in the presence of Hitler, of the *Bismarck*, the *Tirpitz*, and the *Prinz Eugen*. It was apparent that *Der Führer* was not averse, after all, to spending money on the navy.

Genius at propaganda and publicity as he is, Hitler seems to dislike the press as much as Mussolini likes it. We who accompanied *Der Führer* to Italy in May, 1938, observed that as soon as Benito Mussolini reached a platform, podium, or observation point with his Teuton guest, he looked around for the press stand. If he did not find it immediately, he would ask his press chief to point out where we were. Then he would beam upon us, wave his hand, and nod affably.

At first he tried to point us out to Adolf Hitler. But *Der Führer* wasn't interested. He never turned around. Mussolini gave it up until, on the last day of the official visit, we reached Florence. There, on Cathedral Square, we were assigned seats on

a balcony overhanging the avenue along which the two statesmen drove, and directly opposite the tomb on which they deposited a wreath.

The German correspondents had blossomed out, during their Italian stay, in new-fangled brown journalists' uniforms, and they were conspicuous, to say the least. No one could overlook them. The rest of us were scattered among them, showing them up by contrast, in all their glory.

As the dictators' open car approached our balcony, Mussolini looked up and smiled an engaging welcome. Hitler didn't raise his eyes. Mussolini pulled him by the sleeve, pointed to our group and said something. No sale. Hitler wouldn't look up.

This apparent dislike for the press does not indicate, however, that the *Führer* is unconscious or indifferent to its power as an instrument in influencing public opinion. He has an uncanny sense for publicity and the press is always given choice seats at public ceremonies. During the present war, all newsmen's trips to the front were personally approved by *Der Führer*, not only in regard to the points to be visited but in regard to the men to be invited.

During his various triumphal entries into Berlin, the heads of foreign news associations were always asked to drive in a car behind the *Führerwagen*; as was the case, too, when he entered Memel and Danzig in 1939.

The most amusing, to me, of all these drives was that which followed the Austrian Anschluss in 1938. Hitler arrived by plane and the main avenue from the flying field to the Wilhemplatz was lined with factory hands, school children, Nazi storm troopers, and citizens, to bid him an ecstatic welcome.

The men in the long parade of limousines were all in uniform except for one group—the foreign pressmen. The Berliners were puzzled. Who could these civilians be? One bright shoemaker's apprentice, with repaired high boots slung over his shoulder, relieved the situation when he bellowed down the line in a stentorian voice:

“Can't you see? Those are the Austrian prisoners!”



X

DER FÜHRER IN PERSON

DER FÜHRER took the binoculars from his eyes, turned to me and said, "Isn't that wonderful?" (*Ist das nicht wunderbar?*)

Adolf Hitler had been standing in an alcove of Nürnberg's famous castle, listening with visible emotion to the cries of "Heil Hitler," from the thousands milling around in the street leading up to the main approach to the castle. He had taken the spy glasses from his super-tall, bulky, brown-shirted adjutant, Wilhelm Brueckner, in order to study more closely the faces of the men and women far below.

He was still in a trance as he addressed me. But the imperious, possessive voice of Julius Streicher¹ broke the spell. Placing his hand in a patronizing manner on Hitler's shoulder, the notorious Jew-baiter boasted: "That wasn't an easy job, was it, for me to deliver this section of the city to you, *mein Führer!* Remember how it was honeycombed with communists, and how you thought we could never win these people over? Those were the days, alright!"

Der Führer seemed irritated. It was tactless for Streicher to assume a condescending attitude in the presence of foreigners. But Hitler controlled his temper, bit his lips, and walked over to the lunch table where several party big-shots were sitting. He had hardly begun to munch a sandwich, however, before he

¹Then gauleiter for the Nürnberg area of Bavaria, and self-styled *Franken-führer* (leader of the Franconians).

jumped up, ran to the window, waved to the crowd below, and repeated, "Isn't that wonderful?"

We had gone to the Nürnberg castle that day because the annual Nazi party convention of 1934 was in progress. Each year, since his assumption of power in 1933, and until September 1938, Hitler invited a small group of foreign correspondents to be his guests at luncheon in the castle. The meeting was always preceded by the solemn ceremony of paying tribute to the soldiers of the world war on Zeppelin Meadow, and consecrating the flags of new Nazi formations. It gave the newsmen an opportunity to meet the closely guarded, seldom approachable German dictator face to face, at least once a year, and to check up on him, as it were.

Year after year, during the five mile drive through the medieval city our press cars were, by Hitler's personal orders, sandwiched in between his own open limousine and the one containing his closest collaborators—Goering, Goebbels, Hess, Himmler, and so forth. We could thus study his face and note with what satisfaction he heard the ecstatic cries that, in volume, reminded one of the organ notes of Niagara Falls, from the masses who lined the avenue. He laps up popular adulation. He gets terrific enjoyment from driving slowly through the narrow, winding streets of the ancient city, with "heil"ing thousands fairly oozing from the miniature windows and hugging the quaint gables.

Then, on one of these triumphal processions, we came upon a street in which not a single person was to be found.

Hitler's face flushed with rage. "Why aren't there any people here?" he cried, turning to his chief adjutant Brueckner in the rear seat of the car.

Brueckner must have attempted some flippant reply, for *Der Führer* shouted at him angrily, "You get out and report to me later."

Meekly the huge bodyguard climbed out of the car, looking sheepish, and our procession move on. Much later, Brueckner, out of breath from his climb up to the castle, reappeared, clicked

the heels of his high spurred boots, raised his right arm snappily in Nazi salute and reported, "*Mein Führer*, the street is so narrow at that point the wheels of the cars were on the sidewalks. It would have been dangerous for any people to stand there."

Meanwhile, Hitler had become so spiritually intoxicated by the "heils" of the crowds that his anger had disappeared. "*In Ordnung*," (Okay) he said curtly, dismissing his tall adjutant. The "incident" was closed.

Adolf Hitler's close associates know this craving for popular applause, and frequently use it for their own ends. For instance, Hitler's first meeting with Mussolini in Venice, shortly after his assumption of power, did not go off well. The Italian journalists in Berlin told us gloatingly that after *Der Führer's* plane took off, *Il Duce* exclaimed, "There flies a fool."

Hitler returned to Munich in one of those fits of despondency that, according to "grapevine" reports, seize him with increasing frequency as the years go on. The wily Dr. Goebbels knew the unfailing remedy for getting him out of the doldrums. What Hitler needed at this point was the applause of the masses. A special meeting at the moment would necessarily have the Mussolini conference as its theme, and Hitler could not proclaim any new triumphs scored at Venice. But the crafty little propaganda doctor was equal to the situation.

Only an hour's train ride from Munich, in the venerable city of Augsburg, scene of medieval *Reichstage*, the annual district convention of the Bavarian Nazis was being held. Ordinarily Hitler would not bother to attend such a thing; he reserves himself for the annual national convention. Therefore the Bavarian party wheelhorses would be all the more delighted if the German dictator did them the honor of attending.

Goebbels had figured it out correctly. Hitler eagerly drank in the enthusiastic plaudits of his frenzied followers. He forgot the chagrin of Venice. When he returned to work in Berlin it was the primitive masses of Augsburg he remembered, rather than his sophisticated opponent in the city of gondolas.

On a later occasion, Hitler's experiences in Italy were equally unpleasant. Those of us who went to Italy in May, 1938, to report Adolf Hitler's official visit saw that the Italian monarch and the Teuton dictator instinctively disliked each other.

There was a painful scene in the Teatro San Carlo of Naples during the gala performance of *Aida* in honor of the German chief of state. At the end of the first act, before anybody in the vast audience broke into the customary applause, all eyes turned in the direction of the royal box where *Der Führer* sat beside *Il Re*. The Italians, as an act of politeness to their distinguished guest, wanted to give him an opportunity to start the applause.

Ill at ease, Hitler looked to the king for his cue. The monarch, with a disdainful sneer, professed not to notice his guest's discomfort. I have witnessed many an official visit of one chief of state to another. Invariably the host would, in a friendly, unobtrusive manner, guide his guest in matters of local etiquette. But Victor Emanuel made no effort to help out Germany's Führer. Another helpless glance at the King, and Hitler started from the box without as much as clapping his hand or giving the Nazi salute.

The audience seemed flabbergasted; the performers who had appeared before the curtain acted as though someone had turned a cold shower on them. The situation was saved only through the presence of mind of Fascist Party Secretary Achille Starace who, the minute the Führer and the King had disappeared, demonstratively led the applause and cheers for the cast from his box.

Other evidence gathered during that Italian trip indicated that Victor Emanuel and Adolf Hitler did not hit it off well. That Crown Prince Umberto favored neither the Nazis nor the Italian Fascists was a matter of such common knowledge that it needs no restatement here. It had become obvious to those of us who reported the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936. Umberto then studiously gave the military instead of the Fascist salute wherever the occasion demanded a salute of some kind.

Like many nervous, high-strung people, Hitler does not go to

bed until the early morning hours. Members of his immediate entourage, with whom I have spoken, say he generally writes his speeches long after midnight. He walks up and down in his vast study, dictating torrents of words which his secretaries have difficulty in taking down. Often, they say, he seems to be in a trance. It is the masses he sees and to whom he is speaking.

I tried to get at the truth of this matter in one of my interviews. "We are all aware," I said, "that you owe a great part of your success to your ability to win over the masses of the people by your personal appeal in extemporaneous speeches. Now that you are head of the government, you must write out most of your pronouncements, since they are state papers. Doesn't it cramp your style?"

"Not at all," was *Der Führer's* unhesitating reply. "When I compose a speech, I visualize the people. I can see them just as though they were standing before me. I sense how they will react to this or that statement, to this or that formulation (*Formulierung*). I naturally prefer off-hand speaking, because then you can adapt every phrase and every gesture to your particular audience, but I don't feel hampered by set addresses."

Unlike American statesmen, Adolf Hitler does not have his Reichstag and other public speeches ready hours and days before an event, and distributed to the press in advance. He keeps reshaping, editing, augmenting his oratorical efforts until the last moment. Thus he is the despair of the newspapermen, who must rely upon their ears to get a prompt transcript of what the modern "German Napoleon" said. For even as he speaks, he sometimes nudges his press chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich, who usually sits next to him, to indicate that he is making a change. Hours must then elapse before the official version of the address is made available to the press.

I had direct proof of this in 1936 when the Reichstag was to meet, at two o'clock in the afternoon, "to hear a declaration by the German government." I pleaded with Putzi Hanfstaengl to do something about expediting the copy, as I was anxious to catch



Hitler has a Wagner complex and seldom misses a performance of "Die Meistersinger." Here he is seen attending the corner stone laying of a Wagner memorial at Leipsic. With him are Frau Winifred Wagner, daughter-in-law of the late composer, and Vice-Chancellor Franz von Papen. Hitler doesn't seem to be pleased!

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the American evening papers with as complete a digest of the speech as possible.

"I'll take you into the Reichs Chancellory," Putzi said, "and seat you in the corridor next to the big study. By the time *mein Führer* leaves the building for the Reichstag, I'll be able to give you a copy of the manuscript. Then you can get an early start on your story and your translation."

We entered the Chancellory at noon. At the entrance, along two staircases, in the cloak room, at each turn in a corridor grim SS guards in forbidding black uniforms were in evidence, sworn to protect the life of the dictator. Putzi parked me in an alcove of the corridor, next to the cabinet room, assuring the guards in his jocular Bavarian manner that I was neither a nihilist nor a bomb thrower. He then buzzed around to find a copy of the speech for me. From time to time he returned to say that the speech was still in the making.

There was a constant coming and going of men whom Hitler apparently had summoned to go over certain sections of the speech: high-collared, cynical Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, then minister of economics; suave, aristocratic Baron Konstantin von Neurath, then foreign minister; affable, gray-haired Wilhelm Frick, minister of the interior; fat, smug, epicurean Robert Ley, head of the German Labor Front and director of organization of the Nazi Party.

They nodded a surprised welcome at seeing me in this holy of holies. Two ministers whom I knew particularly well stopped briefly to shake hands and inquire about my unusual presence: hollow-eyed, bushy-eyebrowed Rudolf Hess, deputy chief of the Nazi party; and easy-going, war-maimed Frank Seldte, minister of labor and former leader of the Steel Helmet war veterans' organization. Both seemed amused at my insistence that every minute counted when it came to relaying a German government pronouncement. European journalism isn't so speedy!

An hour and a half later, with crowds in the Wilhelmstrasse already yelling themselves hoarse, with "We want to see our

Leader." Hanfstaengl came to reassure me. "The speech will be ready for you in a few minutes. Anyway, the Führer must leave for the Reichstag soon."

At ten minutes of two there was a commotion. The door of Hitler's study opened. All along the corridor the guards clicked heels and snapped to attention. Hitler, dressed in the traditional brown uniform of the SA (*Sturm Abteilung*) rushed past us, followed by Press Chief Otto Dietrich and several adjutants. In a moment he was gone. In another moment the *heils* outside swelled to a deafening roar. In still another moment there was absolute quiet.

Putzi emerged from the chief secretary's room with a long face. "Sorry," he said, "but *Der Führer* said he intended to change his manuscript in a few places while speaking. So he left word that no copy may be released now."

I had learned my lesson. I never again tried to get an advance copy of a Hitler speech.

Looking back on my meetings with Hitler over a period of years, I see that most of them wore an air of pageantry. I recall, for instance, watching this unique procession which struck me as nothing short of grotesque. Adolf Hitler was leaving with Goering to go from the so-called "old Chancellory" to his gala study in the gaudy "new Chancellory," designed by himself, with a display of pomp that was a fit epitome of the grandeur of the Nazi Third Reich. It was all in the same building and under the same roof, but the Führer did not merely stroll from one wing to another.

This was the order of the march: First a top sergeant with steel helmet; then two privates with rifles cocked and bayonets ready for action; and finally the great dictator himself, austere, unsmiling, with knitted brows, looking neither to right or left; and at a respectful distance behind him, rotund, bemedaled Hermann Goering, slightly out of breath because of the pace at which the miniature parade was proceeding.

Another touch of pageantry appeared at the unforgettable scene in the Reichstag on September 1, 1939, when the beginning of World War II was announced. Early that morning Hitler had ordered the *Wehrmacht* to "meet force with force." The German army was already pouring into Poland at seven o'clock that morning when the Propaganda Ministry telephoned us to be at the Reichstag for the session at ten o'clock.

A few minutes before the appointed hour, a strange procession filed into the crowded Kroll Opera House, scene of Reichstag meetings since the fire in 1933. As the solemn marchers approached from the further end of the building, directly opposite and below the press gallery, they looked like possible official guests from some foreign country. Though we were accustomed to all sorts of uniforms in Germany, the garb we saw below us was something distinctly new.

Adolf Hitler and his immediate entourage—Goering, Hess, Adjutants Brueckner and Schaub—had blossomed out in new, natty, well-fitting, excellently tailored uniforms of field gray. The garb was not military, although Hitler gave that impression in his address, by saying that he had donned "the field gray uniform" which he would not exchange for the brown party suit until victory was achieved. In talking with the rank and file of Germans later on, I learned that everybody assumed he had put on a soldier's uniform. But he had merely ordered new Nazi party uniforms in army gray instead of regulation brown. Even in that detail Adolf Hitler had prepared for his war!

The meeting itself was exactly what might be expected of a group of frenzied nationalists for whom *der Tag* had come at last. Hitler's words, spoken from brief notes upon which he enlarged extemporaneously, were interrupted again and again by ecstatic shouts from this "best paid singing society in the world."² But

² The name came from the *bon mot* of a German comedian who asked, "What is the best paid singing society in the world?" Answer: "The German Reichstag." Question "Why?" Answer: "Because its members meet only once or twice a year, sing the Deutschland Lied and the Horst Wessel song, and get \$240 salary a month for it." He soon decided it was the better part of wisdom to discontinue his joke.

there were frowns on the faces of his followers when he failed to make the expected announcement that Italy had joined in the fray. The Foreign Office, speaking to the foreign press, had assured the whole world that the German-Italian military alliance was "the completest form of military pact ever signed. When one partner finds himself involved in armed conflict with a third power for any cause whatever," Baron von Stumm told the Wilhelmstrasse Press Conference, May 22, 1939, "the other partner automatically enters the war also." And now Italy was not automatically joining them, after all!

But their frowns soon changed to pleased smiles, supported by a chorus of *heils*, when Hitler praised Germany's new friend, communist Russia. Only Hess stared dully at his desk.

In a burst of patriotic exuberance the memorable Reichstag meeting came to a close.

There is another phase of Hitler's character which is less known in America. That is his penchant for art. Get him started on art and he forgets government cares, party worries, and international complications.

The last Nürnberg annual party meeting was held in September, 1938. Shortly before, a group of us had been his journalistic camp followers on his official visits to Rome, Naples, and Florence. We had been warned in advance of the meeting not to raise such touchy problems as the Czecho-Slovak question, which was then the most burning issue before the cabinets of Europe, but to wait for our host himself to select his theme.

Welcoming us in the Great Hall of the Nürnberg castle, *Der Führer* chose for his theme his hobby, art. He spoke feelingly of the superb architecture of medieval Nürnberg, and then broke into a paean of praise for Italy's priceless art galleries, some of which he had been able to see hurriedly during his visit in early May.

"The greatest wish I have," he said, "is that I might go incognito to Florence and, at leisure, study the unparalleled master-

pieces of the Uffizi and Pitti galleries. But unfortunately that cannot be done. Suppose I were to wear a false beard. In some accidental way this fact might be revealed, and of course all Europe would say I came to Italy with some deep-laid, sinister plot. And if I were to go as I am, too many people, having seen pictures of me, would recognize me and I couldn't wander through the galleries all by myself."

Of the various arts, architecture is closest to his heart. Albert Heilmann, a Munich architect who fought shoulder to shoulder with Hitler in the trenches of the world war, told me the interesting tale of how Hitler answered the questionnaire when signing up for the army. Opposite the words, "State your profession," he wrote, "I wanted to be an architect."

I was not surprised, therefore, when I found, on being invited to inspect the completed huge "New Chancellory," that several halls in the upper story had been set aside for architectural models of stadiums, city halls, administration buildings, and even whole municipal layouts. Here, in normal times, *Der Führer* spends many hours designing so-called *Prachtbauten*, literally, structures of splendor, or buildings calculated to bear testimony to Nazi Germany's greatness.

Nazis adoringly rate Hitler as the greatest architect of all times. True, each building, taken by itself, is more or less impressive. But in the aggregate there is a sameness which becomes provokingly dull. The pattern always seems to be the same: four-square columns for the facade or portico, behind which come severe walls with windows so small one thinks constantly of army barracks. Architects who fail to follow this general pattern haven't much chance of obtaining contracts in Nazi Germany.

Hitler, the man without any personal wants, the man of the inexpensive tastes, has a passion for collecting paintings. Karl Haberstock, one of the best-known Berlin art dealers, once told me, "When *mein Führer* has taken it into his head that he wants a certain picture for his private collection, the sky's the limit."

Haberstock's present to Hitler on the occasion of his fiftieth

birthday was an illustrated catalog of all the paintings owned by *Der Führer*. It was an elegant, thick volume, but Haberstock so feared displeasing his Führer with unapproved publicity, that he declined to let me examine it, even cursorily.

"*Mein Führer* is a changed man when he turns to art," Haberstock said to me on one occasion. "I was visiting up on the Berghof near Berchtesgaden a few days ago and chatting with him about art, when an adjutant brought in some papers which, he insisted, the head of our nation must examine immediately.

"Adolf Hitler looked at the documents. Then his face, which had been quite placid and relaxed only a few moments before, became clouded by a dark scowl. It was a lightning change from sunshine to thunderstorm. It took me quite a while to bring him back into a happy mood. But when we got fairly started on pictures again, his frown disappeared, and he even rubbed his hands in glee. 'What would I be if I didn't have art to turn to for relaxation?' he said, once more affable and carefree."

Music too rates high with Hitler. But it is not the pure music of Bach and the classical strains of Mozart and Beethoven which awaken his response. It is the romantic, mystical music of Richard Wagner. This is rather curious when one remembers the Nazi leader's partiality for architecture. The linear, mathematically perfect fugues of Johan Sebastian Bach have sometimes been called "architecture become music." Yet Hitler's musical fancy runs to the romantic.

Wagner is Hitler's great musical saint. I remember on March 13, 1933, Hitler wore a top hat, a cutaway and striped trousers in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Wagner's death. The national ceremony was held at Leipzig and I was surprised to see the new Chancellor, who almost always wore the party uniform, appear in such attire. Apparently his reverence for Wagner was so great he even donned formal dress to do honor to his memory.

Of all the Wagner operas, *Die Meistersinger* is Hitler's favorite. One can hardly attend a ceremony at which *Der Führer* appears without hearing the orchestra play the overture to *Die*

Meistersinger. It is claimed that Hitler has seen more than two hundred performances of it.

This love for the *Meistersinger* is a self-revelation which is not without piquancy. It is in keeping with Hitler's aspiration to be the prophet of a new *Weltanschauung*, to think of himself as the Walter Stolzing who rebels against the—to him—stodgy Beck-messers of his time, the Churchills, the Daladiers, the Haakons, even the "capitalistic" Roosevelts of his day.

Incidentally, I owe a journalistic scoop to Hitler's worshipful attitude toward Wagner. Year after year, Hitler attended the Wagner Festival Plays at Bayreuth. He was there in July, 1934, when the world was shocked by the cold-blooded murder of Premier Engelbert Dollfuss of Austria.

Our New York office rushed me to Vienna to help cover this outstanding tragic story. One night the long distance operator announced, "Bayreuth is calling you."

Dr. Hanfstaengl was speaking. "Can you help me out by giving me some information about the situation in Vienna?" he asked. "I am with the Führer and we have had difficulty in getting through to Austria."

"Well," I said, "there can be no objection if I read you what we have cabled to The Associated Press, for those dispatches are probably being read on the streets of New York at this very minute." In a half-bantering way I added, "But what news can you give me in return?"

"That's fair enough," Putzi replied. After a moment's reflection he added, "A certain very old gentleman in East Prussia is sinking rapidly."

That was hot news of the first order. "Are you sure of it?" I replied. "My general manager will cut my head off if it develops you pulled my leg."

"Absolutely sure," Putzi assured me. "*Mein Führer* is very much worried about it. Nothing has been permitted as yet to appear in the press."

So that night I was able to send a dispatch from Vienna, which

would probably never have passed German censorship, to the effect that the condition of venerable President Paul von Hindenburg was giving rise to the greatest anxiety in government circles. Goebbels' propaganda ministry violently denied the story—but it was true.

Hitler's Wagner complex even played a part in the funeral rites for Hindenburg. As the Führer rose in the vast square of the Tannenberg Monument, in one tower of which the mortal remains of the old Fieldmarshal were to be laid to rest, he discovered that his adjutant had laid before him the wrong speech. Radio listeners tuning in all over Europe could not understand the sudden pause in the ceremony.

Hitler quickly pulled himself together, and extemporized one of the briefest addresses I have ever heard him deliver. To the amazement of everybody—as Hindenburg had been an orthodox fundamentalist Lutheran all his life—he ended with the words: "And now, enter thou upon Valhalla!"

Perhaps because of his own innate flair for showmanship, Hitler has always enjoyed and sought the society of theatrical people. I observed this one night in 1935 when my wife and I attended a reception given by Propaganda Minister and Frau Joseph Goebbels to the guests of honor attending the annual automobile show.

About ten o'clock that evening there was the usual commotion that heralds the arrival of Germany's dictator and an adjutant hastily requested that the guests form an aisle.

Hitler passed through the members of the diplomatic corps and their ladies with scarcely a glance. He came to where we were standing—opera singers, actresses, stars of the screen, newspaper folk. His face brightened. Here and there he stopped to grasp the hand of some stage beauty or to greet a well-known actor.

Dorothea Wieck, famous for her picture, *Maedchen in Uniform*, had asked my wife and me to let her stand between us, as she had never attended a Goebbels reception before and knew very few people. She had never met the Führer.

Hitler reached our group. He took one sharp look at our movie friend and said, "You are Dorothea Wieck, are you not?" She nodded, blushing. He shook her hand firmly and passed on. A little later one of his adjutants came up and said to Frau Wieck, "*Der Führer* requests that you sit at his table."

We looked around. There, in a corner, a round table had been reserved for Hitler's party. In a few moments it was filled with his personal guests. There wasn't a diplomat among them; not a captain of industry, nor a savant, nor a representative of the press. Only men and women from the theatrical world were seated about the Teuton autocrat—Emil Jannings, Dorothea Wieck and Lil Dagover of the screen; Hans Brausewetter of the stage; Victoria Ursuleac of the opera; Clemens Krauss, orchestra and opera conductor; and others whose names I do not recall.

They formed a jolly, hilarious group. I have never seen Hitler so carefree. He laughed, told stories, slapped his thigh. He seemed more at home with the theatrical people than with anyone else. He appeared to enjoy having them tell him jokes and stories. As a rule, Hitler monopolizes the conversation. In fact, when H. V. Kaltenborn of the National Broadcasting System and I visited him six months before he became chancellor, we were able to obtain answers to the questions we had agreed on only by alternately interrupting his flow of words rather rudely. We knew from other interviewers that an appointment was usually up before he had finished replying to the first question. Hence our tactics!

The Goebbels reception was revealing to me for another reason. Again and again I had heard women say, "Once you look into Hitler's eyes, you are his devoted follower forever after." I was curious to know how my German-born but American naturalized wife would take to this strange man. To my relief I did not see the gleam of that peculiar something in her eyes of a woman who had succumbed to the Hitler charm.

She shook her head. "I looked for that hypnotic gaze so many women rave about, but he didn't impress me. Did you notice,

though, the unusually fine quality of his uniform. And yet they say he is such a simple man!"

The last time I saw Adolf Hitler face to face was on the annual German Memorial Day, in March 1941. He seemed like a different man as we stood in the court of the Berlin war museum, among captured panzers and anti-aircraft guns and trench mortars to listen to his speech.

His face was drawn and haggard, his skin was ashy gray, his eyes devoid of their usual luster. Care and worry were stamped on him.

But that was not the most striking thing. What amazed me was the matter-of-fact, uninterested, detached way in which he rattled off the usual platitudes appropriate on such an occasion. The personal note was lacking. He made no effort to convince or to arouse the millions who were listening in to their leader's words on a nation-wide radio hook-up. He read his brief manuscript as though it bored him.

Was it because his thoughts were elsewhere? Was he already planning the invasion of Yugoslavia and Greece? Was he, perchance, already so convinced of his infallibility as a military strategist and as a leader that he no longer considered it necessary to argue and convince? Was he already living in a world of his own, detached from the masses on whose backs he had climbed to power, seeing visions and hearing voices? I have wondered ever since watching that strange performance. Perhaps time will tell me.

As it happened, I missed another important oratorical effort, Hitler's Reichstag speech of December 14, 1941, in which he declared war on the United States. Force majeure prevented me from attending. For at that moment, while he was speaking, I was riding in a closed van with fourteen other American correspondents stationed in Berlin as the special guest of the Gestapo, who were taking us to our internment camp in the suburb of Gruenau.



XI

OBSERVING THE WAR MACHINE IN ACTION

I BELIEVE I can justly claim to have been on more fronts of the German army and its allies than any other American correspondent. I followed the German forces consecutively into Poland, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, Greece, and (via Finland) into Russia. I missed only Norway where my AP colleague, Alvin J. Steinkopf, flew for us.

At the time of my various visits I cabled thousands of words from each front. Now I shall only attempt to register in concentrated form the outstanding emotional and dramatic episodes of my various trips, and in a later chapter to drive home the military lessons which were indelibly impressed upon me—a layman unencumbered by knowledge of strategy or other military lore—lessons which we as a nation must learn and profit by if Hitler is to be beaten.

Of course, no foreign correspondent was at any front permanently. From time to time a group of newsmen was taken to a specific sector for a specific purpose, but nobody was ever permitted to attach himself to any particular sector of the front or to roam about or remain at will. Obviously the High Command would authorize trips only if they were likely to result in reports of victories or in findings favorable to Germany. When, for instance, I was flown early in September, 1939, to Gleiwitz in Silesia and thence motored to Czestochava, Poland, the first foreign correspondent to be taken to any front,¹ I knew before

¹ The Propaganda Ministry invited one American news association repre-

starting that I would find the famous Black Madonna intact, or the High Command would not have authorized this trip.

My first contact with the Nazi theory of reprisals came almost immediately after I crossed the Polish border. We motored into a little town called Graszyn. All the buildings along the main road had been razed, including many kilns for brick-making, the town's chief industry. In other towns and villages through which we had passed there was destruction due to bombing and shelling, but this looked like organized razing.

I asked for the reason.

"That was done in retaliation for sniping," said the colonel who acted as my guide. "Two days ago, after the main body of our troops had passed through, the rear guards were suddenly fired upon by Polish civilians sniping from their homes. Several of our officers and men were killed. Of course, we cannot stand for sniping. So, by way of reprisal, we simply destroyed all the buildings along the main street."

Hitler's thesis of destroying the enemy physically instead of merely reaching certain military objectives has been translated into action time and again during his campaigns, as I saw during my trips to the front. In the communiqus of the German High Command the word *aufgerieben* is often applied to describe what the Nazi forces did to formations of the enemy. *Aufgerieben* means rubbed or worn away completely, hence destroyed or annihilated. Nowhere has this policy been applied more widely than in Poland. The blitzkrieg, God knows, was terrible enough. The Luftwaffe, under Goering's command—made up, in the main, of young fellows who had become indoctrinated with Nazi principles—did not hesitate to machine-gun civilians who had become jammed in between the retreating columns of bewildered Polish soldiers.

But the real tragedy of Poland began after its capitulation. Systematically Hitler tried to "send to death mercilessly and

sentative to fly to Poland. The correspondents for AP, UP, and INS agreed to draw lots.

without compassion men, women and children of Polish derivation and language," under the specious pretext of gaining the necessary *Lebensraum*.

It was here that the army balked. Its commanding generals, reared in imperial traditions, considered their task completed with the capitulation of the enemy. They insisted upon chivalry toward the beaten opponent.

In a rage, Hitler summoned the generals. "If you consider yourselves too fastidious for this task," he is reliably reported to have said, "I'll entrust it to my SS."

A blood-bath began at which the world stood aghast. Among the countless eye-witness stories which were poured into my ears during the weeks and months which ensued, the following stands out in my memory:

A small detachment of German soldiers, commanded by an older first lieutenant of the reserve, was sent to occupy the little Polish town of Z.

"We brought quite a number of wounded with us," my informant said. "The local druggist and his wife, who were Jewish, worked like Trojans to help us dress the wounds. They gave ungrudgingly what they had in the way of bandages and medications. To them our wounded soldiers were human beings in suffering, and they did not ask whether they were friend or foe. We all respected the couple.

"Then orders came for us to quit the town. The SS, we were told, had been commanded to take over. Even before we had time to depart, the SS were there. A few minutes later the Jewish couple was found by one of our men with their throats slashed. The SS had killed them.

"We had assured the couple that they were under the protection of the German army, so we reported the case to General Johannes von Blaskowitz. He complained to the Führer who told him to mind his own business and not to interfere with the SS."

General von Blaskowitz, it will be recalled, conducted the negotiations for the capitulation of Poland. After the reign of

terror by the SS began, the General's name dropped completely out of the news. The deduction seems warranted that he is in disgrace for having spoken his mind about the treatment of a conquered people.

On that trip to the Polish front, I encountered the pitiful scene of thousands of civilians flooding back toward their homes, now that the firing had ceased, after having first run helter-skelter for safety.

As we hurried eastward, we met a procession of miserable humanity coming toward us in the opposite direction: barefooted women with their babes tied on their backs and their one lean cow trotting behind them; old men carrying heavy burdens wrapped in bedspreads; boys and girls leading bicycles, on the seats of which they had fastened the scant belongings of their families; old women pushing carts containing paltry knick-knacks; and occasionally, whole families or clans huddled fear-somely together on horsedrawn vehicles.

In Czestochawa I went to the chapel of the Jasnagora Monastery to assure myself that the famous Black Madonna, which had been at the monastery since 1382, had not been destroyed. Never in my life had I seen anything like the sight I met there—a bewildered crowd of Polish worshipers, men and women throwing themselves prostrate upon the floor, kissing the cold marble, their hands extended as though they were nailed to the cross. Others were kneeling and touching the floor with their faces. Still others sobbed as they knelt, their eyes fastened upon the Black Madonna. Here were men and women in dire distress, making their last appeal to the Madonna, credited with working miracles, to restore their sons, husbands, or sweethearts to them.

The second country I visited in the wake of the German army was Occupied Denmark. A group of us were flown there in Von Ribbentrop's plane on April 11, 1940. As little Denmark had decided not to resist, the story there was not a dramatic one,

but three events come to mind when I recall my visit to Copenhagen.

In the first place, Aviation General Leonhard Kaupisch, who had been appointed military commander of Occupied Denmark, made a significant admission in the talk I had with him. Preparations against the little kingdom, he said, had proceeded so secretly that "Denmark was simply overrun." He thereby corroborated what the late Danish minister to Germany, Herluf Zahle, told me of the duplicity of Von Ribbentrop's diplomacy. For the German diplomat assured the Danish statesman until the very last that the Reich would respect the neutrality of King Christian's realm.

Secondly, I remember seeing the sixty-eight year old King Christian take his usual morning horseback ride through the busiest streets of Copenhagen, unattended and unprotected. It was not only an act calculated to instill confidence in the bewildered Danish people but a slap at Nazi insistence that every person of importance have a retinue trailing behind him.

Thirdly, I saw for the first time at Copenhagen how quickly the German occupation troops descended like locusts upon every type of store and within an incredibly short time stripped the invaded country of its merchandise. I have seen this process repeated in western and south-eastern Europe. It was uncanny to see the rapidity with which each country was swept of its consumers' goods the moment the Nazis overran it.

My various visits to the western front—Holland, Belgium, France—were an eye-opener to me in revealing the revolution that military science has undergone since World War I. In that war the "Front" was well-defined, with pill boxes and barricades projecting menacingly on both sides; with troops densely massed in trenches such as still stud the landscape of northern France, reminders of the conflict a quarter of a century ago; and with all that lay behind this clearly discernible front exclusively in the hands of one party or the other.

In the present war, the front is everywhere. For the bombardier it consists of railway junction points, enemy air fields, congested roads along which enemy forces are moving, munitions and other war-essential factories, and oil and gasoline tanks, no matter how far inland these military objectives may be.

To the parachute jumper, the front is, say, the strategic bridge which he has been assigned to hold against any attempt of the enemy to dynamite it as he retreats. At Maastricht, Holland, for instance, which I visited for the first time on May 20, 1940, the two large bridges over the Meuse had been demolished by the Dutch but the bridge which spanned the Juliana Canal some distance on had remained intact. German parachutists had succeeded in landing on the latter and seizing it many hours before the German troops were there. To the young lads who executed this surprise maneuver, this bridge was the "front." It ceased to be the front the minute the main body of the army came, for the Nazi forces pressed on immediately.

To the infantry vanguards, especially to quick-moving, motorized units, the front is often twenty-five miles and more ahead of the regular troops.

Major Gotthard Handrick, Olympic Pentathlon winner, who was stationed at an airport near Antwerp, Belgium, where he had charge of a "group" (27 planes) of Messerschmitt pursuers, told me on May 23 how one of his pilots had been obliged to make a forced landing near Liège the day before.

"To the utter surprise of the flier and his crew," the major said, "a Belgian anti-aircraft gun began to peck away at him as he tried to land. Our armies had meanwhile advanced at least fifty miles westward beyond this point, so this act looked like sniping. Fortunately the machine gunners in his crate managed to silence the lone battery and compel the gunners to surrender. When my flier asked the captives how they dared fire when the German army was already in possession of this whole territory, these Belgian artillerymen were nonplussed. The German troops had sped by them and ahead of them with such rapidity



Photograph from Press Association, Inc.

German officers of the army and of the Nazi party triumphantly stride through the Arc de Triomphe June 14, 1940, the day of the capitulation of Paris.





that they did not even know the war was practically over so far as Belgium was concerned!"

For the Belgians, the "front," was still at their anti-aircraft gun. For the Germans, it had meanwhile moved close to the Atlantic seacoast.

The front, then, is no longer a clearly definable line. It is everywhere.

During these visits to the western front I was further impressed by the tornado-like effects of the modern blitzkrieg. However terrific the destruction might be in some places through which we passed, in others it was negligible, despite the fact that both armies, the retreating Dutch or Belgian or French and the advancing German, had passed through them both. Just as a tornado may strike a single street, jump on for several blocks, skip a whole locality, only to vent its fury on the next, so it was with the war in Holland, Belgium, and northern France.

We would pass through towns which had been completely shelled, then through others which showed no traces of war other than those left by heavy tanks moving over roads not intended for such traffic. The villages between St. Trond and Tirlemont, for instance, seemed as peaceful and untouched as in times of peace, except that the cobblestone main streets showed signs of unusual wear.

Sometimes only one street would show signs of fighting and consequent destruction; again whole sections of a city were laid low. At Louvain, for instance, the beautiful Renaissance city hall was unscathed, while the stately library, which was built through the munificence of the Carnegie Foundation and individual American universities to replace the famous library destroyed during World War I, was a victim of the flames. In one section of Louvain every house was badly damaged; in another, hardly a window was smashed.

If a city was of special strategic value, however, its fate was often similar to that of the cities in Belgium and Northern France in the last war. Sedan was a sad picture of ruins.

Maubeuge was completely shelled. Dunkirk, whose destruction I witnessed from trenches at Bergues only a few miles away on June 3, fell a victim to roaring fires, after bombs and shells had done their devastating work. In sharp contrast to the hellish demolition of Rotterdam, considered by Hitler a main military objective and dubbed by the Germans the "fortress of Holland," were the untouched Dutch villages en route from the German border westward. The third indelible impression of those visits to the western front in May and June, 1940, was that of the tragic migration of peoples which Hitler's blitzkrieg set in motion. There is nothing more pitiful than one of those endless streets of human misery along which march, trudge, limp, ride, or drive hundreds of thousands of homeless in time of war.

The sight of a battlefield is terrible enough, though the men there are engaged as regular soldiers. But the hapless old men, women, children and babies, wearily plodding along as the merciless sun burns their faces or backs had nothing whatever to do with war. They did not know then that they were not merely fleeing to the next city or town; they did not know they would be kept moving on and on, from Belgium into northern France, from there to the south, for weeks and months, possibly for years.

For instance, we came through a little village near St. Pol, France. The Germans had hastened through it without doing any substantial damage but the inhabitants had thought it wiser to leave. On one of the houses I found written in white chalk, "Grocer M. Chablis who fled with his family commends this house and shop to the honesty of his fellow citizens." Another sign read, "M. and Mme. Yvers and their children have gone to Rue de Marseilles 21, St. Pol."

Later in the day we reached St. Pol. No inquiring friend or relative would ever find the Yvers couple and their children in the Rue de Marseilles, for the city had meanwhile been shelled and stukaed. The Rue de Marseilles was gone and the Yvers family had disappeared, nobody knew where. Likely the Yvers

children had become separated from their parents, perhaps even M. Yvers parted from Madame.

On the road from Cambrai to Arras on June 1, 1940, the German troops had the right of way. They marched with complete equipment, heavy artillery, soup kitchens, supply trucks, reserves of horses, ambulances, soldiers on foot, on bicycles, on motorcycles and in armored cars.

The dust and dirt kicked up by such a marching force is indescribable. We who traveled behind, alongside, or before them were black with dirt at the end of each journey. But our discomfort was nothing compared with what the hundreds of thousands of refugees had to suffer as they plodded through these dust clouds in the opposite direction. For one thing, they always had to move far enough to one side to allow German troops coming from the battle front to pass them. That often meant they had to go in single file and thin out for miles and miles. Then, too, when they reached some narrow emergency bridge, they had to wait until the columns of German troops, sometimes as many as fifteen miles long, had first crossed. During such waiting periods they could move neither forward nor backward.

There were sights I shall never forget: a father and two sons hitched like horses before an automobile (there was no gasoline available anywhere for civilians), a mother and two young daughters pushing from behind, while inside the car was a canary and a three year old boy.

A sturdy French lad pushing his aged mother, who was perched uncomfortably on bedding, suitcase, and cooking utensils, in a wheelbarrow.

A father and mother pulling an ancient, springless cart in which lay a baby sucking away at a rather greasy-looking rubber nipple; while, trudging behind the cart were a boy and girl about eight and ten years old, who alternated at carrying a parrot in a cage suspended from a walking cane.

A woman of the leisure class painfully walking in high-heeled

shoes, with costly furs around her neck, her fashionable hat bedraggled.

A tall, gaunt Catholic priest with a suitcase slung over his back and his right hand clutching his prayer book, tramping along the dusty road.

Two nuns each leading a bicycle, in the wire baskets of which were two infants while bedding and bread bags were tied onto the saddles.

Whole families sitting in hay wagons atop a motley array of needed household goods and bedding, and purposeless but sentimentally cherished belongings, such as framed wedding pictures, embroidered pillows, favorite books.

Weirdest of all was a hearse drawn by eight or ten men, and in the space where the coffin usually rests, some ten to twelve Belgian children!

The countless military cemeteries which these évacuées and refugees passed, may have reminded them that perhaps their father, brother or fiancé was among the thousands buried there. As though to add to the cheerlessness of the situation, these wanderers often had to halt at a crossroad along which marched twenty to thirty thousand disarmed soldiers, going into captivity somewhere in Germany. Their loved ones might be among these beaten warriors. Would they ever find each other again? That was a thought that haunted me day after day as I viewed this pitiful parade.

Another scene that haunted me for days was finding, at a road intersection south of Beauvais on the French-Belgian border, a jumbled mass of English Bibles, French prayer books, Catholic rosaries, detective novels—and letters to and from soldiers. The letters, some of which I took with me as sad souvenirs, but which I could not bring out of Germany, are deeply touching.

In one case, a tank driver had apparently just begun to write a letter to his sweetheart in England, during a lull in the battle, assuring her of his undying love. The envelope was addressed

so I was able to send it to the fiancée through a friend in Switzerland.

In another case, a young Scotch mother advised her husband of the birth of the couple's first son.

There were highly emotional French letters to wives and children at home, full of hope for an early cessation of hostilities. I remember reading a particularly touching letter from a French gunner to his step-parents in Lille. Just then a Swedish colleague found the gunner himself, identifying him by his metal number tag. He was only a few feet away, dead and mangled, lying beside his shattered battery.

Of individual, dramatic scenes during those trips to western Europe in May and June, 1940, two stand forth preeminently: our entry into Paris on the day of its capitulation, June 14, and my attendance at the armistice ceremony in the forest of Compiègne, on June 21.

On the morning of June the fourteenth we started out from Brussels, in the direction of Amiens, with the intention of inspecting Rouen and Le Havre, both now in German possession. The High Command gave us to understand that, if plans carried, we might be taken into Paris in a week or ten days.

Before leaving Brussels, Pierre Huss of INS, Fred Oechsner of the UP, and I called at the American embassy. Ambassador John Cudahy was not in, but his secretary laughed incredulously when we said the Germans expected to take us into conquered Paris soon.

"That's ridiculous," he said. "Why, only yesterday a counter offensive started and the Germans are in retreat."

Two hours later, as we were approaching Amiens, the officer in charge of my car turned on the radio for the one o'clock German news broadcast. To our amazement the announcer said that Paris had capitulated that morning. Rouen and Le Havre no longer interested us. "On to Paris," we journalists from half a dozen countries shouted. We gained our point. Ignoring his orders, our colonel headed for the French capital.

Paris was a ghost city when I entered it by the Clichy Gate shortly before sundown. Seventy percent of the population had fled, the rest for the most part remained in their homes. The few citizens who had gathered about motorized loudspeakers sent through the city by the Germans gaped at us curiously. The French police stood at the street corners, uncertain as to where they fitted into the picture.

The familiar cries of Parisian newspaper vendors were missing. The book stalls along the Seine were closed. Only one café was open on the Champs Elysées. Other avenues radiating from the Place de la Concorde, normally crowded with people sipping their aperitifs, were dead. At the busy Place de l'Opera I counted exactly eleven persons, two of them policemen. Many of the city's hotels were locked. It was almost by accident that we found the Hotel Scribe open and requisitioned by the German army.

Before taking rooms there, we drove to the "Inconnu." As a background to the Arc de Triomphe, the sky was disfigured by an ugly cloud of smoke from the region around St. Germain, which was in flames. Hovering above this smoke were the last rays of the sun, bathing the Arc in a mellow, reddish light.

Before the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier stood old women, young women, bearded men, boys in their 'teens. Many an older woman was sobbing. There was hatred in the eyes of the men as they saw the Nazi uniforms of our guards.

I did not recognize Paris. The swastika was flying from the Hotel Crillon, where in 1918 President Wilson addressed the French crowds. It was flying from the Quai d'Orsay, whose diplomats the German government held chiefly responsible for the present war. It was flying from the Arc de Triomphe, under which lies buried the Unknown Soldier of France. It was flying from the historic city hall, seat of the municipal government, then in the hands of the army of occupation. The swastika flew even from the top of the famous landmark of Paris, the Eiffel Tower.

As the kitchen of the Hotel Scribe was closed, we were advised to go to the Ritz. A dirty, dusty, grimy, bedraggled lot we were as we strode into the hotel in our muddy boots.

The colonel demanded food for a party of thirty, consisting of nine correspondents, three of them Americans; seven chauffeurs, and fourteen military officers and officials of various German ministries.

“Sorry,” said the manager, “but the kitchen is closed and the waiters have gone home.” It was ten o’clock.

This did not disturb the colonel in the least. “Chauffeurs forward,” he commanded. “Go down to the kitchen, help get food and serve it.”

A few minutes later two chauffeurs appeared carrying cases of beer and champagne. At the same time, four French waiters in immaculate evening dress suddenly hove into sight to serve us. Delicious ham, mellow cheese, and scalloped eggs appeared as though by magic.

That was our unforgettable entry into *La Ville Lumière*!

Compiègne was another scene of drama. We were taken from Berlin by plane to Le Bourget. The famous Paris airfield was dead. Its spacious administration and passenger depot had been partly bombed. Almost all the windows were broken. German soldiers stood on guard, and German landing crews watched over our arrival.

The motor car drive to Compiègne was typical of what we encountered everywhere in war-ridden sections of France. We drove past miles of hapless returning refugees, through shelled Senlis, over beautiful highways lined on either side by hastily dug graves, each surmounted merely by a bayoneted rifle, on top of which was a French steel helmet. We passed constant evidence of headlong flight, abandoned cannons; in one place, even abandoned brass instruments of a military band. Personal belongings were strewn along the highway. As we reached the

Forest of Compiègne, the stench of decaying flesh was sickening in the air.

About half a mile from the monument which commemorates the return of Alsace and Lorraine to France in 1918, our cars halted and we alighted. The monument was covered by a huge Nazi flag and I understand it was later blown to atoms at Hitler's order.

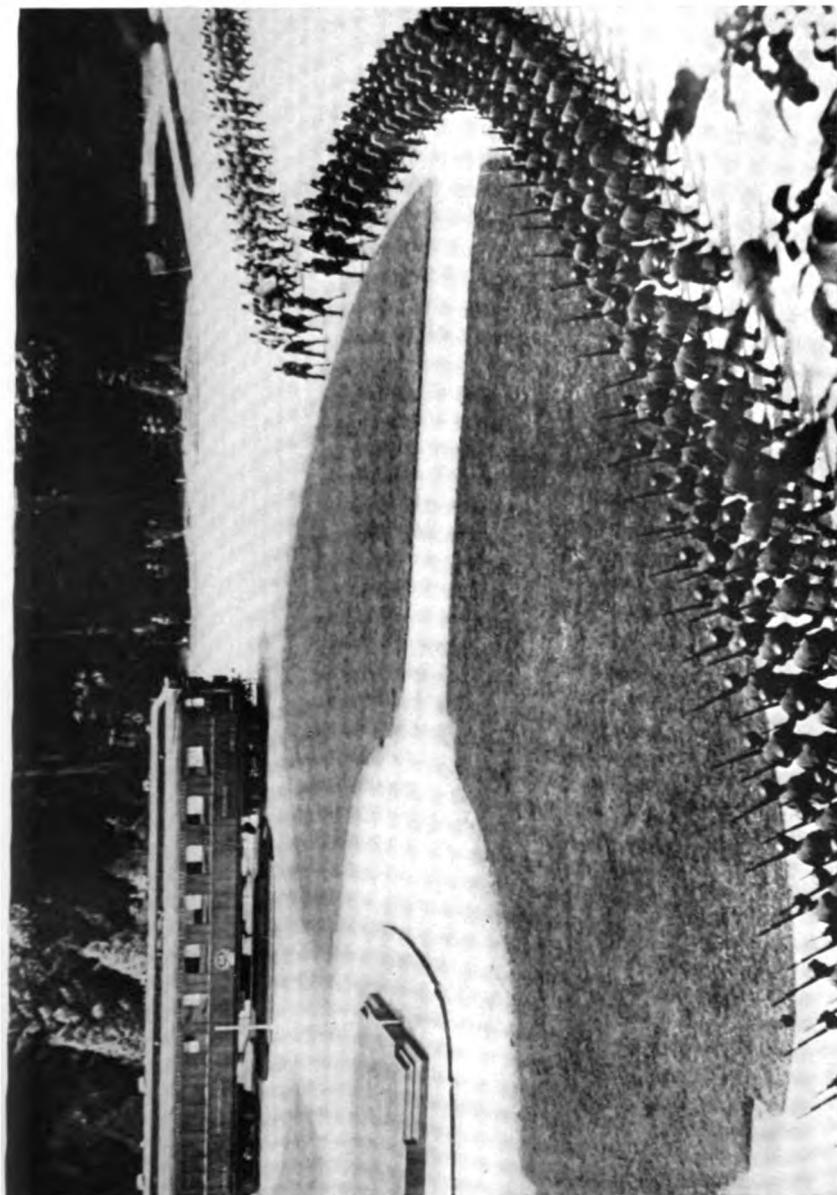
We walked to the famous "rondell" where, in 1918, on railway tracks which were still extant, Foch's car had stood on one side and that of the German armistice delegation on the other. Between the tracks there was a big slab bearing the words, "Here on November 11, 1918 was vanquished the criminal insolence of the German Empire by a free people whom it sought to victimize."

A flagpole had been erected, guarded by two soldiers who, when Hitler later appeared, raised the Führer's pennant, or standard. Hitherto Foch's historic dining car, in which the Germans in 1918 signed the capitulation, had been housed in a building especially erected for it. Now, for purposes of the French capitulation, it had been placed in the exact spot where it stood on November 11, 1918. Hitler loves theatrical *coupes* like that!

Wonderful sunshine flooded a scene which outwardly seemed so peaceful, yet which meant unspeakable tragedy for France.

At 3:15 Adolf Hitler arrived, followed by Goering, Raeder, Brauchitsch and Keitel. With arms folded over his breast, Hitler surveyed the dining car, then went across the "rondell" to view the monument to Marshal Foch. He read the inscription on the large stone between the two tracks and a gleam of satisfaction passed over his face. After chatting earnestly for a few minutes with his entourage, he entered the car and took the seat once occupied by Foch. More theatrical play!

Five minutes later the French delegation appeared. They were an unforgettable sight! General Huntziger, haggard, tense, pale, approached the car haltingly, with his delegates, saluted the

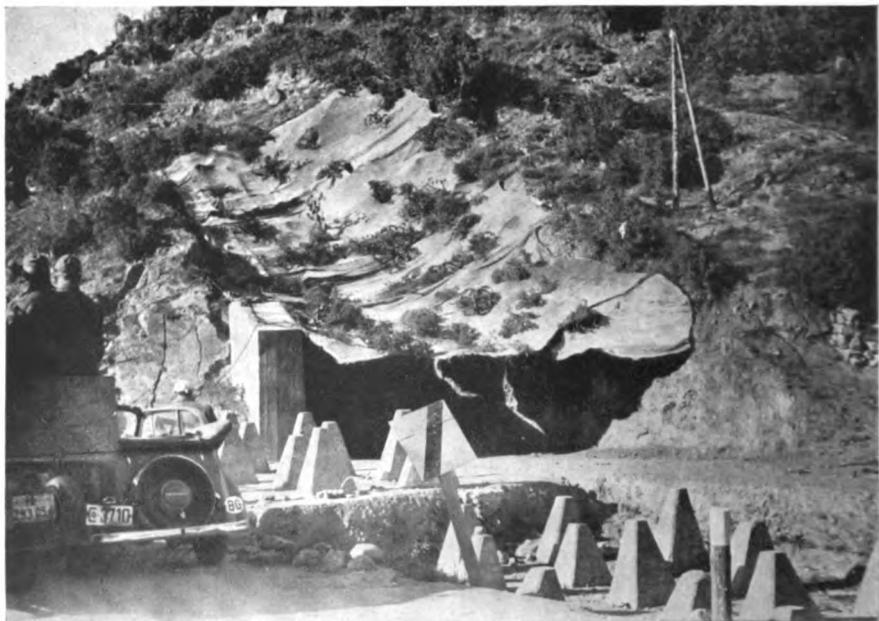


Photograph from Press Association, Inc.

Compiègne 1940 was a reversal of Compiegne 1918: now German troops were on parade, and Hitler sat in the place once occupied by Marshal Foch in the historic railway car.



a. Lone mountain roads, with deep abysses yawning beneath, led over high mountain passes from the Struma Valley of Yugo-Slavia to the Metaxas Line of Greece. Effective bombing of these roads would have rendered the German advance impossible.



b. The Metaxas Line was a natural. This picture shows the entrance to a fortification hewn into the rock.



a. Every night hundreds of tired, bedraggled returning Greek soldiers would lie down in the street before a local German commandery in the hope that the next morning there might be enough left over from the German field kitchen to feed them also.



b. Even the Acropolis of Athens assumed a martial air. A German anti-aircraft gun was placed near the Parthenon.



a. Whenever the Russians withdrew, they applied the “scorched earth” policy. This picture of a Karelian village near Lake Ladoga shows how everything was burned down when the Russians retreated, except the chimney and the stoves.



b. Members of a Russian “kolchost” or community farm which fell into Finnish hands.

German honor company which presented arms to the beaten foe. With hesitating step they entered the diner where Hitler and his associates had risen.

Keitel read aloud the preamble to the armistice agreement, and then Hitler and all his party, except Keitel, left the car. There was another tense moment when the band struck up the *Deutschland Lied* in Hitler's honor, and the French delegation, left behind in the car with Keitel, rose to salute as the strains were wafted over the big place. The ceremony was over. Keitel and the Frenchmen settled down to a reading of the detailed terms of the armistice.

Later the historic car was taken to Berlin as a souvenir.

Our trip through conquered Yugoslavia, late in April, 1941, was a hurried one. The principal concern of the High Command seemed to be that we reach Athens in time for Field Marshal Wilhelm List's military parade on May 3. Yet even during those three days on Serbian soil we saw sights we shall not forget.

Belgrade, the capital, was in bad shape. About a fourth of the city had been blasted by Stuka bombers. The railway station, the general staff headquarters, the royal palace, government and other public buildings were all a shambles. There were restricted areas into which we were not allowed to go. We learned secretly that the reason was that typhoid was raging there.

All the evidence that we could gather pointed to the fact that the Yugoslav high command had failed to function forty-eight hours after the German blitz struck the country. The army appears especially to have lacked modern communication. It also seemed that the Serbs were prepared to resist an attack from a German army coming from the north, but were not ready to have Hitler's troops march in on them from the south. Both Hungary and Bulgaria had permitted the Nazi forces to march through their allegedly neutral lands many weeks before the blow at Yugoslav independence was struck.

Even in those first days after the German occupation, we

were aware of dogged, clandestine Serbian resistance. Complaints came steadily to the local German commanderies that certain German soldiers or officers had disappeared mysteriously. As a result, an order was issued that no German in uniform must go out alone after dark—he must walk in the company of at least one other person!

One night in early May, 1941, we stopped in the vermin-infested, dilapidated temporary headquarters of a local German commandery in central Greece. We told the commandant that we were on our way to Athens, and that the German High Command desired us to be taken there in time for the big German victory parade two days hence.

"You are not the only ones," commented the commandant, a first lieutenant of the reserve. "Yesterday a bunch of Italian officers who, I believe, never smelled powder, came through here with brand new uniforms and shining decorations. They said they were on their way to Athens to ride in the victory parade. The nerve of them! In Albania they encountered defeat after defeat, and we finally had to come and help them. Now, after we've done the work and cleaned up the Greeks, the Italians want to sit pretty in the parade and act as though they were the conquerors!"

He took a deep sip from a bottle of French cognac and broke into a chuckle. "We are fixing those vain monkeys, all right. I'll let you in on a secret: Those macaroni eaters won't reach Athens in time for the parade. We officers at the front have ways of 'interpreting' orders from G.H.Q., especially when we know they will be tickled at our doing so.

"The Italians had a document from the German High Command, enjoining on the various officers in charge along the line to facilitate their quick passage. There was a German dispatch rider with them. With a solemn face he would present the orders and then later take the commanders aside and add with a wink, 'But they aren't to be carried out!'

"The officers got the point. They were no more anxious than the rest of us for the Italians to show off in the victory parade. You know how narrow the mountain roads are and how easy it is to clutter them up. Whenever the Italian officers approach, some stupid-looking soldiers fall out of line with their horse-drawn vehicles and sprawl all over the road. So the Italians can't pass by. I tell you, those Italians will never take part in the parade."

He was right. The officers reached the Greek capital after the show was all over.

From another direction, however, some of Mussolini's men did manage to push into Athens on time, but I doubt whether they liked it. As soon as the parade was over, I saw with my own eyes that the Greeks made fun of any Italian in uniform, laughed derisively and hurled verbal insults at him. I even saw some daring Greek youths seize three Italian privates, sauntering unarmed along one of the busiest thoroughfares of Athens, shake them violently, point to the German soldiers, indicating "It is they who defeated us, not you." Not a uniformed German rallied to the support of the three Italians, who lost themselves in the crowd as quickly as they could.

When I recall my experiences in Greece, I think of those thousands and thousands of Hellenic soldiers who were returning, in shabby clothing, often without shoes, in the burning May and June sun all the way from the mountains of Albania where they had bravely defeated the Italians to southern Greece. Now that Hitler's forces had compelled them to liquidate the war they had to hike homeward over sterile fields, over earth scorched by the sun.

Unlike his method elsewhere, Hitler had set his Greek prisoners free immediately. This seemed like a humane gesture but actually he was relieving himself of the responsibility of feeding hundreds of thousands of prisoners in a country entirely dependent upon overseas wheat and other commodities.

So the poor devils were footing it—usually with newspapers

wrapped around their feet in place of shoes—over barren mountain passes, over fields from which they gratefully plucked a blade of grass here and there, sleeping at night on the street before some local German commandery such as Larissa, hoping that in the morning enough might be left from the German field kitchen to give them a little bit.

I returned from my trip convinced in my own mind that the first European country to starve would be Greece. Unfortunately, I seem to have been right.

The last time I was permitted to go to a warring front was in Finland, early in August, 1941. But for once the German timing had failed. Correspondents had been invited to visit the other fronts in order to be in at the kill. This time, we were to see the fall of Leningrad. But the High Command slipped. It was as mistaken in timing our journey to Finland as it was in its predictions about the Russian front generally.

My friend and colleague Pierre Huss of INS, who usually shared a room or barracks or bunk with me at the front, who invariably sat in the same military car with me on such trips, and who proved to be one of the finest, squarest, and most congenial competitor-colleagues with whom I was associated during my twenty-one years in Europe, is in a good position to testify as a crown witness, with me, to this outstanding miscalculation of the Nazi High Command.

When we were approached in mid-July last year with a proposal to go to the Russian front by way of Finland, we both pointed out, that interested as we might be in following the GERMAN armies into Russia, we did not feel justified in going to the Finnish-Russian front, as we were accredited to Berlin and, strictly speaking, had no news "jurisdiction" elsewhere.

"If I am correctly informed," the German official replied, "the whole purpose in taking you by plane to Finland and thence by car into Russia, is that you are to be brought into Leningrad in the wake of the German army. The way through Helsinki is

the most convenient one, but I'll inquire again and make doubly sure."

A few days later he called us again. "It is as I told you," he said. "You are to be in Leningrad not later than ten days or at most two weeks after starting from Berlin."²

On that assurance we accepted. We flew from Berlin on the morning of July 31, 1941. When we reached Helsinki that same night one of my Finnish friends—I had been there on journalistic assignment before—took me aside and said, "What is this we hear about you being on your way to Leningrad?"

"We have assurances from the German High Command that we are to be there in not more than a fortnight," I replied.

"Have you brought parachutes with you?" the blond son of Suomi persisted.

"Parachutes?" I countered in surprise. "Why?"

"Because that is the only way you'll get into Leningrad this year," was the realistic rejoinder of a man who knew the Russians well.

That was more than a year ago. I am still waiting to go into Leningrad!

While we never—fortunately—reached the former czarist capital, the trip to the Russian front was decidedly worthwhile. Warfare on the Finnish-Russian front in the Lake Ladoga region was more primitive than anything I had hitherto experienced. Both the Finns and the Russians are hardy races and apparently they asked less of life than did the more pampered races of western and central Europe. Here was real trench warfare such as I had not seen anywhere else. We had to make our way for-

² Hitler, in his speech of October 3, 1941, opening the winter relief drive, admitted that he had underestimated the Russians. His words were, "We were not mistaken about anything except that we did not know how awfully big were the preparations against us and how closely Europe escaped bolshevism." I recall saying to my wife at the time, "If in any country having parliamentary government the chief of the cabinet had admitted such an egregious error, a motion of no-confidence would almost certainly have been introduced." Nobody, of course, was permitted to criticize Hitler!

ward, ducking quickly, jumping alertly, and crawling on our stomachs.

Staff officers, in these Karelian forests, had their tiny headquarters in the form of dugouts with camouflaged canvas covers. There, by the dim light of oil lamps, with a cot, a chair and a little table on which to spread their maps, they planned their strategic moves. Even the divisional headquarters of Lieutenant-General Axel E. Heinrichs, in charge of the Ladoga sector of the Finnish army, was an unpretentious frame house of spartan simplicity.

Nowhere have I seen women taking as direct and active a part in warfare as in Finland. Every woman who can spare the time enlists with the Lottas, a women's auxiliary named after Lotta Svaerd, an historic character who followed her husband into the war of liberation from Russian sovereignty. Everywhere near and behind the front one meets the Lottas in their gray, nurse-like uniforms. They attend to patients, do cooking, drive cars, and stand at night in observation towers scanning the horizon for possible Russian fliers, and particularly for incendiary bombs dumped on forests dry from many weeks drouth. Some 120,000 Finnish women are thus virtually on a war footing.

The most appalling aspect of the Finnish situation is the blood-letting which her struggle on Germany's side is costing her. Again and again I was told by Finnish statesmen and generals that the little republic simply cannot afford to lose many more men. In fact, Finnish sociologists contend that, in order to recover from the biological effects of the so-called "winter war" against Russia in 1939-1940, and the present conflict up to August 1, 1941, every married couple must produce at least six children.

The Finnish general staff therefore relied upon the people's excellent knowledge of the forests to advance yard after yard with a minimum loss of life. "The forest is the Finnish soldier's friend," was a proverb which was often quoted to me during my stay.

The Finns were frank to admit that the Russian is an exceedingly tough fighter. He will stay put even when death seems certain. "At defensive tactics the Russians are probably unparalleled in the world," General Heinrichs told me. "The Russian," he added, "is a formidable enemy, who fights fatalistically without fear of death, who has been excellently trained all these years, and who is eminently well equipped."

I found corroboration of the latter statement in the fact that many a Finnish soldier proudly showed me the Russian rifle he had captured. He always used it in preference to the Finnish make.

The Finnish people have a traditional, centuries-old hatred of the Russians, under whose heel they had been. On the other hand, they are exceedingly uncomfortable in the iron embrace of Germany. President Riso Ryti of Finland, former president of the National Bank of Finland, is a man of markedly Anglo-Saxon leanings. Over and over, in his talk with me he emphasized the fact, "We are not an imperialistic people." They are a little people caught between two struggling giants. But of one thing there could be little doubt. They longed desperately to maintain their friendly relations with the western world.

Helsinki, like New York, is a city hewn out of rock. Its air raid precautions are magnificent. Out of the rock foundations they have carved a huge subterranean area, with a big hospital, municipal offices, telephone service, and so forth. Not easily will Helsinki fall to the enemy.

Naturally, the breakdown of their time schedule and their failure to take the foreign correspondents to Leningrad caused the Germans considerable embarrassment. With a somewhat sheepish air they assured us that there were transportation difficulties. Von Ribbentrop's plane in which we were to make our triumphal entrance was needed elsewhere. In fact, the best way to handle the whole thing would be to go back to Berlin where another trip could be organized.

The correspondents, with utter lack of tact, kept insisting,

"But why don't you take us to Leningrad?" But no doubt the Germans were right. The best thing, at that point, was certainly to go back to Berlin.

Needless to say, there was one front I did not visit—England. In the autumn of 1940, after a three-day tour along the German occupied Belgian and French coasts, I expressed the following opinion:

"Evidently Hitler and his general staff intend to conduct the campaign against England as methodically and carefully as the other German campaigns in this amazing war. My three-day trip . . . has impressed me forcefully with the confidence prevailing everywhere among German army, navy and air force men that the invasion of England is only a matter of time."

It seemed then as though an attempt on England, if made at that time were bound to succeed. Everywhere airports had sprouted up like mushrooms. Whole blocks of houses had been razed to the ground to make room for German military needs. What interested me most, however, was the constant talk of an invasion of England.

It was evident that an immense number of barges—that used to ply the Rhine, the Danube, the Elbe, and other large streams—had been requisitioned. At one point our driver lost his way and came to a large camouflaged strip of land close to the Belgian coast which we were certainly not supposed to see. We espied a veritable fleet of barges carefully covered up with twigs.

Snooping around as well as we could under conditions of being carefully "guided," we nevertheless learned about a sort of submarine tank with which experiments were being made. It was supposed to be a contraption that can dive under like a submarine, but when it reaches shore, it will proceed like any modern tank.

There was also much talk of myriads of speedboats which were supposed to be under construction. But we could not put our finger on any evidence to bear out this rumor.

What we did note, however, was that the coastal artillery, at least along those strips of the Belgian and French coasts we visited, had expanded impressively. This was something we could judge for ourselves, for on previous trips, immediately after the disaster of Dunquerque, we had been along the same stretch of coast. It was now thickly studded with guns, and more were being brought from the Reich.

From this trip we returned without obtaining an answer to the question—Why did Hitler not follow up Dunquerque and attempt to invade Great Britain? Suffice it here to remind the reader that prominent English military experts and publicists have frankly said that Hitler made a grave strategic blunder in not following up his success in western Europe with an immediate invasion of England; that the British Isles were not prepared at that time for an attack, and his coup might then well have succeeded.

We cannot escape the conclusion: too late now!



XII

LESSONS LEARNED FROM THE ENEMY

WISHFUL thinking will not win this war. The wise people who laughed indulgently and incredulously when, on landing from the *Drottningholm*, I asserted that Hitler was planning a gigantic offensive along the whole Russian front, are welcome to their mirth. I cannot find the situation at the date of this writing so funny.

The military experts may tear me to pieces, if they will, and say that a layman has no business to draw lessons from chance observations. None the less, certain facts were driven home to me with impelling force; certain lessons were learned which should, I think, be known to the American people.

One: It is of vital importance that propaganda and military effort be minutely coördinated.

I learned this first great lesson before ever starting for a battle front. From the moment the war began, German propaganda was dovetailed into the war effort. No press release of any kind was issued without relation to what was going on in the military, political, and economic sectors of the German front.

For instance, long before any military objective was taken, the men in charge of propaganda had minute data prepared for release on the day of victory. Illuminating and informative material was available at the moment of capture on every city taken, every river or canal of importance crossed. The day Odessa fell, we correspondents were furnished with a complete dossier on the strategic and geographic position of this Black

Sea port, its railway facilities, manufacturing capacity, freight and shipping turnover, industries, natural resources, racial composition of the population, and the like.

Another important role of carefully dovetailed propaganda was that of diverting enemy attention from the scene of an intended surprise attack, by throwing the spotlight of daily publicity on something quite different.

Before Adolf Hitler invaded Norway, for instance, German press releases, editorials and radio comments all centered around alleged information that the British were preparing for a great *coup* in the Mediterranean. That was in March, 1940, when Great Britain and Italy were still at peace with each other. This spotlighting of publicity upon the Mediterranean led the world to turn its attention in a southerly direction. While nobody was looking, Hitler prepared his blitz offensive against King Haakon's realm.

When preparations were at their height for the invasion of Soviet Russia, German press handouts hinted that England was getting ready for an attempted landing in Holland, Belgium or France. With characteristic initiative, it was hinted, Hitler would forestall such an attempt by boldly striking against the British Isles himself for that long-planned invasion of allegedly invincible Albion.

Dr. Joseph Goebbels himself led this camouflage propaganda by writing an article in which he seriously discussed an invasion of the British Isles and demonstrated its practicability. It appeared in the weekly organ, *Das Reich*, which has a wide international circulation, and fooled many people. Fortunately, our American military mission in Berlin was not taken in. It agreed fully with the sources at my disposal that the next move would be directed against Soviet Russia. True, the Goebbels logic seemed compelling, and it was only because our information about the preparations for the Russian invasion were so well-authenticated that we stuck to our view that the Soviet Union,

and not the British Isles, was next on Adolf Hitler's time schedule.

Propaganda was also dovetailed into the effort to prepare the German people for coming events which might shock them if they were not prepared. For instance, the war against Soviet Russia would have been a rude shock to the German people, in the light of the pact which Hitler concluded with Stalin in August 23, 1939, if nothing had been done to prepare them. As early as February 19, 1941, the publication of press items emanating from Soviet sources was forbidden and only German News Bureau reports from Moscow were released. Gradually more and more anti-soviet propaganda was fed to the press so that, by the time Herr Hitler's forces marched into the Soviet Union on June 22, 1941, the nation was ideologically prepared for the invasion.

Another striking case in point is the propaganda concerning the United States, which illustrates again the coördination of propaganda with intended military effort. As long as it seemed that the United States might remain out of the conflict, German editors were told not to write anything insulting to America. Then, when our support of Great Britain became ever more evident, the propaganda effort was a foreign rather than a domestic one. That is, they embarked on the naive undertaking of trying to drive a wedge between the American people and the administration, by representing President Roosevelt as a demented man who was leading his country into a catastrophe.

Finally the moment came when Hitler realized such an effort was in vain. Sooner or later the two countries would become directly involved with each other. From then on, the German mind was carefully prepared to consider America as an enemy of civilization, a barbarous country in which rape, lynchings, theft, and adultery are the order of the day. The United States was described as a country run by Jews and gangsters. Its social outlook was that of the Middle Ages. Labor had no real chance. Wall Street was supreme.

Goebbels was in a fair way to convince his German readers and listeners of an inevitable victory over the United States, when Pearl Harbor spoiled his work before his propaganda build-up was finished. Hitler's declaration of war on America did not awaken the desired echo. The nation accepted it without enthusiasm; it came, indeed, as a great shock to the German people. They felt instinctively that this time the Führer had overreached himself, and it acted like a cold douche on German morale. It was, I firmly believe, the greatest diplomatic blunder in Hitler's career.

Another effect of tying in propaganda with military effort was in encouraging Hitler's allies with appreciative acknowledgment of their services at times when they most needed it.

This was particularly true of Italy. The Latins are a volatile people. Whenever Mussolini and his henchmen had their downs, the German press was effusive in praise of what the Italian ally was doing. These comments, reprinted in the dailies of Rome, Milan, Naples, Torino and elsewhere, considerably bolstered up the public morale.

At strategic moments, the Finns, the Hungarians, the Romanians, the Bulgarians, and the Croats, have also come in for effusive encomium. It costs the Nazi regime nothing and has a more wholesome effect upon her satellites than carping criticism.

One more service of propaganda to the military effort is the effective planting of stories about alleged secret weapons and other war mysteries. From time to time the foreign correspondents in Berlin were fed so-called "exclusives" on this or that newly invented secret weapon. They were told they need give credit to nobody, that they could put it out as their original story and earn praise from their home editors for their enterprise. They need not fear being accused of revealing military secrets; the Propaganda Ministry would protect them.

Fortunately, the Americans could always check up with our competent military observers on stories of this kind, which were usually exploded. But there were enough correspondents from

small countries who eagerly picked up such a story and made a sensation of it. Whether their experts at home believed them or not, the fact is that these yarns served to give the German *Wehrmacht* a build-up of invincibility among the masses and thus kept these small countries in fear and trembling of the big Third Reich.

When these secret-weapon stories had been proved successful, another propaganda trick was tried out. From time to time a story was supplied to the representative of a small European paper with a Washington or other internationally famous date-line. This story would claim that Roosevelt or Churchill or some other statesman (depending upon the country from which the dispatch was dated) was about to seize, say, the Azores.

The story would be copied by the German press, as soon as it appeared in the little country—of course, using the London or Washington date-line—and floodgates of invective were let down on America, Great Britain, or what-have-you, and the nation harboring such a bestial plot would be revealed as an aggressor. The gullible public in Germany, believing the foreign dispatch to be genuine, would arise in indignation and morale at home was at once improved.

Two: The German Wehrmacht used only one type of car on any given road during its advances into enemy country.

I learned this on the automobile trip I took from Gleiwitz to Czestochava. My curiosity was aroused when I noticed that not only the car in which I was driving, but all the motor vehicles we encountered on that principal highway of southern Poland, were of Mercedes make.

"Are you going to fight the whole war with the Mercedes?" I asked.

"Not at all," said my guide. "But we use the Mercedes on this particular road to simplify matters. In that way, we need take in our army cavalcade only one set of spare parts, only one type of tire, only one group of mechanics who specialize on Mercedes

cars, and probably worked in Mercedes factories all their lives. Do you see how easy the problem of repairs becomes? On other roads you will find other German makes—the Opels, the Wanderers, the Auto-Unions, the Hanomags. But on any given road there will be only one type."

I may add parenthetically that standardization of automobile types by roads did not prevent German officers from picking American cars from booty captured from the enemy, wherever they could find them. The military car in which I was taken to Athens crashed into another and my guide requisitioned a Nash. All the way back he exhibited it with boyish pride to fellow officers, repeating, "After all, there's nothing like a good American car!"

Three: We must remember there are many sections of Europe where the roads are in a most primitive condition. Hence, in our plans for overseas operations, we must take this into account.

To people like ourselves, in a country so completely motorized that good highways are second nature, really bad roads are almost inconceivable. Yet they are a commonplace in Poland, Yugoslavia, Greece, and Russia.

The road along which I traveled for fifty miles in the Mercedes, although a main highway, was full of bumps. At times it seemed as though we might get stuck in the morass directly ahead of us, but a few seconds later I would find, to my surprise, that we were riding smoothly, with scarcely a jar.

"We just went over a steel mattress," explained the lieutenant-colonel in my car. "Wherever the troops ahead of us come to impassable sections of the road, they spread out these steel mattresses. They will be taken up later when our labor draftees repair and condition the highways."

Of course, steel mattresses are expensive, particularly for a country which must husband its iron and steel. As the German army acquired more practical experience in fighting in eastern and south-eastern Europe, therefore, every motor car soon car-

ried a supply of sticks or thin logs about as thick as a baseball bat, and the width of a car. These were used to make a dam of sticks over particularly bad patches of road.

Four: The railway is more important to Germany in war than the automobile. It follows as a corollary that United Nation bombers can hardly seek more worthwhile targets than railway junctions, railroad engines, freight trains, and round houses.

Germany is infinitely worse off than the United States in regard to gasoline, rubber and high grade lubricants. The needs of the air force for high octane gasoline are so terrific that benzine has not only been cut to the bone for civilian needs, but it has even proven to be an expensive and, under the circumstances, wasteful means of moving army supplies and troops by army transport. The railway is far more economical.

As I flew from Berlin to Gleiwitz, I was particularly struck by the astounding lack of traffic on the big super highways which had been constructed with such haste and in such numbers from the moment the Nazis came into power. I further noticed with the aid of my spy glass that the only trains moving along the railway tracks were freight cars with military equipment (including many horses) and troop trains.

Arrived in conquered Poland, I noticed that almost the first concern of the invading army was to repair torn-up or demolished tracks and damaged railway bridges. As I followed the day-by-day communiqués of the German High Command, I observed that, next to destroying enemy airports, the Luftwaffe was most active in bombing the Polish railway system.

The railway is one of the most vital arteries of the *Wehrmacht*; with railway traffic tied up, a general with a magnificent strategic plan would be as helpless as a newspaperman with a hot story when the telegraph and telephone wires have broken down.

I have noticed lately, with great satisfaction, that there is a growing realization in this country that one of the most im-

portant tasks for our air force and the R.A.F. to perform is that of interfering with enemy railway communication. It is of great military importance to wreck plants that manufacture goods, parts, and materials for war use. But isn't it putting the cart before the horse, to do this first, and leave the railways for later attention? To me, as a layman, it seems that the task of putting out of commission all the important plants essential to Germany's war effort, will take a long time, during which the finished goods will continue to move. But if transportation is wrecked first, even finished goods cannot reach their destination.

Perhaps it is presumptuous for a layman thus to try to suggest to the military strategists what they ought to do. And yet a newspaperman can claim to have a certain eye for this problem as his constant worry is that of transportation. During my years abroad I invariably, on reaching the scene of a news assignment, looked first to see what the technical facilities were for getting my copy out, and only after that began to worry about my story.

Five: The Germans never ceased putting through stiff practice and conditioning their armed forces, even when their own position seemed impregnable, because such eternal vigilance finally led to discovery of weak points in the enemy's armor.

In evaluating Hitler's stupendous initial successes in the air over Poland, the Lowlands and France, one must not forget that the Nazi air force did not enter the fight against the R.A.F. without experience. The Spanish civil war had been the Führer's experimental ground.

The fliers, as well as certain German specialized engineering troops, had had their baptism of fire as "volunteers" for Franco. We who were stationed in Germany as correspondents knew that the "volunteers" were actually assigned. But when we mentioned that German soldiers had gone to Spain we were accused of maligning the German name and were threatened with expulsion if we repeated the offense.

In and over Spain the Luftwaffe learned the indispensable

team work, the precise formation-flying which gives the better drilled force the edge over the opponent. It learned that bombers must not venture on a raid without ample fighter protection. I recall how amazed the German military experts were when, during the very first raids over northwestern Germany, the R.A.F. apparently sent magnificent bombers to certain destruction by not covering them with the fighter "umbrella" which is now, happily, a regular accompaniment to any raid.

In and over Spain, too, they were able to try out various types of munitions, study the efficacy of different kinds of bombs, learn by practical experience what bomb-sights were most efficacious. They could also gauge the effect of incendiary and explosive bombs, and—where the latter were concerned—of light, heavy and heaviest bombs upon different objectives and under varying conditions.

Service in Spain was regarded as regular war duty for the German fatherland. For instance, the knight's cross of the iron cross, one of the highest military decorations, is awarded after a certain number of successful hits on enemy planes. Now anybody who fought in Spain and afterward in the present war had his hits in Spain placed to his credit toward winning the German knight's cross.

The German people themselves were kept in ignorance of the destination of their sons. They merely noticed that whereas formerly they could write to such-and-such a camp, they were now given numbers only.

My wife, standing in line at the post office one day, heard an anxious mother say to the clerk to whom she handed a letter: "I don't understand why we can't write to our boys at their camps as we used to."

The postal official shook his head. "It seems Spanish to me," he admitted. (That is a German expression which is the equivalent of our "It's Greek to me.") The hint was sufficient to explain the situation to the mother.

After the military collapse of Poland there was a lull for sev-

eral weeks. Late in September, 1939, a group of six foreign correspondents, including the representatives of the three large American news associations, were permitted for the first time to see the Westwall, Germany's counterpart to the French Maginot Line. The term commonly used here, "Siegfried Line," is not the German term.

The visit was tremendously interesting, not only because we learned that Hitler, through his espionage system, had come into possession of the detailed plans and blueprints of the Maginot Line; but also because of what we were shown with unusual frankness. At that time the Nazis still hoped England and France would call off the war, and obviously calculated that our descriptions of what we saw might help in that direction.

During our stay in western Germany, we traveled up and down the Westwall for six hundred miles, first from Cologne to Trier and along the Belgian-Luxembourg border; then through the Saar Valley, into the Palatinate, and finally along the upper reaches of the Rhine. Wherever we went, we saw German troops engaged in artillery practice, in infantry maneuvers, in sham battles with an imaginary enemy, in anti-aircraft practice, in signal corps drill. These daily practices were soon followed by sallies into "No-man's land" and occasionally even into villages from which the French were driven.

Later on, when we were back in Berlin, we read daily about the young lads who, in biting wind, sleet and snow, had to continue these sorties into enemy country, often at the cost of the lives of most of the participants. Sometimes it seemed to us a callous disregard for human life. But when the spring of 1940 came, with its blitz offensive upon the Lowlands and France, we awakened fully to the purpose behind all this incessant practicing, drilling, and reconnoitering. Life at the Westwall had consistently been one of probing into the weak spots in the enemy fortifications, with the result that the German army knew exactly where to launch its offensive with the best chance of success.

While the German army was forever kept in fit condition and

taught offensive tactics throughout the winter, the French apparently settled down to a winter of card playing, reading and chatting inside its fortifications. I saw one French soldier leisurely fishing, another riding away from his bunker on a bicycle to some point farther inland, and two other poilus stretching themselves out lazily in the warm autumnal sunshine.

The French did not seem to care what was happening only a short distance from them in the Westwall. Even generals could come and go without their making an effort to deter them.

On the third afternoon of my visit to the Westwall I stood only 250 yards away from a French bunker, yet no French soldier took a pot shot at me nor, what is more, at a German general with broad red coat lapels and red trouser stripes who planted himself next to me in a manner nothing short of provoking. Only the Rhine River separated us as we calmly observed life on the French side. The men on duty must have seen the general, his adjutant, several colonels, lieutenant colonels, captains and lieutenants guiding our party of six journalists, but they made no attempt to shoot. In fact, the general said that on the previous day he had stood on top this bunker in full uniform for five minutes and had watched the enemy across the river with field glasses. Yet nothing had happened.

One of the things that surprised us greatly during our Westwall visit was the fact that neither Belgium nor Luxembourg seemed to have taken the slightest precautions to protect themselves against Nazi Germany along the very front from which the imperial German army had poured into both countries in August, 1914. We drove along roads skirting the Belgian frontier within ten feet, yet along one hundred miles of Belgian-Luxembourg border we saw exactly six persons in uniform on the opposite side of the boundary—and they were Belgian customs officials!

Another circumstance that amazed us was the fact that the French looked on calmly as the Germans recovered from their hastily evacuated cities one object of value to the war effort after

another. Take, for example, that center of Saar Valley industrial production, Saarbruecken. Normally a teeming, busy place of 69,000 inhabitants, with valuable steel and iron works, it was dead at the time of our visit. It had been evacuated. Signs on many shops read, "Evacuation of this business has been completed." Yet the French made no effort either to seize it or even to shell it.

With our military escorts I entered the dead city in full view of the French. Had they desired, the French could easily have picked us for easy marks. The German officers accompanying us made no effort to conceal their uniforms, indicating their high rank. Nothing happened. We were able to press forward to a street only one mile away from the French line.

The French also did nothing to prevent Saarbruecken industrial plants from carting away their valuable machinery as well as steel and ore reserves, carloads of copper wire and other essentials of war. Our German guides told us 200 freight cars were moving daily from Saarbruecken with materials and machinery of all sorts without the slightest interference by the French.

We also saw big trucks, loaded to the top, leaving across a bridge which the French might easily have destroyed. Yet not a shot had been fired at the city. We also saw dozens of families arriving with vehicles of every description and taking from their homes such valuables as they had failed to grab when the hurried evacuation orders first came.

The terrible awakening for the French came in the spring of 1940 when the Hitler war machine in an incredibly short time overran Holland and Belgium and forced France to her knees.



XIII

MORE LESSONS FROM THE ENEMY

Six: Camouflage should not become stereotyped, but adapt itself to the local scenery, architecture, or terrain.

The stereotyped zigzag in green and brown and gray, so effectively used during World War I, was largely replaced by the Germans with something more modern.

I cabled, on September 27, 1939, to The Associated Press, the following concerning camouflage in the Westwall region:

“Camouflaging has become a fine art in the Saar region sector of Germany’s powerful Westwall. You approach a bridge, for instance, and think you see a gasoline filling station with all normal equipment just before you go onto the bridge. It isn’t a filling station at all. If you look close enough you see machine guns ominously pointing at you from behind the façade that hides a pill box.

“You see a group of trim little houses built in native Saarland style near an industrial plant and take it for granted that they are intended for company employees. As you come closer, you see that windows and curtains have simply been painted against an armor-plated bunker.

“Your eye travels up the beautiful slope of a valley and you see a green and white peasant’s home. Strong field glasses reveal that guns of various calibers protrude from the windows.

“You espy a neat little tavern. Outside, on a blackboard, your favorite wine is advertised at thirty pfennigs a glass. On closer investigation it isn’t a tavern at all—it’s a miniature fort.

"You go into the beautiful forests in which the Saar region abounds. Logs on the slopes seem to lie ready for hauling. As a matter of fact, they are connected by barbed wire entanglements and, together, constitute a formidable obstruction. You penetrate farther into the interior of the forest and see heaps of dried twigs and branches piled up by the forester. Under them you discover huge boxes of munitions.

"Less than a mile from the French, at Saarbruecken, several hundred camouflaged bunkers and other defense stands have been built. Their steel plating is about six inches thick, and their concrete walls are six to twelve feet thick. But you cannot see them."

Berlin camouflage was equally fitted to the particular terrain. Near where we lived in the Giesebrrechtstrasse, there was an artificial lake, the Lietzensee. The Berliners in this western part of the German capital loved to row on the little lake, or to stroll along its shores and feed the swans. For the RAF, however, it afforded an excellent identification mark during their 1940 night raids.

Now the entire lake has been covered with a greenish cloth, from which protrude elevations so painted as to give the impression of sheaves of grain stacked or tied together for harvesting. On the shores of the little lake are frame structures looking exactly like peasant houses. The aviator looking down from above believes he is flying over a peaceful rustic area.

Another landmark for the RAF was the wide avenue that starts in downtown Berlin with Unter den Linden, extends in a straight line via the Brandenburg Gate through the Tiergarten, then continues through the Borough of Charlottenburg to the former Reichskanzler, now Adolf Hitler Platz, and then goes on straight out to the military training grounds of Doeberitz and the former Olympic Village, now sports school for army officers.

The section through the Tiergarten has been overhung with drab cloth from which imitations of small fir trees protrude. The huge pillar and statue of Victory with gilded wings have been

draped in black, as had the famous Quadriga atop the Brandenburg Gate. No longer can the enemy flyer pick his way by the long, continuous, broad avenue which looks like a silver band when viewed from a plane.

The only trouble with this camouflage was that, just before we were deported from Berlin, a wind storm one night arose and tore to shreds this work of art at which busy hands had labored for weeks. It all had to be done over again!

In other German cities similar novelties in the art of camouflaging have been designed. The famous traffic bridge across the Alster, familiar to all Americans who have used Hamburg as a port of entry, is completely hidden and, to fool the enemy, a false bridge, looking just like the original, has been constructed elsewhere. From time to time, I understand, the Nazis themselves started artificial fires on or near this fake during RAF raids to give the impression that it had been hit.

Somewhere outside Berlin there is a false Berlin, parts of which often go up in flames. Bremen has two airports, the real one, well camouflaged, and a fake which often bursts into flame on a raid night.

Seven: Long-term planning of details so heightened the efficacy of an offensive machine that even the greater heroism and ability at improvisation of the opposing force cannot make up for this initial advantage.

We entered the western fighting area from Aachen, motoring first to the Dutch front in the direction of Maastricht. What struck us there was that we were practically never delayed by blasted bridges, although we followed closely behind the attacking armies. We soon learned the reason. The advance preparations had been so thorough that the forward-dashing columns carried with them *ersatz* bridges for every canal they were to cross. All the heroism in the world availed nothing to the gallantly fighting Netherlands soldiers when they were not given time to rally for a massed stand.

Long-term planning also accounted in part for the amazing capture of the excellent belt of fortifications surrounding the Belgian capital. The world marveled, for instance, at the fall of Fort Ebn Email. As a matter of fact, the German High Command had secured the plans for this showpiece of Belgian defense long ago, through its espionage service. With the aid of these blue prints a replica of the fort was constructed somewhere in northern Germany, and for months the taking of the fort was practised in every detail.

Each soldier assigned to this task was drilled in the one operation he was to carry out until, as one of them told me afterward, he could "almost perform it in his sleep." For months he was animated by the one idea: When the great moment comes, you must look for the eighth embrasure and hurl a *geballte Ladung* (packed load, a term applied to particularly high explosive hand grenades) into it to silence that gun. He practised this detail of grenade hurling on the dummy embrasure until he became an expert marksman. The young man who described his experience to me said that when he arrived at Ebn Email, the scene was familiar to him because it was exactly like what he had practised on in northern Germany.

We happened to be in Belgium when Battice, the last of the fortifications that constituted the Liège belt, fell. The husky, heavy-set men of about twenty years of age who had stormed it, were pouring into the town as our car reached it. Perspiring, exhausted, their belts studded with hand grenades, some of which even protruded from their boot-tops, they paused for a drink of water at a pump, then climbed on their bicycles which had been parked in the village churchyard, under guard, during the storming maneuver, and rode off.

"How was it?" I asked a blond, ruddy-cheeked young lad.

"Just fine," he replied. "It's always fine out here," he called back over his shoulder as he pedaled on. I heard him burst into a merry "Tra-la-la." Had I not witnessed the infantry attack,

nothing would have revealed that the young man had faced death only a short half hour before.

I had been struck repeatedly by the fact that the German army had so many bicycle regiments, for, so far as I am aware, we have none in our American army.

"It is much faster than going on foot," a German officer said in answer to my inquiry, "and it makes possible a surprise attack which would be impossible with a motorcycle because of the noise."

Later in August, 1941, in Finland, where gasoline is particularly scarce, I was impressed again with the extensive use made by the Finnish army of the bicycle as a means of locomotion.

Long-term planning of details also accounted for the manner in which the highways were bombed. The German bombers dropped their "eggs" not on the roads themselves but directly beside them. If the roads are torn to pieces, the German High Command figured, only one half of the object is gained—that of interrupting or interfering with or even rendering impossible the approach of the enemy. On the other hand, the other phase of the objective, that of keeping the roads clear for themselves so that they could take the offensive in enemy country, was lost. If a road is blasted and torn a long time is needed for engineers and laborers to repair it. If the highway can be left intact, and the enemy destroyed at the same time, so much the better.

From these strategic deliberations evolved the principle of dropping bombs along the sides of the roads rather than upon the highways. The natural tendency of advancing columns, when enemy bombers hove into sight, was to get off the roads and seek shelter in the ditches. Instead of getting out of danger, the victims placed themselves exactly where the *Luftwaffe* had orders to drop the bombs. Also the lateral concussion of the exploding bomb was found to be such that it literally blew off the road anything that might remain on it, into a telescoped jumble of vehicles, horses, material, and men.

Eight: Air power and more air power and still more air power is indispensable to the winning of this war.

This, I believe, is more fundamental than any of the lessons hitherto mentioned. Modern warfare depends, in a measure hitherto undreamed-of, upon air power for its efficacy.

During my very first visit to the front, in Poland, I had been given an inkling of the importance of air power. At the military airport on which we landed, eighty-seven German bombers were just coming in. They had mercilessly machine-gunned the bewildered retreating Polish troops for whom this new principle of terror from the air had been a complete surprise with which they were unable to cope. There were, I learned, on this and two other improvised airports alone, some eleven hundred military planes of every description.

I cannot emphasize too strongly my belief that the sad story of the Lowlands and of France is principally that of superiority of Nazi air power. That this superiority has been waning rapidly and, in fact, on many sectors of Germany's farflung battle front has already disappeared—thanks chiefly to our American war effort—is, from a military standpoint, one of the most encouraging signs.

The successful storming of the fort outside Liège, which I have already mentioned, might not have been possible without the preliminary work of softening up the Belgians which was done by the *Luftwaffe*. The day before its fall, we saw wave after wave of dive bombers roar above our heads and fly in the direction of Battice. German officers told us this had been going on for several days. Meanwhile German artillery was moved into position and opened furious fire upon the fortress.

The next day, May 22, 1940, as we reached an observation point commanding a superb view of Battice and Liège, the drama unrolled before our eyes. From dizzying heights there suddenly swooped down dive bomber after dive bomber, with deafening roar, striking terror into the defenders of the fort. The explosion of the bombs was followed by clouds of smoke rising to the sky

that had all the colors of the fumes in a Pittsburgh smelter. No sooner was the cloud hovering over one turret or bunker or cupola of the fortress about to vanish, than the terrifying spectacle was repeated elsewhere.

All the fight seemed to be taken out of the brave Belgians. The way was clear for the infantry, and it was not long before the Nazi flag rose on the flagstaff of the fortress.

There was nowhere any evidence of any Belgian air force.

Two weeks previously we had stood on a high wooded hill near Ghent, watching the German forces cross a little river whose name I have forgotten. Before the actual crossing was attempted, German artillery went into action to silence the Belgian and French artillery on the other side of the river. At first the shots fell wide of their mark. Then we noticed that German planes began to hover over the area and within a few minutes the shots went exactly where they were intended, silencing the batteries one after another. The German officers accompanying us said the battle was being conducted by wireless from the scouting planes overhead. There was no RAF or French aircraft to drive them off.

To show how important the air force is in the modern scheme of things, let me describe what I came to recognize as an almost unchanging system in the Nazi method of conducting war:

Long before any offensive begins, German scouting planes photograph every bridge, factory, church, and group of buildings in the region in which the attack is to be launched. Airplane bases, railway junction points, gasoline storage tanks, and main highways along which the troops are likely to move are noted especially on the greatly enlarged photographs that are then prepared for the general staff.

When the zero hour for the offensive has arrived, wave after wave of bombers is dispatched into enemy country. The first aim is to destroy the ground organization for the air force, the next to demolish the railways, the third to smash the naval bases.

Also parachute jumpers must try to seize strategic bridges and hold them until relief comes.

In Poland the republic's air force was hardly given a chance to get into the air, so quickly were Goering's bombers there. The Polish planes were mostly destroyed on the ground and in the hangars. In Belgium it was much the same picture. In France we could observe that it took only a short time for the *Luftwaffe* to render the French air force innocuous.

As regards railway centers, practically every station of any strategic value in Belgium and Northern France lay in ruins when we passed through. At Brussels, to be sure, the central railroad depot was practically unhurt, but it is no junction point. Schaerbeck, however, directly outside the city, is normally a junction point for transcontinental trains in all directions. It was a shambles.

In such of the Channel ports as we saw, the German bombers had demolished every possible military objective with a view to cutting England and France off from each other.

After the basis for the onslaught had thus been laid by the *Luftwaffe*—and an effective basis it is, one that we on the United Nations side must and can outdo—the ground offensive proper begins.

First, scouting vanguards precede the main army. They are dare devils, often volunteers, who boldly risk their lives in the attempt to find out exactly where the enemy is stationed and in what strength.

Their reports are studied. Now the dash begins. Smaller detachments of infantry on motorcycles rush along. They are the famous "blue devils," so called because their exhaust pipes emit a bluish smoke that acts like a screen. These men are trained sharp shooters who finish many an artilleryman before he can move his cannon into position. Their general task is to "raise hell."

Next follow the tanks, flattening out everything before them. If they encounter enemy tanks, the Stukas are immediately in-

voked to help make the battle an uneven one. Repeatedly I had occasion to speak to captured English tommies in Holland, Belgium and France, and to ask them why they were taken prisoner. Their stock answer was that the fierce German Stukas were too much for them. A young tank driver from Yorkshire put it this way: "In a fight of men against men we can hold our own; or in a fight of tank against tank. But when in addition bombers throw their loads from the skies, it is just too much for our nerves."

Sneaking up under cover of the tanks, are units of infantry on foot. They are trained in the skip-jump tactics of advancing by constantly leaping into cover and from there preparing their next jump.

After all this preparatory work has been done by the Stukas, the vanguard formations and the tanks, at last the infantry marches to battle *en masse*.

It is evident from this brief description of the Hitler pattern that the air force plays a decisive role in making it a success.

A year later I inspected the unparalleled natural positions of the Metaxas Line in northern Greece. They seemed invincible. I wonder how different the story would have been if there had been proper air protection. The German troops had to traverse lonely mountain passes, with only a single road. Suppose enemy scouters had kept close tab on the advancing columns! It is unthinkable that the Nazi forces would ever have reached Greece in numbers if bombers had hurled vast sections of them into the abysses that I saw yawning beneath us. Is it imaginable that the encircling movement, by which some of the first fortifications in the Metaxas chain were taken, could have succeeded if there had been proper air force scouting to detect it and effective bombing to prevent it?

One of the ways in which Hitler seeks to maintain a superior air force is by giving ace pilots frequent furloughs for visiting airplane factories where ships for their particular formation are being constructed.

For instance, the late Colonel Werner Moelders was probably as often at the Messerschmitt airplane factory in Augsburg as he was at the front. He would describe to the famous plane designer, Willy Messerschmitt, exactly what shortcomings the plane had shown during actual combat, what gadgets might be added to insure a more advantageous handling of them by the pilot who is fighting for his very life.

I understand that the suggestions of active pilots, the men who had daily to face an enemy with their planes, had much to do with developing as good types of fighter and pursuit planes as Germany still possesses.

Nine: When encountering Hitler's forces, the air force needs constant vigilance to prevent the Keil und Kessel (wedge and encirclement) method of attack.

During World War I, the flower of German manhood bled to death at Verdun because the High Command was determined to take this fortress by frontal attacks, irrespective of the cost in lives and material. Today the German general staff follows a different principle. Instead of going straight up against a fortification, the troops are marched around it in such a manner as to shut the fortress off from communication with the rest of the invaded country's armed forces. After that the *Luftwaffe* and artillery are given ample time to shell it until it is softened up sufficiently for the final infantry attack.

Similarly, the German staff does not send its forces into a frontal attack on enemy armies along a wide space, but rather looks for one weak spot on one wing, forces a way through it; then seeks another weak spot on another wing and pierces through it. A pincer is thus formed. From these two apertures—sometimes even from one only—constantly in-pouring reserves spread out in a fan shape, thereby gradually widening the slit or gap until two large sectors of the enemy's front have been separated from each other, if not completely encircled. Once the

encirclement has succeeded, the inexorable "liquidation" of the forces thus caught begins.

No time is given for rest. The German army keeps hammering away without pause in the hope that the enemy will crack up because of shattered nerves. I have seen German soldiers so exhausted from the constant onward push that they literally slept standing against their horses or bent over the handle bars of their bicycles during a supper pause.

It stands to reason that an enemy with air superiority can not only detect the pincer movement in the making but with his bombers prevent its successful carrying out. During the Polish campaign in September, 1939, when there was no air force available to help the Polish cause, the *Keil und Kessel* principle attained its richest fruition. We can now see in the east how, with infinitely better air equipment, the Russians succeed much oftener in preventing encirclement.

Ten: Berlin has acquired new methods of protection from enemy bombers.

Several German aviators, all of them newspaper men by profession, dropped in one night at the Stammtisch. They revealed an interesting fact. The searchlights, they said, which sought to ferret them out on their nightly mission of destruction to London acted as so many guideposts. "We knew exactly where to fly," they claimed. "As soon as we reached the English coast one cluster of searchlights would flare up. After a while the next. Then we knew how far inland we were. Group after group of lights sprang into action before us, then died down behind us. Finally the big girdle of especially strong searchlights than constituted part of the defense of the capital would begin to function. We knew then we had reached our destination."

I do not know whether these pilots told the truth or not. Soon afterwards, however, I observed that the Germans changed their tactics. In the early period of the war, strong lights began to search the Berlin skies from the moment the air-raid alarm was

sounded. After the wholesale London bombings, we looked in vain for searchlights, even when we heard planes overhead. Then, unexpectedly and suddenly, when apparently some sound detector indicated pretty accurately where the enemy plane might be, the lights would be turned on, and from time to time (fortunately, only rarely) there would be the fascinating but terrifying spectacle of a plane being caught as tracer bullets from anti-aircraft guns came nearer and nearer, while the pilot tried frantically to get out of the grip of the lights, and finally bursting with a loud report as the anti-aircraft gun hit its target. Then the lights were immediately turned off.

This change in illumination tactics, obvious to all of us who were in Berlin, may well have been due to the experience gained by German flyers over the British Isles.

The airplane flight which I made from Berlin to Gleiwitz in Silesia was revealing from one point of view. It showed me what a formidable belt of anti-aircraft batteries has been laid about the German capital. Although I was careful not to seem too curious to the officers who accompanied me, I was able to count twenty rings of anti-aircraft positions between Poland and Berlin. That meant any bombers coming in would have to pass through twenty fires of watchful gunners before even getting to the capital.

I mention this to caution against our being too impatient about bombing Berlin. The German capital is naturally more heavily guarded than any other German city. The British, now assisted by our own bombers, show good common sense if they do not, for mere reasons of prestige, attack the German capital at this time. There are other centers where greater and more effective damage can be done at less cost of life and equipment than Berlin. It is probably safe to suppose that the anti-aircraft belts around Berlin in the direction of England now are even more formidable than were those against Poland in those early days of the war.

Eleven: Modern warfare is no affair for "soft" swivel chair generals!

My repeated visits to the western front during that memorable spring of 1940 drove home that lesson. War today demands that those in active charge shall not only be physically fit to stand the same hardships that the buck private encounters, but that they shall be ready at all times to venture into the foremost lines of the battle front.

I have sometimes been asked how the German soldier can fight so doggedly when, in many cases, he not only has no love for the Nazi system but actually hates it. I think it is the personal example of daring and bravery which the German generals are giving today. The man with red stripes who takes the same risks, if not greater ones than the common soldier is the man who often tips the scales in favor of victory at critical moments. While that has probably always been so, it is particularly true in the warfare of today.

The late Field Marshal Walter von Reichenau, whom I visited at Enghien, Belgium, where he had his headquarters in the charming castle of the Dukes of Ahrenberg, covered about 125 miles of front every day, looking after things personally and often joining scouting expeditions. He used to hop from one sector of the front to another in a *Fieseler Storch*, a plane somewhat resembling a stork and designed for landing on the smallest space imaginable. As its movements are very slow, however, it is an easy mark for an enemy shot, a fact which did not deter Reichenau from using it. During the Polish campaign, von Reichenau swam across a river in the face of enemy fire to do a little scouting of his own.

The late Colonel-General Werner von Fritsch lost his life before Warsaw when he participated in a bold scouting expedition which nobody would ever have expected a man of his rank to volunteer for.

Another military leader whom I learned to know on the western front was Field Marshal Georg von Kuechler. The men in

his army speak in the most glowing terms of his fatherly care of his soldiers—how he would stand by a wounded man while shots were popping all around him, until first aid could arrive. They told me with pride how he ventured out to the front lines day after day sitting in the sidecar of a motorcycle.

There was also the late General Kurt von Briesen, with whom I stood as he took the salute of the German troops in the Champs Elysées, in Paris, on June 14, 1940. He had been wounded twice because he always insisted on knowing what was going on in the front lines. As his troops marched by, one could see that he knew their faces and that his soldiers were proud of him.

A bullet finally got him in Russia.

I never ran into Field Marshal Erwin Rommel during my various trips to his German front, yet his name, even among troops far removed from his command, was something to conjure with. Few German generals enjoy the confidence and evoke the enthusiasm among the rank and file of the soldiers that the commander of the Nazi troops in Africa does.

One evening I met his aide-de-camp who, being a former newspaperman, understood when I asked him for a few personal details about his commander.

“Rommel’s favorite expression,” the aide said, “is taken from pugilism. Whenever we get into a tight place anywhere he says, ‘We’ll box our way through, all right.’

“Whenever he is absent from headquarters for an inordinately long time and there is reason to fear something might have happened to him in the front lines which he went to inspect, we say, ‘Nothing ever happens to the Old Man.’ In fact, we have an almost mystical faith in his inviolability. And it’s no wonder when things like this happen:

“One day in May, 1940, over in France, the general had jumped into a sidecar to go to the front lines and see for himself what was happening in the Maginot Line. After a considerable time—we had already begun to fear the worst—he came walking into headquarters.

"But, Exzellenz, didn't you leave in a sidecar?" someone asked. "Yes," he replied, "but the poor fellow who was driving the motorcycle was killed and it was high time for me to climb out and walk back."

I asked the aide what, in his opinion, were the elements in Rommel's make-up which had brought him success.

"For one thing," he said, "the general knows how to relax. No matter how heavy the battle, he will from time to time snatch an hour or two to sleep. Also, as he plans the operations for the following day, he relaxes to the extent of sipping a glass of red wine. As he does so, leisurely and at ease, he dictates the orders and instructions.

"Another factor is his phenomenal memory. He knows his maps by heart. Standing erect in his panzer car, he dictates his commands from memory, that is, without looking at a map. The commands are then wirelessed on.

"Also he is fearless. He usually insists on taking snapshots while shells whiz by and buildings crumble from explosions. Somehow he manages to click his camera just in time to get out at the last moment. These pictures, of course, are invaluable strategically.

"Once during the French campaign, his fast-moving division overtook French infantry. *'A droite,'* he shouted, and had the French so buffaloed that they docilely turned to the right and were taken prisoner."

Rommel's outstanding talents persuaded Hitler and the general staff to select him in February, 1941, as generalissimo for the difficult operations in the African desert.

Though an ardent Nazi, Rommel, like most of his colleagues, is a product of the old imperial school. This blond, blue-eyed, heavy-set Suabian soldier had won the highest possible decoration, the pour-le-mérite order, during World War I for leading a daring attack at the head of his company in Italy as a first lieutenant.

I mention these German generals because I happen to know

something about them. It is, of course, true on all sides of this war that the leader of today cannot sit many miles behind the scene of action, but must be in the thick of it if he wants to succeed.

We are on the right road so far as America is concerned. We are expecting much from our military leaders and they are giving us the best there is in them. But only those who have been in the actual combat zones can testify that only the fittest, ablest, and most courageous need apply for service at the front.

Twelve: A unified command is a prerequisite to speedy victory and probably essential to any kind of victory.

We observed in Poland and on the western front that the efforts of the German land forces and the *Luftwaffe* were at all times perfectly coördinated. At Crete the army and navy were subordinated to the *Luftwaffe* as the seizure of Crete was primarily an affair of parachutists. Subordination is not, perhaps, the right word. For this particular operation a *Luftwaffe* field marshal was given supreme responsibility. That meant he and his general staff had to work out the plan of operation and that the army, navy and air force had to carry out that plan.

According to colleagues who were on the other side at the time and whose judgment I value, the fall of Crete was to be ascribed in part to the fact that Germany operated under a unified command, while on the British side there was a regrettable misunderstanding between the navy and the RAF.

During the months that followed we had occasion again and again to see that the idea of unified command worked favorably for Germany in Africa. From the moment Field Marshal Rommel was put in charge, it was up to him to say what air force support he needed to soften up Tobruk. It was up to him to say what the German and Italian navies were to do in the way of shelling Tobruk Harbor—and when. All activity in Africa was coördinated because there was never any doubt as to who had the supreme command.

This lesson of the unified command, the most important of them all, which had impressed itself in geometrical progression as my visits to the front increased, became a burning conviction in Greece and has remained so ever since.



XIV

THE WESTWALL

As this war is not likely to end until United Nations troops have crossed over to German soil, it may not be amiss to describe briefly the Westwall, although it is said to be lying idle at present. At the time of our visit in September, 1939, it was claimed that not more than one hundred persons had seen what we were permitted to view.

The fundamental idea underlying the construction of the Westwall, or Siegfried Line, was that of diffusing rather than concentrating Germany's far-flung defense system, which in 1940 extended along a border of almost 375 miles, and reached from opposite Switzerland, past France, Belgium, and Luxemburg to Holland. I understand it now extends deep into France and far into Holland.

Hitler is said to have used a homely comparison in explaining his theory to his general staff officers. He placed a china platter beside a ten pfennig piece and asked them, "Gentlemen, which is harder to hit—the plate or the coin?" To which, obviously, they replied, "The coin."

This illustrates one of the basic differences in the French and German fortifications. For the Maginot Line was made of one piece, so to speak. That is, it was one gigantic, continuous and inter-connected system; while Hitler, who profited from a study of stolen French blue-prints, decided to lay out his Westwall in the form of innumerable smaller units, of which one or the other might be captured or destroyed without endangering the rest. In

other words, just as the modern steamer has its hold subdivided into bulkheads that are each watertight, thereby permitting of damage to one without danger to the next, so the "Siegfried" Line has its various sections which, though inter-connected, are constructed independently of each other.

German tactics in building the Westwall fortifications zone, it seems to me, centered upon three things: how can bombing attacks be made innocuous? how can tanks be prevented from invading this zone? how can artillery firing be so diffused as to make big gaps in the Westwall impossible?

The Westwall, instead of concentrating in compact form the defensive possibilities and instrumentalities of the nation, spreads out over wide areas. The defenses go back as far as thirty-five miles from the frontier, and consist of a complicated maze of barbwire and criss-crossed concrete and steel obstructions, strewn on the soil like so many dragons' teeth; pill boxes or bunkers camouflaged into the landscape; and fortresslike, armor-plated dugouts invisible to the eye, and with innumerable subterranean passages.

The Westwall, roughly speaking, is a system of four lines of defense. The first two are for the infantry and artillery, the third and fourth for anti-aircraft. The first line is so thickly studded with concrete blocks and bunkers that on one small space half a mile wide and one and a half miles long we discovered seventy pill boxes, each subterraneously connected with the others. Each of these bunkers was so arranged that firing from one criss-crossed with shots coming from another. Hence, even if one were silenced, others spitting their fire simultaneously would continue to try to prevent the enemy from entering this breach in the fortification.

Hitler believes he has improved the Maginot Line by spreading out in innumerable units, each capable of functioning independently of the next, yet communicating with all others for synchronized action. Also, concrete and steel blocks are so irregular that he believes no tanks can force their way across them. More-



The "Siegfried Line," or "Westwall" as the Germans call it, is formidably interspersed with anti-tank obstructions. After the Germans disarmed Czechoslovakia, they transferred the "Spanish riders" or iron obstructions to the "Westwall" for good measure.

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over, the pill boxes are so camouflaged that aviators have difficulty finding them.

Crowning the whole fortification system are steel-plated fortresses at strategic points. No American had been in one of them until our group of three American journalists was permitted to enter several of these *Panzerwerke*. Our inspection was a revelation.

We saw turrets whose exact functions were not revealed to us but which, to the layman, seemed designed to spit forth liquid fire. We saw other turrets with heavy machine guns. We saw periscopes, electric kitchens, shower baths, radio sets, complete telephone plants, air purification machinery, bunks for officers and men—all in the bowels of the earth.

Each compartment of these vast, subterranean fortifications, usually built into huge mountain sides, was walled off from the next by steel doors. From each end of long corridors machine guns ominously peered at us. The officers guiding us through, claimed that if "by miracle" an enemy should come in through some door machine guns would finish him.

Even if the machine gun failed, the enemy would probably get no further. All the soldier needs to do is to push a button, whereupon a trapdoor opens and the enemy drops into a dark hole. In other words, the German general staff has reverted to the Medieval idea of the drawbridge as an approach to a fortress or castle—a contraption that could be pulled up when the enemy tried to enter.

But suppose that both machine gun and trapdoor are out of commission, or that so many enemies enter singly (only one can crowd through the steel door at a time) as to exhaust the machine gun's ammunition. Looking some ten or twenty feet to his right or left along the passage that connects this bunker with the next one, the enemy will again find a machine gun planted.

There are said to be over 400,000 bunkers, *Panzerwerke*, or armor-plated bastions, and other miniature fortifications along the Westwall. As a result we saw comparatively few soldiers.

The troops had started on a large-scale underground life and were nowhere massed in the open. Only farther inland did we see larger units, men who must, at regular intervals, relieve the soldiers in the subterranean fortifications.

At the time of our visit, the men were changed every week or two. Changes would have to be far more frequent in an attack, for one difficulty which the General Staff had not been able to overcome was the terrific noise inside which would be caused by a continuous spitfire of shells against a bastion. Placards on the walls of the bunkers keep hammering into the soldiers the fact that they must not take seriously the terrific noise, as the bunker is bomb and shell proof. But the fact remains that outside noise is magnified many times inside.

The American correspondents who inspected the Westwall had a demonstration of the megaphone-like qualities of a bunker. When the Lieutenant-Colonel opened the first inside door the man on duty sprang to attention and reported in a voice that seemed to rend the roof. A normal voice magnified many times. Even the officer twitched nervously for a moment. Thereafter he waved his hand each time he entered a new compartment to fore-stall further reports.

To make sure that the enemy would have difficulty in locating the whereabouts of this diffused fortifications system, gardeners always followed the army engineers, planting shrubs and trees which six weeks later rendered the detection of bunkers almost impossible. Directly before the enemy frontier mines have been laid in profusion. The barbwire entanglements meant the ruin of many a vineyard in the Rhine region and putting out of practical use many a piece of forest land. But military necessity overruled all other considerations.

In addition, on wooded hillsides over which the enemy might come, for instance in the Palatinate forest, motorized saws cut off all timber for twenty-five feet, or thereabouts, from the bottom of the hill upwards, so that the unsuspecting tank driver who succeeded in getting over the hill, would suddenly slide down

twenty-five feet and then turn a somersault. Or the enemy might be moving slowly up an incline that looked quite harmless. As he reached the top he would find a deep ditch yawning directly under him, too late to turn back.

Still another surprise is a series of steel ribs that look like the ribs of a ship into which the unsuspecting tank or armored car was expected to run and then turn turtle, while from right and left the bunkers opened fire on him.

In order to construct the Westwall, Hitler literally stopped the nation's business and diverted the energies of eighty million people into the channel of erecting a defense on the German-French border that would be the equal of the Maginot line.

From every factory, shop, government office, and engineering or architectural bureau men were requisitioned for fortification building. For instance, the Hermann Goering Steel Works, the Field Marshal's pet project, had to release over night five thousand of its eight thousand employees. Staid diplomats from the Wilhelmstrasse were given leave to help dig trenches in the west. White collar workers who had never held a shovel in their lives departed for the "Siegfried Line."

Money was no object. Hitler gave the army carte blanche. It bought the best available periscopes, commandeered the best steel and concrete, accepted no materials from the Krupp and other munition works unless they stood the severest tests; and, by a stroke of the pen, dispossessed farmers, vintners, and real estate owners of land suited to defense purposes.

A job, almost inconceivable in its magnitude, arose merely to bring and house the hundreds of thousands of men called to work, to fit train schedules into the picture in such a way that all materials were at hand when needed; to see to it that, for instance, concrete mixers were at the particular bunker where they were needed; and to make sure that the material needs of the families behind were attended to.

Even before the huge construction work could begin, the army

had to make a minute and detailed survey of every little knoll along the frontier to determine exactly where each obstruction, each barbed wire entanglement, each bunker and each larger fortification was to be laid. As an example, care had to be taken, with each prospective bunker, to see that well-boring would yield fresh, wholesome water. Now each bunker has its own water system.

By September, 1938, there were at work on the Westwall:

350,000 labor service lads,
12 army divisions of 10-12,000 men per division,
150,000 skilled army pioneers,
17,000 trucks,
4,000 freight cars daily.

The nation-wide shortage of steel, of transportation facilities, of man-power did not matter.

Germany, of course, had an incalculable advantage in constructing the Westwall. In the first place, Hitler came into possession of the exact plans for the Maginot Line and was able to study them in detail with his general staff. Also, through the cession of Sudetenland by the Czech-Slovak government, he acquired a virtual miniature replica of the Maginot Line, for the Czech fortifications had been constructed under French direction and according to revised plans of the Maginot Line.

The Sudeten Line was used systematically by the Germans as a set of targets to try out every conceivable form of modern weapon and every known type of explosive. In addition, if the Sudeten Line lacked certain parts of the Maginot Line construction, Hitler secretly had exact copies built in order to experiment until the right type of weapon was found to shatter it.

By constant experiment during that long winter while the French hibernated and the Germans prepared for war, two facts hitherto unknown to the German High Command were discovered almost accidentally, I was told. The first was the terrific efficacy of anti-aircraft guns when fired laterally instead of into the air,

in making a dent even upon the heaviest fortification. What heavy cannons could not do, the anti-aircraft gun did; it gradually punctured strategic pill boxes or breastworks of the Maginot Line. This piercing was the more fatal because of the structure of the French fortification.

The second fact discovered during the constant artillery practice was this: horizontal shooting with heavy guns at emplacements of the Maginot Line proved to be more expensive than the effort was worth. In fact, it had only a nuisance value. But there was a far more effective use to which artillery could be put. The guns could be fired in such a way that the shell would describe an arc and, coming at a steep angle from the sky, would drop into the ground in front of the bunker singled out for attack. It would bury itself in the earth, and if properly aimed, would explode far enough under the foundation of the enemy emplacement to force it upward and gradually crack it up, much as extreme heat will force up a strip of asphalt and crack the road cover of an automobile highway.

The Germans were determined to take no chances. When the General Staff handed Hitler plans for the Westwall, which were claimed to insure one hundred per cent impregnability, the Führer is reliably reported to have commanded, "I want three hundred per cent certainty, not one hundred per cent," whereupon a new set of plans was drawn up.

I saw a bunker in the process of construction. It was a circular affair of approximately eight feet in diameter, but with only enough sticking out for the gun to protrude and for the observer to see and direct operations. It extended some forty or fifty feet down, with subterranean passageways under construction to other bunkers nearby.

Before the concrete was poured into the vast hollow forms constructed for that purpose, a criss-crossing network of steel bands was inserted so as to give further strength to the concrete. The walls in this particular bunker were to be about six feet thick, and the composite mass of concrete interwoven with steel was in

itself regarded as impregnable. But a two-inch armor plate was to be laid around the concrete walls after their completion.

In the *Panzerwerke* the concrete is as thick as twelve feet, the armor plating up to six inches thick.

French belief in the invincibility of the Maginot Line and German conviction that it was vulnerable, made possible, in the last analysis the amazing victory of German arms over French in a Blitzkrieg of 46 days waged simultaneously on Holland, Belgium, and France.

"The Maginot defense is undoubtedly a grandiose conception," Lieutenant-Colonel Wagner of the German General Staff told us, "but there is one danger point about it. It is so inter-connected and so massive that, once you have made a dent anywhere, the whole thing may collapse."

Shortly before German arms began to batter through Holland, Luxembourg, Belgium and France, men in the High Command kept telling me with considerable assurance, "We know now how to defeat the Maginot Line. Watch and see."

When *der Tag* came, of course, Germany cashed in on its minute, detailed preparedness, on its advance rehearsals of every movement. The Maginot Line was intended to make a possible war one of position; the German army and air force were able to compel a war of movement. The German plan envisaged two major stages: first, to annihilate, or enforce the capitulation of the Dutch and Belgian armies, at the same time to chase the British expeditionary force off the Continent, and, if possible, to encompass a large part of the French army in this first operation; second, to keep incessantly on the heels of the French army now fighting its battles alone, until it broke down from exhaustion and inability to rally for an organized final stand.

The first great surprise came to the French when the German army broke through the extension of the Maginot Line between Longwy and Sedan on May 15, and before the enemy could as much as catch his breath, plowed straight through to the coast.

The German intelligence service had worked well. The sector between Sedan and Longwy was not only the "Achilles Heel" in the fortifications system of the Western Powers. It was also defended by the weakest of the French armies, the Ninth.

The Germans, of course, advanced with a breath-taking rapidity which left no opportunity for the French to rally anywhere for an organized final stand. I never expected to witness such evidences of headlong flight as I saw during three visits to France before and during the capitulation.

There can be no doubt today that the prime cause of the French defeat was over-confidence in the Maginot Line. But there were other causes as well: superior German strategy, more careful and detailed Teuton preparation; the greater aggressiveness of the German soldier; and a higher quality and greater modernity of the Reich's weapons. Aside from all that, there was Fifth Column activity on an unbelievable scale.

Perhaps the Westwall has served its purpose; perhaps it will once more serve as Germany's defense against the United Nations. But with our knowledge of the Westwall, plus our superior offensive weapons, we are ready for it.



XV

BOTTLENECKS

IN ATTEMPTING to acquaint the reader with the efficiency and strength of the German war machine, particularly with its far-reaching attention to detail and careful planning, which leaves nothing to chance, I had in mind the conviction that the better we understand what we are up against, the quicker we can bring about the downfall of the enemy.

Meanwhile, there are factors at work in Germany itself which are calculated to hasten the disintegration of the Nazi war machine. Hitler has four major bottlenecks to overcome, and he must cope with a number of psychological and personal problems which would give any statesman sleepless nights and agonizing headaches.

The four major bottlenecks are: transportation, raw materials, labor power, and man power for the *Wehrmacht*.

In regard to transportation, I am convinced that, paradoxical as this may seem, Adolf Hitler's widely advertised super-highways will eventually prove an important factor in the undoing of the Nazi war machine.

The longer the war lasts, the more evident it becomes that Hitler bet on the wrong horse in devoting the nation's energies, so far as transportation is concerned, chiefly to the construction of super-highways rather than to the improvement or even the upkeep of Germany's complicated railway system.

Hitler's military strategy was summed up in the blitzkrieg. Provided the blitz idea worked, he was right in honeycombing

the country with splendid highways, which are as unusual in Europe as they are commonplace in America. Along these roads troops could be moved to any frontier more quickly than any other country could move its forces. Thus Hitler was deep in Poland before the Poles could get into action. He poured his millions into Holland, Belgium, and France, having assembled them at his own frontiers with lightning rapidity, while the roads of the others were cluttered with mobilizing forces.

So far, so good. But when the war became one of years instead of months, the reverse side of the picture became apparent. Fuel grew scarce, the air force claimed the best gasoline, lubricants became a major problem, wear and tear on cars was greater than production or the seizure of cars in conquered countries. It suddenly became evident that the much-maligned steam railway was a far more economical mode of transportation for long hauls than were motor lorries and auto trucks. The farther the German army moved from its home base, the more essential the railway became.

This was admitted in an editorial in the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on March 8, 1942: "This war and particularly the third winter of war have proven that the railway has remained the decisive means of transport both for the necessities of the fighting troops and for all modern civilian economy. The reputation of the railway had temporarily been dimmed by several stars on the transportation firmament which had flared up later; today it shines all the more brightly." It must be borne in mind that editorials in Germany have authority behind them.

Before the outbreak of the war Hitler neglected the railways. True, the government appropriated as much as a million Marks a year for them, but it was ear-marked for political and social objectives rather than for the upkeep and development of the system. For instance, on the political side, the entire railway system was virtually mobilized in September each year when millions of Nazis flocked, transportation free, to Nürnberg for the annual party conclave. This was not only costly but it was responsible for great wear and tear. Many district party conventions, na-

tional demonstrations, and other rallies also required that the railway transport the Nazis free of charge.

Labor Leader Robert F. Ley's vast program for "Strength Through Joy" excursions for the workers also taxed the capacity of the railway. In fact, a year after Hitler came into power the income of the federal railways (all railways in Germany are government owned) was hardly sufficient to cover operating costs. Passenger coaches deteriorated. Insufficient numbers of new freight cars were built.

In 1938 the *Volkswirt*, leading German economic organ, revealed that most of Germany's 600,000 cars were obsolete. Even during the first winter of the war the transportation system was inadequate. Adverse weather conditions made the break-down more evident than it would have been otherwise. Fuel and food-stuffs were not moved properly, with the result that Berlin suffered a winter of privations.

The constant movement of troops into the Balkans early in 1941 again brought a shortage of railway equipment at home and led to a constant decrease in the number of passenger trains running, and often made for huge accumulations of freight in large centers.

Last winter proved the worst ever. The inadequacy of the railway system had become so obvious as to cause alarm in official circles. Fast trains had to be abandoned in increasing numbers because of the shortage of lubrication for high-speed operation. Unmoved freight piles mounted higher and higher, so that at times the railway officials refused to accept goods for shipment.

Early in January, 1942, Nazi editors were admonished to write reassuring articles on the transportation system, but they did not quite jibe with the facts. Merely by following the daily press during our internment at Bad Nauheim, we noted the following official restrictions:

On January 17 a drastic reduction in the number of passenger trains was announced.

On February 3 the public was admonished not to travel over week-ends but to stay within the home area.

On February 11 all fairs were cancelled. While other factors entered into the picture, the problem of transportation was vital.

On March 23 the possession of a special permit was made necessary for traveling on an express train.

On April 15 vacations for federal employees were shortened. This was bound to have its repercussions upon transportation.

On April 26 the public was warned not to travel unnecessarily.

In his Reichstag speech of April 26, 1942, Hitler took the unusual step of assuring the German people that next winter transportation would be improved—a sure indication that there was widespread dissatisfaction with its inadequacy.

"The German *Reichsbahn* (federal railway)," he said, "during the next winter, no matter where it may find us, will do greater justice to its tasks than during the past winter. Beginning with the locomotives and continuing through armored cars, hauling machines and tractors, the army in the east will be better equipped."

It was hard to believe our ears when these words were uttered. We wondered how Hitler dared, at the end of the most terrible winter in 130 years, to tell his people another winter of war was in store for them. There is only one logical explanation for this lapse in psychological understanding. Dissatisfaction with the transportation system was at such a point that some assurance from highest quarters was essential—even at the cost of admitting another winter of war lay ahead.

The Russian campaign ate heavily into Germany's rolling railway stock, and the scorched earth policy prevented Hitler from seizing much railway equipment as war booty. Over a thousand miles of tracks had to be relaid to match the narrower German gauge. To keep army supplies moving over these thousand miles became a problem of the first order.

Mail for soldiers in the East often was not delivered for weeks and months. This was a heavy strain on the morale both of the

front and the home area. Hitler was compelled, then, to reassure his people about transportation, a confession that the man who is said never to miscalculate had made a slip.

That is why I stressed in an earlier chapter the importance of destroying the Nazi railways. Cripple an already inefficient transportation system and more than one battle is won. Lehrte, Oberhausen, Wittenberge, Bebra, Schneidemuehl, Kehl, Hoechst, Hamm are but a few of the junction points whose destruction would do much toward tying up traffic in the Reich.

Raw materials are another bottleneck for Hitler which even his far-flung conquests of the *Wehrmacht* have not been able to overcome. Germany, as all the world knows, is a country which lacks many essential raw materials—fats, oils, rubber, wheat, copper, zinc, nickel, cotton, wool, many medicaments, wood pulp—to mention but a few of the most obvious.

Hitler's wishful exposé of what he would do about wheat if he had the Ukraine, which proved to be the sensation of the 1938 party convention at Nürnberg, General Franz Epp's insistence upon German colonies as sources for raw materials, the Hitler Jugend's fine-tooth combing of German forests for medicinal herbs, the erection of gigantic plants for the production of synthetic gasoline and rubber, the large-scale substitution of plastics for metals in factory and home—all these are revelations of Germany's dearth of raw materials.

By long-term planning for his war, Hitler did manage to lay up vast stocks of reserves. The launching of the Four Year Plan for Economic Self-Sufficiency under Goering in 1936 was in essence merely the signal for hoarding for the coming war on an unexampled scale.

We who lived in Germany during this pre-war period saw gymnasiums, storage houses, even dance halls requisitioned by the government to lay up stocks of grain. Then housewives were admonished to contribute a pound food package each week to the Winter Relief Undertaking, for distribution to the needy. Lentils,

beans, peas, rice, sugar, farina and flour were the articles the housewife was to provide, but the beggars of whom we inquired declared that they did not get these staples. It was obvious they were being hoarded for another purpose, as it was obvious to everyone, except a few narrow-minded Nazi fanatics that the bulk of the annual collections for the Winter Relief Fund went into Hitler's war chest.

As a result of all this hoarding—which included house-to-house collections of metals, rags and paper—Goering announced that the Reich was prepared for at least eight years of war. He had special praise for the successful hoarding of grain.

Here, as in many other things, the Nazi calculations were wrong. Not all the hoarded grain had been scientifically stocked. Much of it had to be thrown out. The necessity of contributing to the feeding of conquered peoples also reduced the reserves in a manner that had not been accurately foreseen. When we left Berlin last December it was an open secret that the hoarded stocks of grain had dwindled down to almost nothing.

That other commodities had long since vanished like snow under the sun was also obvious to everybody. The simplest articles of daily life were lacking, in spite of the most scientific and minute rationing system any of the belligerents has yet designed, a system which became operative the first day of the war. Break any electric accessory in your house, even so simple a thing as a contact, and you cannot get another one. Ask for shoestrings and you will be laughed at. Smash a tube in your radio set and that will probably be the end of listening to broadcasts. Have a baby and you are lucky if some member of your family, with children beyond the cradle age, can help you assemble a skimpy layette. Look for paint to lengthen the life of your little cottage and you return empty-handed. Break or wear out the elastics on your under garment and consider yourself out of luck for the duration. I could prolong the list indefinitely. Things made of leather, rubber, metal, wool, or cotton were almost nonexistent.

There was a complicated system of *Bezugscheine* (Certificates

entitling the holder to buy a specific object). You would go to your precinct office and demonstrate that you needed a new pair of shoes. You declared on oath that you had only one other pair besides the one you were wearing. You exhibited the pair on your feet to prove that they had been patched so often as to leave almost nothing of the original. After considerable eloquence you finally persuaded the Nazi official in charge to give you a *Bezugschein*. Happy at having won your battle you started off for the shoe dealer's.

But nowhere could you get shoes made entirely of leather, except in a few shops so expensive as to be prohibitive except for a very few. Probably neither the first or the second, nor even the fourth or fifth shop to which you betook your weary feet had your size. Finally you came home with something that in peace time you would have considered an insult—an ill-fitting piece of footwear whose soles you viewed with suspicion even when they were new and which, to your dismay after venturing out into the first rain, let the water soak through to your feet and gave you the choicest rheumatism you ever had.

Meanwhile, you were likely to learn that a "snooping commission" from the precinct office had visited your apartment during your absence to make sure you told the truth when you asserted you had only one other pair of shoes besides the dilapidated ones you were wearing. God help you if you lied! A heavy fine and the confiscation of whatever excess was found were your punishment.

One raw material, however, the Reich had in plenty although it was denied to the rank and file of the German people—that was coffee, which has always been as important to the Germans as tea is to the English. From the beginning of the war, coffee virtually became Germany's gold, or at least an important medium of exchange. One item in the long-term planning for the war had been the systematic hoarding of coffee from Brazil in the free ports of Bremen and Hamburg. Bought at a time when the South American republic was so glutted with coffee that it was used for

fuel or dumped into the water, it was not difficult for the Reich to make favorable barter arrangements, especially for machinery which Brazil needed.

Goering and his staff of economic war planners had the foresight to realize that in war time coffee could be converted into foreign currency. No sooner was the conflict under way than the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg American Line in New York advertised the fact that, on payment of so many dollars, they would guarantee to send coffee to any desired address in Germany. At the same time, we foreigners who lived in Germany received advertisements from a package delivery firm, called Sponholz & Co., to the effect that coffee could be had by paying Swiss francs into the Zurich bank account of this firm.

The coffee, of course, came neither from New York nor Zurich. It had been hoarded in the two German ports before the war began. No German Marks, however, were accepted in payment. Foreign exchange was a prerequisite to obtaining the coveted coffee. Why? Because with that money the Reich financed its foreign embassies and legations and also, no doubt, its Fifth Column agents abroad.

Poor in raw materials, Hitler set out to conquer areas where he could get them. After the invasion of Denmark, there was a newspaper campaign on the uses to which Danish bacon, hitherto little known in Germany could be put. After the Greek conquest, the praises of Macedonian tobacco were sung. In the case of the conquered Ukraine, German editorials not only asserted, "We now have Ukrainian wheat," but they extolled the metal wealth of this vast territory as well as the smelters and other industrial plants installed by the Russians.

But again there was a Nazi miscalculation. It was a mistake to assume that because a country had been conquered, its natural resources and products would automatically become available to Germany.

True, Danish bacon, ham and eggs did reach the Reich early in 1940, instead of being exported to Great Britain as heretofore.

But only while the little kingdom's reserves of overseas fodder lasted! When the cows and chickens no longer had fodder, the dream of a steady supply of Danish dairy products had a rude awakening.

After the Nazi forces marched into Greece, a new sop was thrown to the German people. Tobacco, in some respects even more indispensable to the people than coffee, was to reach them in the desired quantity. Had not the rich Macedonian tobacco regions fallen into Nazi hands?

For a while the people waited patiently. Time went on and the German press explained that there was plenty of tobacco but transportation from Greece was difficult. Then a high tax was placed on tobacco to discourage people from asking for it. But there are so few goods left in Germany on which one can spend one's salary or wages, that the tax scared nobody. Finally the press ominously informed the public that the tobacco harvest in the Balkans was below par. A few days later, the government introduced a severe rationing system. Women users of tobacco were particularly hard hit, for aside from an age requirement there were further restrictions of women's tobacco rations to one-half those of men. Even men could acquire only three cigarettes a day in most towns. And what vile weeds they were!

The Germans were willing to do almost anything for an American, even after the declaration of war, in return for a few cigarettes from the United States. During our Bad Nauheim internment, when the commissary department of the American Embassy had an ample supply of things to smoke, American cigarettes were beyond price in securing extra service from waiters, maids, and bellboys.

It is unnecessary to speak of the hopes placed in Dutch dairy products, Belgian vegetables, and French wines, fruits, and nuts. The whole world knows by this time that, although these areas are important for naval bases, coastal artillery and airports, and because munitions and motors are being manufactured for Hitler there against the wishes of the people, Germany is getting no

substantial relief from her raw materials bottleneck as a result of these conquests.

But the Ukraine! There were high hopes for speedy returns from this "granary of Russia." While we were at Bad Nauheim, however, an article in the German press revealed that the whole cardhouse of exaggerated hopes had tumbled. I quote from the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of February 26, 1942:

"One will have to resign oneself to the thought that this spring's planting will not yet bring a turn in Europe's food supply. It will be possible, however, to create the pre-conditions whereby, with the aid of far-sighted measures, the reaping of a harvest in 1943 can be assured the most favorable conditions practicable."

Stalin's scorched earth policy has been effectively applied in the Ukraine. E. G. Fischer, of our Berlin staff, toured the Ukraine last October, and was astounded at the absence of all farming equipment. Apparently, the Russians had succeeded in taking with them in their retreat many, if not most of their tractors, and in destroying the rest. The Germans, on the other hand, needing all the available horses for their campaign in the East, could not spare them for purposes of Ukrainian agriculture.

As one industrial center after another in the Ukraine fell into German hands, we were supplied, in Berlin press conferences, with impressive, and I believe, correct statistics to show what can be expected from these centers. But our propaganda wardens forgot to add the words, "Under normal conditions."

That was the hitch. What actually happened in practice? A German engineer of our acquaintance was ordered last August to go to Odessa and re-open the smelters there. Two months later his wife encountered mine on the streets of Berlin.

"I thought you were settled in Odessa," my wife exclaimed.

"We gave up our home in the Saar region, preparing to leave," said the other, "and then my husband received word that the Russians have so completely destroyed all the industrial plants

that there is no use in our going. At the earliest, work on rebuilding cannot start until next spring."

Another chicken had been counted before it was hatched.

There is considerable doubt, with these facts in mind, that Hitler, for all his continent-wide conquests, is actually getting the raw materials on which he had counted. The high-powered present drive to the Caucasus has oil for its objective. But will Hitler really "have" the Caucasian oil, even if he gets there?

Not long ago I talked with a man who, in the first world war, was one of Germany's great experts in the field of raw materials. His estimates have always been extraordinarily reliable. Here is the picture as he sees it:

In 1941 he estimated that the German harvest would be 15 per cent below that of 1940. He was correct. Today he estimates that the 1942 harvest will be 25 per cent less than 1940. The reason is the shortage of phosphates which come from the South Seas. The only other producers of phosphates are Tunis and Egypt.

Germany has captured the Rumanian oil wells. But they are known to be drying up gradually. In 1928 Rumania produced between eight and nine million tons of oil. In 1931 this total had dropped to five million tons. Today it produces somewhere between three and a quarter and four million tons.

For the time being, at least, though Hitler has already captured Russian oil fields, production has been stopped by the scorched earth policy. The chances are, however, that they can be made to produce again within some four months.

The basic raw material for aluminum is bauxite. Germany lacks it but France has it. The problem here is whether or not France will turn over this essential mineral to the German government. Germany, according to the expert, requires 400,000,000 tons, of bauxite. She is getting 800,000 to 900,000 from Hungary; 50,000 tons from Yugoslavia; 150,000 tons from Rumania; 150,000 to 200,000 tons from parts of occupied Russia. Without

French help she cannot produce the required amounts of aluminum.

There is a great dearth of copper in the Reich, which the government has tried to obviate by turning to aluminum. The normal output is 28,000 tons per year, but peacetime needs alone require 150,000 tons. The gap, here, might possibly be made up by a ruthless plundering of the conquered nations. Norway and Holland, for instance, probably are well supplied with copper kettles, dishes, pans, hinges, and so forth.

Another shortage is in steel. In the last war German production of steel was 38 million tons per year. It has retrograded since then but, together with the output of the occupied countries, it is now getting about 42 million tons. It is unnecessary to contrast this with the production capacity of the United States which is 92 million tons.

The expert who gave me these figures cast a revealing light on one of the great puzzles of the war. "Has it occurred to you to wonder," he asked, "why Hitler has not made a pressing demand for the French fleet? He hasn't the oil to run it."

It will not do, however, for us to sit back smugly and say, "Well, Tovarish Stalin has destroyed everything before Führer Hitler can lay hands on it, so why worry?" When one considers the economic aspects of Nazi occupations one must look at it from the other side: *The distressing thing about Hitler's seizures of one country after another is that the raw materials, the natural resources, the industrial plants, the economic possibilities generally of the occupied region are lost to the United Nations.*

Hitler has a third major bottleneck to overcome: labor power. It is one reason why conquered Europe is not yielding the food and raw materials he needs.

Before the war, some 24,000,000 German men were engaged in gainful occupations in their own country. Today, with far greater tasks to perform because of the exigencies of war, there are still approximately 24,000,000 people engaged in turning the wheels

of German economy. But only 11,000,000 of them are German men. The places of the missing 13,000,000 have been taken by 9,400,000 women, 2,000,000 foreign workers recruited from occupied and satellite countries, and 1,600,000 prisoners of war.¹ That these are not nearly enough is indicated by the fact that, when we were leaving Bad Nauheim, provision was being made for several million German children from ten years old up—there was talk of eight million—to spend an extraordinarily long summer vacation on farms to help with the harvest. It was left to the local peasant leader wherever they were sent to determine when he could spare them to resume school. There were also indications that the figure of 11,000,000 men still left in German economy would be greatly reduced.

But what about the remaining 13,000,000 men? Are prisoners of war ever efficient laborers? Can one expect captives to put forth their best efforts for their captors? I saw many of these war prisoners, chiefly Poles and French and Belgians, working on estates in East Prussia, on roads in what was once Poland, on docks and farms. I got the impression that they preferred working to sitting around in concentration camps, but I observed that they were never in a hurry, that their work pace was not what it would be in their own countries.

Even the foreign recruited (non-prisoner) labor is not as effective as is the native-born. Italians, French, Croatians, Serbians, Hungarians, Slovakians, Greeks—each speaking his own tongue, homesick, alien—they too have not proved to be an efficient substitute.

The 9,000,000 women who are taking men's places in Germany are suffering from the psychological handicap that their fathers, husbands, brothers or sweethearts have gone to the front and are in constant danger of death. They are also suffering from the physical handicaps of lowered powers of resistance from the ab-

¹ These were the approximate figures when I left Germany in May. I understand, from the latest statistics available, that the number of foreign workers and prisoners of war now totals six millions.

sence or at least insufficiency of fats, which started almost from the moment Hitler seized power in January, 1933.

The Nazi slogan for women is "Work, and more work, and still more work—and as many children as possible." In spite of the heavy tasks the German women must perform, they still seem to find time to bear children. The powerful SS boasted late in April of this year that in most SS families the third war baby is arriving. And early in May the public health authorities claimed that the general birthrate had scarcely suffered in spite of two and a half years of war. I am inclined to doubt that statement.

Never before in the history of the Reich have women been called upon to do more things hitherto believed to be the work of men, to slave for longer hours, and to carry heavier loads than under Nazi war administration.

On the farms 44 per cent of the workers actively engaged are female members of farmers' families, 9 per cent are female hired labor, and only 23 per cent are independent male farmers. The rest are foreign civilians or prisoners of war.

Talk to any German woman privately, when no Gestapo official is within earshot, and she will tell you in utter dejection that she has almost reached the limit of her strength, and that her yearning for peace was never greater than it is now.

In spite of the fact that 13,000,000 men have been taken out of civilian processes, Hitler's war machine is so gigantic that a fourth major bottleneck faces him—that of man power for his army, navy, and air force.

It is not only the eastern Moloch to whom Hitler is feeding the flower of German manhood on the long, long Russian front. That is terrible enough. Before we left Germany, our German neighbors would deprecatingly shake their heads and say, "*Wir siegen uns noch zu Tode*," (We'll die yet from being victorious), meaning they realized only too well that Germany was bleeding to death.

But aside from the 300 divisions which, last May, Hitler

seemed to have ready for his great summer offensive in the East, vast reserves of men are necessary to hold under heel an area extending from northern Norway to Irún on the Spanish frontier, and from the Atlantic coast into the far Russian steppes.

Daily reports in the American press of trouble in Norway, in Holland, in Occupied France, in Yugoslavia, not to mention the sabotage and passive resistance going on in the Protectorate, in Poland, in former Austria, yes, even in Germany itself, all indicate that more and more men in uniform will be necessary to bolster up a system that is bound some day to totter, but that will cling ruthlessly to power, even though a bloody civil war follows.

Hitler has not yet solved the problem of getting enough able-bodied men. Every plant, every government office, and—for the first time—every Nazi party bureau is being combed with a fine tooth comb to discover more soldiers. The insatiable Führer has not yet found enough men to die for him. Inevitably, as time goes on, he will find fewer.



XVI

HITLER'S HEADACHES

More and more, Hitler is becoming a bundle of nerves. And he has plenty of reason.

First and foremost, is the fact that he has been unable to popularize the war which he declared on the United States. In all the other cases, it will be recalled, the official Nazi version was that the other side declared war (Great Britain and France); or mobilized and prepared for an attack which could only be parried by quicker German action (Poland and Soviet Russia); or had designs upon third countries which necessitated Germany taking them under its protecting wing (Denmark and Norway); or had plotted against the Reich while pretending to be neutral (Holland and Belgium).

But in the case of the United States, Adolf Hitler assembled the Reichstag on December 11, 1941, and solemnly announced that the Reich was a belligerent enemy of America.

The declaration acted like a cold shower. It was as unexpected as it was ominous. Even in high circles nobody seriously thought *Der Führer* would go beyond an affirmation of solidarity with his Tripartite Pact partner, Emperor Hirohito. The most rabid Nazi expected merely a rupture of diplomatic relations.

"He's too smart for that," my barber had told me; "he always lets the other fellow take the blame."

At our daily press conferences, Wilhelmstrasse spokesmen had dinned into our ears, "Roosevelt wants war, but our Führer won't let himself be provoked."

Then the unbelievable happened: the dictator, after all, did declare war.

There are indications, however, that he himself did not want to take the extreme step at that time; but that he bowed to the Japanese military clique. From German colleagues I learned that the Reichstag meeting was originally to have been held on Tuesday, December 9, two days after Pearl Harbor and not on Thursday, December 11. I later tried to verify this by the simple device of seeing who was registered at the principal Nazi hotels. My check-up indicated that the members of the Reichstag had come to town Monday night and Tuesday morning.

The reasons assigned for the two-day delay by German friends whose sources of information were to be trusted, was that the Japanese were pressing for an immediate, all-out declaration of war. While they had the opportunity they were determined to put the screws on the white man. The wrangling lasted for two days.

Had Hitler been sure that he echoed the hearts of his people in announcing war with the United States, he would undoubtedly have ended his speech with one of those inspirational oratorical efforts for which he was famous. Instead, he concluded with dire threats against saboteurs at home who might stand in the way of this new war effort.

That the regime was not convinced of the popularity of the war with the United States was revealed by the type of propaganda that next ensued. The usual pattern had been to show the German nation that the enemy is unprepared, that he lacks the necessary men and materials, that his strategy is inferior, and that he is devoid of the patriotic fervor which will carry a nation through adversity.

But in the case of the United States, the regime seemed to feel that it must give some positive reassurance. Every schoolboy in Germany knew that America is tops in mechanics and that this is chiefly a mechanized war. The thought of conflict with the United States, therefore, was calculated to raise fears in the



Photograph from Press Association, Inc.

Reich's Labor Leader Robert Ley demands ever greater sacrifices of the workers.





hearts of millions of Germans. Then too, the older generation remembered clearly how America in 1917 had given the decisive turn to the last world war. There was an anxious question on millions of lips: Would history repeat itself?

Over and over the phrase had been hammered into the German consciousness that America was the "Land of Unlimited Possibilities." Why should Hitler take on this powerful country when he already had more enemies than he originally counted on?

Nor must it be forgotten that the ties of blood to the United States were great. I speak not only of the millions of Americans of German descent who lived in this country before 1914. When the inflation period set in during 1920-1923 after the last world war, there had again been an influx of German immigrants, whose connections were obviously more direct and intimate with relatives and friends still living in the Reich at present. It was difficult for many a German to believe that Hitler could take a step which made this German shoulder a rifle against a possible kinsman across the seas.

In the case of the United States, therefore, the main emphasis in the propaganda was laid upon the two words, "*Zu spaet*," (Too late). Whatever the United States might do, it was argued, victory was already so securely within the grasp of the Axis, that nothing could affect the decision. In other words, the Goebbels propaganda machine was playing for time. During the long winter of misery at home, and to neutralize the shock at the reverses on the Russian front, the Japanese furnished convenient first-page material with their exploits in the Pacific. But the Orient was far away; and Lubeck, Cologne, Rostock, Bremen, and Hamburg were right in the heart of Germany. The raids on them did not heighten Hitler's popularity for having taken on Uncle Sam.

A second cause for worry to the would-be world conqueror is his gradual loss of that psychic sense that in earlier years enabled him to divine the yearnings of the masses. Hitler needs contact

with the masses and in the nature of things, he has lost that contact. One cannot go barnstorming around the country and at the same time take personal charge of a world war. Hitler rarely appears in public today, and as time increases the distance between himself and the people, he does things that his psychological awareness in earlier years would have prevented him from doing.

Among these psychological errors I list the following:

1. The dismissal of Field Marshal Walther von Brauchitsch as generalissimo of the army after the declaration of war on America. Of course nobody believed the tale of heart disease. But the fact that a representative of the "old school" was being dismissed shook the confidence of countless representatives of the older generation of Germans.
2. The demand at Christmas time to give up wool, fur, and other warm things in order that the *Wehrmacht* fighting in the East might be kept from freezing—when people at home were without coal, and a newsreel was showing that the soldiers in the east were being supplied with everything they needed for the icy cold weather of Russia.
3. The attempt by Goebbels to alibi the reverses in the Soviet Union by blaming the severe winter. Only a few weeks before, Dr. Otto Dietrich, the Reich's press chief, had come straight from Hitler's GHQ to the foreign and German press, with information from the horse's mouth. "Winter cuts no figure," Dietrich shouted into the hall where we were assembled. "Adolf Hitler has foreseen everything. Far from being an ally of the Russians, General Winter will prove the friend of Germany."
4. Goebbels' warning in his Christmas Eve speech that the German people must not forsake their leaders and the fighting troops as they had done in 1918, which was decidedly poor psychology in reminding the Germans of the defeat of 1918. It was even worse psychology to admit the possibility of a recurrence of the 1918 breakdown of the home front and mutiny in the armed forces, both resulting in revolution. Goebbels himself, or

possibly even Hitler, must have realized this belatedly, for in the published transcript of the radio address, which we heard on our smuggled-in set, the reference to 1918 was omitted.

5. Next to the declaration of war on the United States, the most egregious recent psychological blunder was Hitler's Reichstag speech of April 26, 1942, already referred to. If anything was needed to convince me that *Der Führer* is slipping, it was that address. He was no longer the spell-binder, the rabble rouser, the hypnotist of earlier days. As though to awaken the German people to the tyranny under which they were living, he demanded dictatorial powers which in fact he had been exercising all these years.

But his crowning blunder, on that memorable April 26, was to inaugurate the spring season, after that terrible winter with its severe toll of German life at the Russian front, by speaking of yet another winter of war ahead. All the evidence we could assemble at Bad Nauheim and on the *Drottningholm*—and our joint opportunities for gathering such evidence were far greater than an outsider might assume—pointed to the conclusion that this reference to a second winter on the Russian front had a most depressing psychological effect upon the German people.

A third headache for Adolf Hitler is his inability to offer his people anything but added economic sacrifices, greater labor exertion, increased stoppages of industries regarded as non-essential for the war effort, and untold hecatombs of life and limb.

The year 1942 started out with Goering's appeal to the nation, culminating in the words, "The future can be mastered only by a people which, with iron determination, is ready to make every sacrifice, and that is willing to fight without fear of death and to labor with utmost exertion. . . . We are ready to face the new year, even though it demand even greater sacrifices of everyone than hitherto."

Sixteen days later Dr. Goebbels at Hamburg also exhorted the nation to ever greater exertion and warned of hard times ahead.

On January 30, Hitler spoke, and again sacrifice was a main theme, as it was on his Memorial Day speech on March 16 when he said, "There can be but one slogan, namely, to continue this fight unceasingly until security is vouchsafed for a lasting peace; in other words, until the enemies of this peace have been annihilated." He predicted the demolition of the Russian forces during the present summer.

The following day Reichs Minister of Economics and President of the Reichsbank Walter Funk, addressing the stockholders meeting of the Reichsbank, tied up business with patriotism and practically told his listeners that if the German people did not produce sufficiently, the Reichsmark would slip. This is how he put it:

"The productive capacity and the labor of the German people, as well as unshakable faith in the Führer and in the final victory of German arms constitute the guarantee for the stability of German exchange. The best guarantee for the exchange in wartime consists in making sure that production essential to the conduct of the war is ample and that it will satisfy an even rising war demand."

Two days later, Goering, who as dictator for the German plan for economic self-sufficiency realizes more fully than any other German Statesman the necessity of hard work, said:

"I know that your greatest and most pressing worry is that of securing sufficient help. So long as German farmers, farmers' sons and agricultural workers are at the front in great numbers, you must get along as best you can with prisoners of war and foreigners as stopgaps, and by daily instruction develop them into useful auxiliaries."

Within a week Goebbels again warned the German people that hard times were ahead. "Our essential problem, which in recent weeks has been tackled in increasing measure, is that of purposeful and rational disposition of the labor capacity of our people. It has become generally clear that the third year of war demands a more severe conduct of war leadership than was

necessary in the initial stages. In cases where rigorous prosecution is essential, relentless and radical measures must be undertaken."

With utterances like these dinned into their ears, the German people were hardly surprised, though nevertheless shocked, when the full truth of the situation burst upon them, to have Hitler declare before the Reichstag on April 26:

"Let nobody in these times claim vested rights. Everybody must realize that today duty alone exists. . . . It doesn't interest me, for instance, whether during this emergency every civil servant or every employee gets a vacation or not, and I won't stand for anybody's insisting that vacations which can at present not be granted be added to some future vacation period."

This cycle of admonitions was closed by the Reich's Labor Leader Robert Ley on May 1:

"The home front must do everything, yes, literally everything, that is calculated to help the men at the front, in order thereby to protect these and themselves. For us, for you, German worker and German working woman, for every single person in city or country, there can exist but one obligation: With the exertion of the very last ounce of strength to contribute toward lightening the burden of our men, i.e., the husbands, brothers, and fathers of our people at the front.

"German working men and women! Sacrifice for the front not less than the front sacrifices for all of us, namely, the last expenditure of blood and life on the one side and work and sweat on the other. Führer, command, and we will follow."

Examining these utterances, one looks in vain for notes of great optimism!

Even the increased efforts demanded by Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Funk and Ley might be stoically undertaken by a cowed, intimidated and docile German people if they were assured that living conditions would remain stationary. Instead, Adolf Hitler's declaration of war upon the United States precipitated the sharp-

est and most sudden upward curve in rationing that the German nation had yet experienced.

A fourth excuse for Mr. A. Hitler to take headache powders is the constant uncertainty in which he lives concerning the trustworthiness not only of his generals but even of his closest followers, not excepting that self-styled *treuester Paladin*¹ (most faithful of paladins), Hermann Goering himself.

Der Führer's distrust of his generals is sufficiently indicated by the circumstance that they must "park" their revolvers and sabers outside his study or his GHQ before they are permitted to enter his august presence.

The Generals' corps, on the other hand, has chalked up a number of grievances and insults to its honor for a possible reckoning sometime, somewhere:

1. The murder of General Kurt von Schleicher and Colonel von Bredow.
2. The forced resignation of Colonel-General Werner von Fritsch, the father of the present German army, who dared criticize Hitler's acceptance of Field Marshal Werner von Blomberg's marital *mesalliance* in 1938.
3. The easing out of Chief of the General Staff Ludwig Beck just before the outbreak of the present war.
4. The snubs to the present Chief of the General Staff, General Franz Halder, who is constantly warning Hitler against rashness; to General Johannes von Blaskowitz, who opposed SS frightfulness in Poland; and to Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, who withdrew farther westward at the beginning of the Russian winter than Hitler thought necessary.
5. The dismissal of Field Marshal Walther von Brauchitsch as Supreme Commander of the army.
6. The partiality shown Hitler's elite body guard, the armed

¹ A typical revelation of Nazi medieval and even pre-medieval thinking. The paladins were the legendary twelve peers or knightly champions in attendance upon Charlemagne.

SS formations, to the extent of halting or delaying military movements in order to enable them to be ostentatiously at hand for the triumphal entry into a city or region.

7. Several deaths of prominent military leaders which have never been explained to the complete satisfaction of the generals' corps, including those of Colonel-General Werner von Fritsch before Warsaw, Colonel-General Ernst Udet, world famous aviator, at his desk in Berlin; Colonel Werner Moelders, outstanding German war ace of World War II, and devout Roman Catholic, near Breslau; and Field Marshal Walter von Reichenau, reported, when I left Germany, to be so fed up with Nazism that he was casting about for something to take its place.

To estimate the relation between Hitler and his generals correctly, one must remember the tradition in which men in their fifties and sixties, who now hold responsible army positions, grew up. For the most part, they are left-overs from the imperial regime, in spite of the imposing list of "purges" and discharges which Hitler effected, and in spite of his efforts to supplant the older leaders by men implicitly devoted to himself. The German emperor and his family were soldiers from early childhood on. They rose successively to high military ranks. They were accepted not only as equals, but, by virtue of the strong monarchical tradition ingrained in every German officer, as superiors. To them Hitler will always be the World War corporal. True to their oath as soldiers, they obey *Der Führer* as the commander-in-chief of all the nation's military forces, but they often wince at his decisions, and among themselves criticize both his strategic plans and their moral implications.

Another point of friction between Hitler and the old-line generals has been the Nazi fight on the church. The old Prussian officer was used to going to church on Sundays and seeing army chaplains about him on the battlefield. I attended a Christmas celebration in the Berlin garrison, where the colonel in charge and the soldiers sang the traditional Christmas songs such as *Stille Nacht* and *Adeste Fideles*. At my surprised comment,

the colonel said, "I am not going to let anybody interfere with our celebrating Christmas in the good old Christian way. Others may decide to revive pagan German customs for Yuletide; so long as I head this garrison it is a Christian Christmas for us—and I think the soldiers prefer it." That colonel, incidentally, is no longer in charge of the Berlin garrison!

For all this dissension, it would be wishful thinking to place hopes in an early revolution led by the high officers of the German army. "We are officers and not politicians," is their answer to any suggestion that German military officers take the initiative in forcing any change in the governmental and ideological structure of the Reich.

In an interview with Hitler in March, 1934, I asked: "Herr Reichskanzler, it is sometimes said with reference to the men most closely associated with you that they are contriving to take your place. Of one of your most prominent colleagues, for instance, it is sometimes claimed that he tries to thwart your purposes."

Hitler replied, "I know you are asking this question for the sake of clarifying my relation with my co-workers, and not because you doubt their fidelity. For, it would be nothing short of an insult to think any men who have stood with me year after year are being animated by any desire to supplant me. The world has never seen a more striking example of unquestioning fidelity than is shown by my associates."

Three months later, on June 30, the man whose dependability I had guardedly questioned, but whom Hitler had described as of "unquestioning fidelity," was dead. Ernst Roehm, Chief of Staff of the SA, was executed in Munich during the "June purge."

Other star witnesses to disprove Hitler's theory of "unquestioning fidelity" on the part of his associates soon followed. There was Julius Streicher, whose graft and scandalous living resulted in his removal as Gauleiter for Franconia; Tycoon Fritz Thyssen, once one of Hitler's heaviest financial backers,

now author of scathing exposures of Nazism in the American press; Walther von Brauchitsch, dismissed because he declined to accept Hitler's infallibility as a military strategist; Konstantin von Neurath, whose task as Reichs Protector of Bohemia-Moravia became so unsavory that he was removed; Gottfried Feder, founder of National Socialist economic theory, who died recently, forgotten and unappreciated.

Early in February 1939, tall Putzi Hanfstaengl, who used to play the piano for Adolf Hitler much as little David strummed the harp for Saul when the evil spirit overcame this Hebrew king, left Berlin by airplane, supposedly on a secret mission for his Führer. A few days later I traced him to the Hotel Baur au Lac in Zurich. He had left the Hitler boat. Fleeing by way of France to England, he is now in an internment camp in Canada, apparently ready to make interesting revelations.

Hjalmar Schacht, who at the opening of the Königsberg Fair in September 1935 warned his thousands of listeners that "we are all in the same boat," and who stated that nobody could climb out of the ship of state piloted by Adolf Hitler, was generally credited, when I left Germany, with putting out feelers for the founding of a possible "Fourth Reich" to succeed *Der Führer's* Third.

But the most shocking revelation that "unquestioning fidelity" was a myth came when Rudolf Hess in May, 1941, coldly turned his back on the man whose shadow he had been all these years, and flew to Scotland. Hess, on May 1, awarded the title of "Pioneer of Labor" to several outstanding German industrialists on behalf of Adolf Hitler and delivered a patriotic war speech at Augsburg. The next day he deserted. He was pronounced mad by Hitler and Goebbels, all further mention of his name in the German press was forbidden, and every memory of him was blotted out, even to the extent of rechristening hospitals and streets named after him.

Hess, a fanatical Nazi and Hitler's right-hand man, had from the beginning hated Communism bitterly. Hitler's determina-

~~tion to wipe out the Jews~~ was no more deeply rooted than Hess's conviction that the Communistic system must be destroyed. He never recovered from the disillusionment he experienced when Hitler became the temporary ally of Stalin. It is my belief that his flight to England had at its core his hope that Great Britain could be persuaded to carry on the crusade against Soviet Russia.

But Goering? Personally, I should not put it past the stout generalissimo of the air force to desert the Hitler ship if he thought this would save Germany. In fact, on one occasion late last autumn I was approached by a man who, if he was not sent by Goering direct, certainly came from his entourage. He wanted to know how President Roosevelt might react to a Hitler-less government headed, at least during an interim, by the Reichsmarshal. I countered with the question, "Who conducted the purge of June 30?"

Goering's defection would not be unexampled. When I visited Praha, Czecho-Slovakia in 1935, Otto Strasser, leader of the so-called Black Front which bitterly opposed *Der Führer*, told me that Joseph Goebbels had sent a middleman to him to discuss the possibility of his (Goebbels) deserting the Hitler cause.

Why then should it be unthinkable for Hermann Goering to quit? There is little doubt that Hitler and Goering have occasional quarrels. Goering then leaves GHQ and goes to one of his delightful estates to sulk. Soon the two make up again, and the news reels show them shaking hands. He who looks sharply and critically observes that there is not much cordiality in the handclasp.

Furthermore Goering is an officer from imperialistic days. He has always remained a monarchist at heart. He has never broken off his connections with the former ruling families of Germany. But to expect a Goering defection now or soon would, again, be wishful thinking which might lead us into a false security. Goering may yet surprise everybody and stick!

In July, 1940, Adolf Hitler staged his triumphal entry into

Berlin at the conclusion of the western campaign. His blitz offensives had taken the peoples of northern and western Europe so by surprise that they still seemed stunned and dazed.

But today these conquered countries have become a major headache to *Der Führer*. The fact is that Hitler has already lost the peace (assuming for the sake of argument that he might win the European war—which I personally do not believe for one moment). By this I mean that Hitler has nowhere shown the slightest psychological understanding of the peoples whom he subjugated. With his regime of reprisals and *Schrecklichkeit* he himself has laid the foundation for all the trouble he is having.

In Norway, resistance is stubborn and stolid. Vidkun Quisling, even today, although given every support by the Nazis, is not master of the situation. In Denmark, mockery of anything and everything pertaining to Nazism is getting under the skins of Hitler's deputies, for even a Nazi does not like to look foolish. In Holland, sabotage and secret information given to England are the order of the day.

In Belgium, King Leopold has consistently refused to become responsible for Nazi misdeeds and has thereby given encouragement to his subjects to resist passively. In France, the many executions of United Nations sympathizers speak an eloquent language. In Yugoslavia, there is virtual civil war, with the Serbian patriots apparently holding the upper hand. Greece lies prostrate, at the point of starvation, a danger spot both from a health and from a rebellion standpoint.

Hitler may well reflect whether it was wise to have been hailed as conqueror before the last act of the European drama in this war has been played.

There is another problem which necessarily gives Adolf Hitler concern: Somehow Europe does not wax as enthusiastic over his loudly trumpeted New Order as he believes it should.

The Nazis have it all fixed and blue-printed. Foreign Minister

Joachim von Ribbentrop has set up a GHQ for the New Order near Hitler's military GHQ in East Prussia. Down in Munich, in the Brown House, General Franz von Epp, president of the Reich's Colonial League, has a colonial general staff at work planning minutely how Germany shall run the colonies of Africa.

By accident I was invited on October 29, 1938, to attend the opening at Ladeburg, near Berlin, of one of three colonial schools which have now been running for several years under the direction of Von Epp, who was an officer for many years in the African pre-war colonies of Germany. I was astounded to see in what detail preparations were being made even then against the time when Nazism might take over the former German colonies.

With the same precision and methodical attention to detail that characterized their seizure of power in Germany in 1933, the Nazis were training men for a future colonial service on the administrative, scientific, and commercial side. One million Germans, organized in the *Reichskolonial-Bund*, were supporting Von Epp's effort morally and financially. During the war this training was intensified, and Von Epp entrusted with the organization of a colonial ministry which can spring into action any time that Adolf Hitler so decides—provided the United Nations give him a voice in the matter!

In Ribbentrop's scheme of things for the New Order in Europe, it is exactly prescribed what each European country shall bring forth and in what quantity, what the value of that produce shall be in bartering with another country for its produce, how customs and tariffs between the various countries of the European continent shall be adjusted, what cooperative enterprises shall be undertaken in the way of international road building, canal digging, river widening, railway expansion, and the like, what cultural exchange shall take place, and how labor power shall be made available, now to this country, now to that.

There is just one little thing which the Nazis simply can't get through their heads. Other countries are not persuaded alto-

gether that Nazi dictation in the planning and execution of this New Order is the thing they have been fighting for.

The situation in reference to the European New Order is much like that of Austria after the *Anschluss*. There had been many Austrians who were eager for the *Anschluss* on general principles, but they had expected that the Austrian Nazis would come into their own, and would then introduce in their native land a softened and "Austrianized" edition of national socialism. Instead they soon found that all their policies were directed from Berlin, and that German party members were being put in the important positions and given power to run Austria, now called Ostmark (a further insult to the Austrians).

Similarly, the Italian fascists, the Croatian ustashas, the Slovak Hlinka Guardists, the French Rassemblementists, the Rumanian legionaires, and all the minor pseudo-Nazi movements in western and northern Europe are already beginning to realize that Hitler's New Order is not what they bargained for, nor what their peoples are willing to accept.

The invasion of Nazi carpet baggers into conquered and satellite countries, buying up foreign properties for a song, stealing Jewish wealth, and setting up blacklists, has also accelerated the pace at which enthusiasm for Hitler's brand of a New Order is waning.

The same man who so obligingly revealed the fact of Ribbentrop's having established a New Order GHQ also told me that nincompoops like Clausen of Denmark and Mussert of Holland, and other presumably incompetent Quislings would have to go, also blandly assumed it was up to Hitler alone to decide that Laval's France should precede Mussolini's Italy in the protocol of the New Order. This high foreign office functionary told me that Hitler is anxious to get France into the New Order; that he has informed Laval through his ambassador that he considers France more important than his ally Italy as Germany's partner in the rearrangement of Europe. He believes the two countries could complement each other industrially and economically, as

well as in the matter of raw materials. Yet Pétain and Laval seem to hesitate.

But again it would be wishful thinking to expect that these misguided European midget leaders will rise up against Hitler in the near future. They are so busy establishing their own authority and carrying out wishes from Berlin that they have no time to think of how they may free themselves from Nazi clutches. They know too that so far as their own countrymen are concerned, they are regarded as turncoat followers of Hitler with whom they must win or die.

It comes right down to this: There is no hope for change in Europe until two things have happened:

1. A crushing military defeat has been administered to the man who considers himself much greater than Napoleon.

2. Sufficient encouragement, coupled with binding assurances that they will be permitted to cooperate in the initiation of a real New Order, is given to that Front of Decent People in Germany that is rapidly forming.

As I wrote in a recent newspaper article:

"Adolf Hitler's war upon the United Nations has, by his own volition, become a one-man war—that of *Der Führer* himself. It follows that any defeat administered to the German war machine will, first and foremost, spell the defeat of the Nazi dictator. There is nobody behind whom he can hide; there is nobody to whom he can pass the buck; there is no situation thinkable whereby Nazism can be defeated and its head front and shoulders survive. . . .

"The build-up for this man, promoted diligently with his personal approval, has been too terrific for it to be otherwise. The slogan assiduously fostered by the Nazi party, *Hitler ist Deutschland und Deutschland ist Hitler* (Hitler is Germany and Germany is Hitler) will then prove a boomerang. The common people of Germany, of this there can be no doubt, will then say, 'Hitler is defeat, and defeat is Hitler.' . . .

"Take away the prop of invincibility and the Hitler statue will

topple. In this toppling process, the submerged anti-Nazis, of whom there are millions in the Reich, can play an important part, provided they are given encouragement by the western democracies."



XVII

IS THERE ANOTHER GERMANY?

"Is **THERE** another Germany," people ask me over and over, "or does the whole German nation of eighty millions subscribe to the Nazi doctrines of racial superiority, Germanic world domination, party dictatorship, and legalized terrorism?"

My answer is emphatically yes, there is another Germany. It is a Germany which is submerged and inarticulate at present because every possibility of public utterance has been taken from it. It is a Germany which prays for deliverance from the Nazi yoke as fervently as any member of the United Nations can pray for the end of Hitler and his system. It is a Germany which still cherishes the normal, civilized ideals of equal and humane justice for all; of honesty and truthfulness in human relations; of sympathy for the oppressed, the weak, and the infirm. It is a Germany which is ashamed and humiliated at the disgrace into which Nazism has dragged the German name.

That assertion is based on definite and concrete knowledge but it is difficult for me to prove it. If I throw the spotlight of publicity upon a group of men who must necessarily work under cover, their lives are forfeit and the bewildered German masses, who regret this war as much as you and I do, are deprived of very necessary leadership. It is a clandestine leadership, of which few people are aware, but it is invisibly guiding that *Front der anständigen Leute* (Front of Decent People)¹ that is rapidly in the making.

¹ In using this term, I do not mean to convey the impression that there is an

A copy of this book will probably get into the hands of the Gestapo sooner or later, whereupon a hunt for my contact men may set in. It will prove useless because I have sufficiently camouflaged my friends to prevent their detection. I have changed their names, their scene of action, their religion, their profession. When I speak of Herr Schulz I may mean Herr Meyer; when I set the scene in Magdeburg I may mean Munich; when I mention a Protestant, it may be a Catholic I have in mind.

In each case, the basic facts are correct and in my safe deposit box I am carefully preserving a key to changed names and places.

The Germans have a telling phrase to describe how an "anti" acts in a public eating or drinking place. They say he has the *Deutscher Blick* (the German look); that is, they glance about furtively, then duck their heads and begin to whisper. Even we Americans got so into the habit of looking about before we spoke, then lowering our heads and our voices, that we still had the *Deutscher Blick* at Lisbon, and only gradually weaned ourselves away from it on the *Drottningholm*.

When one considers how completely the instruments of power are in the hands of the Nazi regime, one cannot but wonder that there is as much of "another Germany," as I shall attempt cautiously to describe. The closest-meshed network of espionage perhaps known in history covers the German Reich and keeps check on the movements, utterances, even apparently the thoughts of every inhabitant. Telephones are tapped, mail is examined, conversations are recorded on dictaphones secretly installed. It is almost impossible for the "Front of Decent People" to crystallize, organize, and become articulate.

Day by day the Gestapo is busy ferreting out individual oppo-

organization in existence which has adopted this suggestive phrase as its name. When one speaks to men and women, however, who are working for a New Germany, and asks them for their program, the surprisingly unanimous answer is: "The program is secondary. What we must first do is to get all decent people united in a front against Nazism." Some of the groups with which I have been in touch intend to use this expressive term as the slogan of the New Germany if and when the time comes for an organized movement for a revolution from within.

nents of the regime. An incautious word spoken in a restaurant or café, a careless conversation overheard by an ardent Nazi in a streetcar or omnibus, a "disloyal" remark made within the bosom of the family in one of those modern flats that enable the neighbor to hear through the thin walls—anything might lead to a visit by the Gestapo in the small hours of the night, and to transfer to a concentration camp.

The Gestapo did not hesitate to appoint children as spies for their parents, brothers as watchers of brothers, workers as reporters on fellow workers. Factories, government departments, commercial offices, even churches were honeycombed with agents of this sinister institution.

One night a young German of our acquaintance came to me in great perturbation. Here was his story:

"I work, as you know, in the government library.² I hate the Nazi regime but I must make a living for myself and my family. I don't like to say 'Heil Hitler' when I enter our office and pretend to be a loyal subject of the Third Reich, but what else can I do? Yield my place to a real Nazi and go to a concentration camp? Whom would I help by doing that?"

"Here's my real problem. Today I was handed a list of people living in our apartment house. I've been asked to make out a report at stated intervals on each person, setting down whether or not he is loyal to the regime, who his associates are, his habits, hobbies, and whether or not there is anything suspicious about him.

"My reports are to be checked by the Gestapo and made available to my superiors in my government department. Now what am I to do? As long as it was merely a case of pretending to be a Nazi, that was a private matter between me and my conscience. Now the fate of others is involved. If I turn in favorable reports about my neighbors, I will be suspected and my praise may even lead to their undoing, particularly as I am not the only one re-

² My camouflage.

porting on this particular group of people. If I were to denounce an anti-Nazi I would never be able to sleep again. I would be haunted by the thought of having brought misfortune on someone who deserved protection by men like me rather than betrayal. What shall I do?"

We talked far into the night, groping about for a way out. Knowing the Gestapo system in all its hideousness, I was unable to give him a clear-cut answer. I hated myself for it, but these situations are so complicated and there are so many aspects when one begins to probe into them, that I felt incompetent to give any advice.

As it happened, the young man was spared a decision as he was called to the colors a few days later. Belonging as he does to the "Front of Decent People," he hopes that by the time he returns from active duty—if he ever does—"another Germany" may be in the saddle. Meanwhile, he must do the goose-step and fight for a regime that he loathes. There are thousands like him.

One able and politically well-versed exponent of the "Front of Decent People"—let us call him Herr Keller⁸—often came to see me. Allegedly he was trying to come to terms with me in my capacity of president of the American Chamber of Commerce in Germany (a purely honorary position which I held for a number of years) concerning an invention on which he was working. Actually, his mission was that of bringing me information about the attitude of the common people.

He had an interesting way of getting people to reveal their true feelings. If he came to the open air market, where there is still more gossiping than anywhere else in Germany, he was pretty sure to hear someone complain of the length of the war. Far from siding with such a grumbler, he would strike a patriotic attitude and say, "I think we should leave all such worries to our Führer. He knows what is best for his people; we don't."

Immediately a discussion would start—guarded, of course, for

⁸ Camouflage!

nobody dared to say what he really thought—but indicative of the mood of the people.

“But the Führer does not know everything that is happening,” someone might object cautiously. “He is always at the front; I am sure he means well, but he cannot be everywhere.”

Whereupon my friend would come out with his final argument. “He must know what he is talking about, because he definitely told us the war will end in 1941. I believe our Führer and know he will bring us peace this year.”

My friend observed with a chuckle: “I have a great time that way. Of course, the Nazis are delighted. They are too stupid to see what I am really doing. By quoting Hitler’s predictions constantly, I raise doubts in my listeners’ minds which they remember when *Der Führer* fails to deliver the goods.”

Occasionally, “Herr Keller” took me to a meeting of people who opposed the Hitler regime. I don’t know where we met, as he called for me during the blackout in a closed limousine to take me to the destination, home of a wealthy manufacturer. I know only that we were somewhere in the western residential section of Grunewald, a borough of Berlin.

This manufacturer pursued somewhat the same tactics. He would earn the admiration of the Nazis by going before his workers from time to time with a “pep” talk, but he would give *Der Führer* such a build-up that the workers’ hopes were screwed up to the highest pitch, only to be dashed when the performance of the Administration was not equal to such advance advertisement.

This group of men were faithful listeners to foreign broadcasts and made scientific analyses of their merits and demerits. Shortly before my arrest in December, 1941, they worked up a *Denkschrift* or exposé which I was fortunate enough to be able to get out of the country. Government and private experts in this country to whom I have made it available have called it “most revealing,” “most helpful to us,” and even “nothing short of sensational.”

The members of this group were not interested in material returns for what they divulged to me about the real conditions in Germany. They were merely anxious for the early downfall of Nazism and believed they might hasten this process by supplying me with such facts as those contained in their exposé.

When I left, they were methodically and laboriously—and most cautiously—assembling parts for a radio transmission set strong enough to span the ocean and enable America to hear its messages. Their undertaking is a bold and difficult one, for every radio set, practically every radio part, is registered and accounted for in Germany. If and when their transmitter works, however, certain listening posts in this country will receive accurate, reliable information on the spread of the anti-Hitler movement in Germany from men who desire and are working for a Germany of Decent People.

Throughout the nation, Germans listen in on foreign broadcasts, undeterred by governmental orders to the contrary. From time to time, the Propaganda Ministry tries to throw fear into the hearts of these offenders, by publishing a number of extreme sentences imposed upon listeners to forbidden stations. But illicit tuning-in continues.

From time to time, Goebbels is forced into the defensive and must call upon his lackeys of the press to answer foreign radio arguments or assertions without, however, disclosing their origin, which is in itself an admission of the existence of "another Germany," a Germany that no longer believes the Goebbels propaganda and that hopes to learn the truth elsewhere.

Two incidents which have come to my attention illustrate the existence of an illicit clientele in Germany for foreign radio programs. The first of them had a semi-humorous ending, the second a tragic one.

In a small German city—let us call it Halle—a widow was informed by the commander of her son's unit that he had failed to return from a flight to England and that, as his plane had been observed to burst into flames over the English Channel, he must

be considered as having been killed in action. The sorrowing mother, staunch Catholic that she was, asked her priest to read mass for the departed on a certain morning, and notified her friends and relatives of these memorial exercises for her deceased son.

The night before the scheduled ceremony, the British Broadcasting Corporation, during its German language evening period, read out the names, ranks, and home addresses of German prisoners captured during the preceding week—a practice which the BBC has kept up consistently throughout the war, and which has done much to encourage secret listening in Germany. Among the names of those reported safe in British hands was the “dead” son of the widow in Halle.

The widow heard the broadcast; the local priest heard it; the friends and relatives heard it. What were they to do? Call off the church ceremony and thereby admit to the Gestapo that they had violated the law? The priest advised going through with the program as arranged, indicating by some small token that this was only a sham rite.

The next morning, therefore, mass was read, as agreed. But to the home of the supposedly bereft mother each participant in the church service sent a bouquet of gay flowers, thereby congratulating her that her son was still living!

The other incident happened in a little village—let us call it Kirschwerder. Here a simple peasant couple received news from the navy that the speedboat on which their son did duty had struck a mine off the English coast and that the whole crew must be regarded as lost.

That night the BBC gave the young sailor’s name among those fished out of the water and interned in a British prison camp. That same night five villagers wrote to the couple; the sender of each letter had “reliable information” to the effect that the son was alive and well, and an English prisoner of war. Bewildered at the messages, the couple went to the local postmaster.

“These people have written us that our son is still alive,” they

said in their innocence. "Do you think we can believe them? How do they know?"

The postmaster was, of course, a dyed-in-the-wool Nazi. He asked the couple to leave the letters in his hands so that he might make inquiries. No sooner had the man and woman left the building, than he got in touch with the local Gestapo. An hour later the five writers were charged with having listened to forbidden foreign broadcasts!

The Gestapo had also listened, but in their case it was privileged tuning-in. That fact should be taken into account when one weighs the pros and cons of American broadcasting in the German language to Germany. Not only the Gestapo but all the government departments either listen in or receive the Propaganda Ministry's daily digest of foreign offerings. In these offices there are far more anti-Nazis than the regime imagines. These "antis" take a certain relish in passing on to their friends and relatives what they have heard.

From all I observed in Germany, I am convinced that it is decidedly worthwhile to attempt to reach the German people by broadcasts. We should intensify our effort in that direction rather than diminish it. The present short-wave offerings, skillfully given by certain agencies, less skillfully by others, are not sufficient. The number of persons in Germany with radio sets for short-wave programs is not very large. Recently, I understand, a daily American broadcast in German for Germany has been inaugurated over a long-wave British station. That is most commendable.

Those in charge of such broadcasts should always remember the danger to the German listener who tunes in on a forbidden station. As experience shows, the tone volume is often excessive at the beginning, so during the opening moments the script should be sufficiently noncommittal to protect the German listener in case an ardent Nazi next door should overhear the start of the program. The real meat of the broadcast should begin only after the listener has been given an opportunity to reduce the sound to a whisper audible only to himself.

Another point to be remembered in our broadcasts to the Reich is the German penchant for facts and figures. We have a wonderful opportunity to win the confidence of Germans who take the risk of listening, if we can convince them of our trustworthiness. The very fact that the Goebbels machine tries to withhold all untoward war news from the German people should be an incentive to us to have the courage to admit truths which are unpleasant to our own ears. The German hearer will more readily believe our reports of German losses, if we—who are big and strong enough to take it—will also admit our own losses. (Always assuming, of course, that there are no military considerations involved.)

The broadcaster charged with the grave responsibility of shortening the war by his propaganda in the German language must be a good psychologist and understand the German mentality. For instance, at a time when the fortunes of war are not particularly favorable to us, it is poor psychology to hammer away at our future potentialities, unlimited though we all know them to be. For while we know our country and see its incredibly expanding program of production, the German does not. He is the fellow we are trying to reach in our effort to increase the "Front of Decent People." With his penchant for facts and figures, the German compares Rommel's success at Tobruk or Guderian's advance with his panzers on the Russian sector, with our stories of what, we claim, is to be—and he wonders whether or not we are bluffing.

At a time when luck is not palpably on our side, I believe the more effective approach is to concede that, for the moment, Hitler is having his way, and then to ask: "Where is all this leading? You are winning temporarily, yes, but what of it? Have your shortages stopped as a result of your conquests? Are your wives and children suffering less now than they did before your victories? Are you any nearer to peace? Where are you headed? Is not the road you are pursuing an endless one? Does it lead you back into human society or farther and farther away from it?"

The possibilities of reasoning with the thoughtful German are infinite.

There was a business men's hotel where many a deal was arranged over the luncheon table. It was no uncommon sight to see one guest hand the man opposite him at the table a document to read, perhaps a contract to be signed. Nobody paid any attention therefore when my lunch guests would open their brief cases, and with the most innocent mien in the world, hand me a paper to read.

At nearby tables there were men in party uniforms, with high military decorations. But they would never have imagined that the suave, prosperous-looking, seemingly bourgeois friends of mine were conspirators against the Nazi system, a group of former left radicals who, from time to time, reported progress in their clandestine organization of "opposition cells" in certain industries, especially in aircraft plants.⁴

One of these papers which I read openly over the lunch table contained the following items of information:

"The High Command has through spies come in possession of the codes used by the American and British governments in their dealings with their Moscow embassies.

"Concerning the coming visit of the British special mission to Moscow,⁵ the British ambassador to Russia advised his government that the members should fly via Archangelsk, and he informed Whitehall what type of gas was available there for refuelling. All this the German High Command knows.

"Keep your eyes on Spain. Germany is once again turning the heat on her. The Propaganda Ministry has already produced the 'documents' proving that the United States and Britain were about to land on Spanish soil, which will be 'found' at the psychological moment to furnish the excuse for German intervention."

By accident, I was able to check up a day later on the accuracy

⁴ More camouflage!

⁵ This information came to me September 1, 1941.

of the first part of this information. One of the code clerks of the American Embassy met a code clerk from the German Foreign Office who was secretly anti-Nazi. "You and we," said the Wilhelmstrasse employee, "certainly do a lot of unnecessary work. First you go to the trouble of putting into code what your embassy desires to communicate to Washington, and then I spend hours decoding your messages for our minister. We could make life so much easier if each of us gave the other the original texts in plain language! But then, of course, we would be without jobs."

This group of anti-Nazis, whose message to me I have quoted from my diary, had worked up a clandestine service of information that often amazed me. Reading one of their news breakdowns, circulated only for the orientation of their group, I realized they knew pretty accurately what was going on in the world. "Some time," they contended, "the day will come when all the terrorism of the Nazis cannot prevent a revolution. Foreign countries will follow this revolution with the greatest interest, and will probably try to guide it. All we ask is that the outside world stand aside and let us do our own housecleaning—*just long enough to try the Nazi leaders in accordance with their own laws!* After that we will welcome all aid from the outside in getting us back to a system of democratic justice. But we honestly believe the Nazis have it coming to them to be tried according to the laws and practices which they themselves imposed upon our people as substitutes for our former German justice."

When I asked the group for its political program, these men said, "The first thing after our squaring of accounts with the Nazis is to re-establish justice in Germany. After that has been done, and normal human rights have again been assured to all our people, we can begin to build our new state. The form is, for the moment, immaterial. But the foundation must be law and justice as it is recognized by the whole civilized world."

This program, coming from a pronouncedly leftist group, was to my surprise almost identical with that of a well-known con-

servative German leader who played a towering role in the ill-fated, short-lived republic, but later had to flee to England after several attempts had been made on his life. He still has a big following in Germany, however.

While this political leader still lived in Berlin, an American senator wished to meet him. As Ambassador Dodd was accredited to the Hitler government, he could not, without violating the terms of diplomatic usage, bring the two men together. So he requested me to do it for him.

When they met, the American senator jumped into the middle of the discussion with a pointed question. "Suppose," he asked, "that fate were again to place you in a position of power in Germany. What would your program be?"

Unhesitatingly the German statesman replied, "It would consist of but one point: *Deutschland muss wieder ein Rechtsstaat werden* (Germany must go back to a legal footing)."

"But, Mr. Minister," the senator persisted, "you are an economist, you are an authority on labor. I expected you would develop a program for job creation and economic recovery."

"Of what good is a building if it lacks foundations?" the German replied quietly. "Today Germany is without a foundation of law. First it must have a foundation; after that the rest will follow."

Another dependable contact man among the anti-Nazis was an experienced political organizer from republican days whose specialty was quietly winning over, for possible future organization, those members of the police force who revolted at many of the tasks assigned to them.

As it was not wise for him to call at my home or my office, he found a solution. About ten minutes from our office was the Schiller Café, chiefly frequented by business men from the clothing industry. These men who hurriedly consumed their light luncheon, usually talked business while doing it. They wore Nazi party buttons and apparently never came under special observa-

tion because the clothing industry, once almost exclusively in the hands of the Jews, had—after the usual “cleansing” of Hebrew ownership and management—been turned over as spoils to deserving party members.

The secret organizer of the police would telephone and say: “Schulz speaking. At the poet's, please.” The poet, of course, was Friedrich von Schiller, and the brief announcement indicated that I was to go forthwith to the Schiller Café.

Through this informant I learned much of the mentality of the regular police. Unlike the secret service, or Gestapo, made up exclusively of picked SS men who were fanatics for the Nazi cause, the police force contained thousands of holdovers from the republican regime. In spite of incessant Nazi training courses in *Weltanschauung*, the minds of many of these men had not become twisted.

My informant claimed that it would be easy, in the event of a revolution, to convert these men into the decent, good-natured (in spite of outward gruffness) officers of the law they had been during the days of the republic.

From personal knowledge I can produce one item of evidence to corroborate his statement, though, of course, I know one incident does not constitute proof.

To their surprise some Jewish acquaintances of ours were visited late one night by the policeman who regularly patrolled their street. They were terrified, for a call by the police at night usually meant arrest and deportation, or removal to a concentration camp.

This policeman, however, proved to be an angel of mercy. All Jewish passports had been called in and a large “J” had been stamped on each one to stigmatize their owners as non-German.

“I happened to see a lot of passports in our precinct office,” the officer of the law said quietly, “and in going through them I found yours. Now you have always been such good Germans I thought it would not be fair for you to walk about with identifications that virtually stamp you as outlaws. Here are your passports.

There are so many lying around our office and we are so short-handed a long time will probably elapse before yours are missed."

Deeply touched at this act of humanitarianism, my Jewish acquaintances took the hint. They left the country as quickly as possible, without difficulty, as they were still "Aryans" according to their passports.

During my nine years under Nazi rule, I learned to know many Germans who, because of their unwillingness to embrace the Nazi faith, made the acquaintance of German jails, prisons, and concentration camps. Without exception they reported that, so long as they were in the hands of the regular police, they were treated decently. They all dreaded the Gestapo and the concentration camp.

One evening I was taken to a group of quite a different type from any I had hitherto encountered, young men who had belonged to the pre-Hitler free trade unions. Will this reference lead to the arrest of all men and women who at some time or other held office in one of the pre-Nazi trade unions? I hope not. Such a search would be doomed to failure anyway, because the men I met that night were all young fellows, just emerging from the ranks, who have never held even the smallest office under trade unionism.

The young leadership that is developing made it plain to me that the old-line labor politicians who ran out of Germany at the first opportunity need not expect to be received with open arms when they return, after a successful revolution. These young enthusiasts take the position that the Germany of the future must primarily be an affair of men who have had the stamina to remain within Germany at danger to themselves, who therefore command the respect of the common people, and who by their intimate knowledge of the present government set-up are in a position to take over with a minimum of friction when the day of deliverance comes.

The discussion that evening turned almost entirely upon the

question of America's attitude toward a possible German "Front of Decent People."

"Does the American government really mean it," I was asked, "when President Roosevelt assures the world that the United States has no quarrel with the German people, but merely considers Hitler and his philosophy a menace to civilization? Are we, too, to share in the Four Freedoms? Is the Atlantic Charter applicable to a New Germany of Decent People also?"

They seemed relieved when I assured them that nobody in America would have thought of a conflict with Germany if it had not been for the coming of Hitler; that nowhere had the hatreds of the first World War been forgotten more quickly than in the United States once we had realized that the young German republic was really embarked upon a course of international co-operation. But I left no doubt that America would want definite guarantees of good faith before it would recognize "another Germany."

"Fair enough," they replied. "We realize what a terrible guilt Hitler has fastened upon us as a nation. We cannot simply wash our hands of what has happened. Whether we liked it or not, whether we could help it or not, the fact remains that Hitler spoke in our name and besmirched our escutcheon.

"As one token of our readiness to make reparation for what our present leaders have done, we are prepared to send battalions of workers to Coventry, Rotterdam, Warsaw and other bombed places to build up these scenes of destruction. We can assure you that prominent Nazis will be conspicuous in these labor armies—but not as overseers."

That group with whom I talked during a mid-November night of last year had a strong realization of guilt for what had been done to other nations. When I returned home long after midnight and told my wife of our conversation, she said, "These men are not alone in their attitude. Only this morning our little vegetable man, said in his slow, deliberate way: 'You know, Mrs. Lochner, we German people will have to pay heavily some day for

Hitler's sins. The world will say he was our responsible leader, and there is no argument against that. Poor Germany!"

A certain military judge whose home I visited from time to time on evenings when his maid was away—a mild-mannered, courteous, cultured gentleman—had evolved plans for the ultimate fate of Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler and Co., compared to which my trade union friends' theory of the chain gang was mild indeed. He wanted to drape the lamp posts of Berlin with prominent Nazis. This man had an interesting theory about the ending of the war which I pass on for what it is worth.

"Unlike the last war," he said, "the beginning of the end will not come within the country, but somewhere out at the front, possibly in Russia. There will be a crack-up somewhere that will be a signal for constantly spreading mutiny. The home front, of course, will be quick to fall in line. But the initial break, I am convinced, will come in the fighting front."

He warned earnestly against a premature uprising. "I have studied the Nazi system most carefully," he explained, "and I know how efficient are its preparations against civil war. We must take the greatest care not to strike before we are ready. That is the trouble I am having with some of our followers, especially with the Austrians. They are in danger of doing something rash. Nothing could be worse for our cause than going off half-cocked."

I would not be honest if I did not emphasize the fact that all these revolutionary groups were anxious about United Nations guarantees of good faith in their expressed sympathy for the "Front of Decent People."

These groups were unanimous in testifying that their one great obstacle in spreading anti-Nazi propaganda was the fear of wide masses of the German people that the peace which would follow this war would be even farther removed from the promises of the "Atlantic Charter" than the Treaty of Versailles was removed from Wilson's "Fourteen Points," on the basis of which they had trustfully laid their fate in the hands of the Allied and Associated Powers.

How to overcome this doubt is something over which the best minds in our nation might well ponder. Either we admit the existence of "another Germany" or we don't. If we deny it (this would be an indication of stark political blindness on our part) the war will be prolonged indefinitely, and even the most rabid anti-Nazis in Germany will fight to the bitter end, realizing there is no hope for the decent element in Germany anyway. If we recognize its presence—even though we think it too weak for the moment to count as a political factor—we should encourage it in every possible way. To say that all Germans are alike is playing Goebbels' game, as he has warned possible revolutionaries that their defection will not help them as the outside world recognizes only one Germany.

I say with all the conviction at my command that anything we can do to encourage that "other Germany," whose modest beginnings I have tried to trace, should be done. This includes a willingness to supply the guarantees that the sponsors for the Front of Decent People in Germany deem necessary.

One suggestion that has come to me since my return to America is that His Holiness Pope Pius XII join with President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill in a statement of peace objectives which would include an assurance that "another Germany" could participate in the reconstruction of the world and in the establishment of that New Order of international justice of which Hitler's pretended New Order is a mockery. I met the present pope frequently during his brilliant career as Papal Nuncio accredited to the German Reich and as doyen of the diplomatic corps in Berlin, and I know something of the esteem in which he is held in Germany even today. His war-time encyclicals have always had wide secret circulation both among Catholics and Protestants in the Reich. He is recognized by believer and unbeliever, by the orthodox and the heretic as a great moral voice.

Another suggestion advanced to me is that of a joint declaration by the labor movements of the United Nations, appealing to the German worker and assuring him of international labor's

determination that an era of good will for all, including the German people purged of their Nazi seducers, shall follow this war.

Perhaps World Protestantism could unite in a similar manifesto of encouragement and assurance.

From time to time the "other Germany" asserts itself in clandestine literature. One of the most widely distributed "subversive" documents was the open letter to Generalissimo Walther von Brauchitsch. In the United States, it would probably find its way into the Congressional Record and become a public document in spite of the fact that we are at war. Criticism is possible in our country even while the cannons roar. But in Germany, the so-called "Brauchitsch letter" is a carefully guarded secret paper which people copy at danger to themselves. Once such a document begins to circulate, however, it spreads with inconceivable rapidity.

I was fortunate enough to be able to smuggle a copy of it out of the country. It bears all the earmarks of having been written by someone conversant with military things. The author claims to be the father of three sons, one of whom fell in Belgium, the second before Leningrad, while the third is in command of a battery on the Russian front.

Bitterly the letter castigates the action of the SS in conquered Poland. But even more scathing is the writer's denunciation of Hitler's failure to prevent the British from making their heroic get-away at Dunkerque. The campaign in Africa is put down as a strategic blunder, as are the far-flung operations which look impressive on paper but which mean that some 250,000,000 Europeans must be fed by Germany.

The Battle of the Atlantic, too, is described as more favorable to Great Britain than to Germany. "The naked, cold, cruel fact is that we have under-estimated the opponent—him and time, his allies and his reserves," the writer contends.

There follows a balance sheet on Adolf Hitler personally and

on his Nazi party, to show how *Der Führer* has misled the German people. The conclusion reads:

“Germany can survive, although it is very sick. It can become well again and will become well if it has a will to live, if it removes that destructive carbuncle, Hitlerism and its creatures—if it cuts it out to the bone with all its pus formations. The world will help Germany, but not a Hitler-Germany, not a fascist Germany.

“German people, you are being told: this is Germany’s war, it is your war, a war for your fatherland. That is a lie! You will live and be great, but your ‘leaders,’ the scoundrels of Germany and the Nazi heelers, will perish!”

As might be expected, the communists have never ceased turning out illicit literature. One favorite method of theirs is to print pamphlets looking like dime novels, with innocent titles and covers, on the inside pages of which are straight communist propaganda.

At times, in a crowded restaurant, a waiter would hand you a little box of matches and then disappear in the crowd. As you opened it, you found, minutely folded, an eight-page illegal communist newspaper bearing the title of *Sozialistische Aktion* or *Der Rote Mai* or *Die Rote Fahne*. The type was so small you needed a magnifying glass to read it.

Another evidence of the anti-Nazi movements, is the outlaw radio stations which at various times have worried the German authorities. There was the Freedom Broadcasting Station which bobbed up, now here, now there, and kept everybody guessing as to its origin. Then there was the “Oesterreichischer Freiheits-Sender” which tried to stir up the disappointed Austrians against the Nazi regime. There were one or two others whose names and nature I have forgotten.

Most formidable of all these was the celebrated “Gustaf Siegfried I” broadcast, famous for the pornographic nature of its initial appeal and its scathing denunciation of the Nazi bosses. It got to be an institution. Every day, ten minutes before regular

broadcasts, anti-Nazis could hear the familiar words, "The Chief will now address you."

Many Germans with whom I have talked believed that Gustaf Siegfried I spoke from some spot under the protection of the *Wehrmacht*, for "the Chief" always defended the armed forces while severely criticizing the party hierarchy in a language which showed an intimate knowledge of the coarse vocabulary used by a drill sergeant.

While Gustaf Siegfried I, too, is evidence of "another Germany," I should not put him down as a constructive element. He is evidently a militarist, and his pornographic proclivities plus his pronounced anti-semitism do not make him a fit person to help construct a new order. In other words, he is evidence of "another Germany" only in the sense that his broadcasts indicate opposition to the Hitler regime. I should not, however, include him in the possible "Front of Decent People."

Naturally, the German leaders are aware of the growing undercurrent of unrest, and of the revolutionary movements. When the present war broke out, we were impressed by the fact that, while almost all male Germany had joined the colors, there were a great many stay-at-home Nazis. We asked around and received the plausible explanation that these men were needed at home to keep their ears to the ground, and to report to the regime any signs of disaffection among the populace.

Then we noticed that, aside from the party officials, there were a number of SA and SS men at home. Inquiry developed that these storm troopers and elite guards were considered necessary to keep the people in check in case there were any dangerous signs of disapproval of the war.

"Saboteurs and those who don't wholeheartedly put their shoulders to the wheel," Ed Shanke cabled to New York, "are being ruthlessly eliminated in increasing numbers. There is no way of determining how hard sabotage has hit German war

production or war installations. But there are indications that it is giving the Nazis cause to worry....

"Heavy details of Gestapo guard every vital factory, every bridge, every waterworks, gas and electric power plant....

"Workmen, especially foreigners, are watched very closely in the factories. And yet at least a million shells shipped by Czech factories to the east front proved duds. A prison such as Moabit in central Berlin is known to be filled with Germans and foreigners, especially Czechs, accused of sabotage. Notices appear daily in the press and on the official news pillars in the streets of persons beheaded or executed for 'sabotage' or for 'damage to the national economy'....

"The heads of two armament factories, were thrown into a concentration camp by the SS. The state minister for armament and munitions declared they had 'used men earmarked for armament production in their factories to do work in their own households and in that way withdrew hands from the very pressing armament jobs.'....

"A state building inspector was imprisoned because he permitted contractors to continue building in his district although work had been ordered stopped. A contractor was thrown into jail because he put a small addition on his house and rebuilt a garden wall although there was extensive repair work to be done in his neighborhood on bomb-damaged buildings."

Indicative of the state of the common people was the talk one could hear in the markets, before news stands, and at street corners when the super-anti-aircraft-artillery towers were erected on the premises of Berlin's famous Zoo. The average Berliner could not fail to observe to what depths these towers were being sunk into the ground, and what vast quantities of concrete were swallowed up in the process of construction. The story became general that these towers were intended not only to ward off probable enemy fliers, but also to quell any possible revolution. The SS, it was claimed, had concrete hideouts constructed below

these towers, extending for blocks underground from which they could keep the population in check.

I recall one young army lieutenant, returning from the Russian front shortly before our enforced departure from Germany, saying to us in deep despondency: "We officers know, of course, that just as soon as the war is over, we'll be disarmed and the party put in supreme charge. Having done our duty, we will then be just so much dirt."

It was reliably reported to me that, on one of those days when things were not going as he wanted them to, and when he blamed everything on the generals, Hitler at his GHQ said bluntly that when the war was over the army leaders would have to look for jobs. So far as his Nazi party was concerned, he added, he would have another major purge in the course of which he would rid the party of all those who, by their conduct during the war, had failed to give one hundred per cent proof of their personal loyalty to him as their Führer.

It always struck us as an interesting fact that in the German capital there were machine guns on many public buildings long before the war began. It seemed to us even then that they were designed to eradicate any incipient rebellion.

Nazi forethought in envisaging a possible revolution goes even farther. As we were leaving Berlin last December, the Gestapo was moving whole families out of apartment houses at strategic street intersections—I need merely mention a corner like the busy "Uhlandeck" which every traveler who has visited Berlin knows—and filling them with fanatic, trusted Nazi families. Why? Because in the first floor front room of each of these houses the Gestapo planned to place machine guns which were to mow down mercilessly German men, women, and children in the event of rebellion against the regime.



XVIII

THE RELAPSE INTO BARBARISM

WITH the inauguration of Hitler's New Order, there set in the most systematic, cruel, and lawless persecution of a race known in modern times.

The detailed story of this relapse into barbarism of a group of conscienceless adventurers who claim to be custodians of the heritage of Goethe, Schiller, Mozart, Beethoven, Duerer, Holbein, Luther, Roswitha, Kant, Hegel, Roentgen, and Robert Koch is probably better known in the United States than anywhere else. The American correspondents in Germany were unceasing in their vigilance concerning new manifestations of anti-semitism. So blind were the Nazis in their hatred of the Jew that they had less objection to truthful reporting on anti-semitic measures and actions than on almost any other manifestation of Nazi-regimented German life.

The complete ouster of the Jew from all business in Germany represents a direct violation of a pledge given the businessmen of the world by the Nazi party, speaking through the mouth of Dr. Julius Lippert, mayor of Berlin, before the American Chamber of Commerce in Berlin on February 26, 1935. I know, for I was in the chair myself. This is what Lippert said:

"We are accused of destroying or intending to destroy all Jewish business life, but anyone looking around can see that Jewish business is not interfered with. If the Jew fulfils his civic duties, he will enjoy the same business rights as other citizens."

Not only has the Jew been barred from all commercial under-

takings, but he is unable to go into a shop except during certain hours, and then only if there is no sign on the door saying, "We do not sell to Jews."

Nor is he master of his own finances. Following the murder of German Embassy employee Ernst Vom Rath in Paris by a young man named Herschel Grynzpan in November, 1938, the cash reserves and a large part of the savings in stocks and bonds were taken from the Jews in the form of a one billion Reichsmark fine as collective atonement for the Paris deed. Whatever they still had left was put on blocked accounts, from which the owner can draw only enough for the bare necessities of life. The rest remains on deposit until the owner, some terrible night, is hauled off to Eastern Poland or the neighborhood of Riga, after which it will be grabbed by the Nazis.

We shall never forget the orgy of synagogue burning, window smashing, and store looting of November 9, 1938, when, on hearing of the Paris incident at Munich, Hitler in a rage gave the "go" sign for Nazis to do anything they pleased with the Jews.

But there will always be associated with that episode a feeling of pride that I am an American. During that hideous night, when no Jew dared remain in his own home for fear he might be tortured or murdered, there was not an American house in Berlin which did not offer shelter to some Jewish fugitive from Nazi terror.

Only the other day a young man, now a sergeant in the American armored forces, called to remind us how he slept that night on one couch in our apartment, his brother on another, and a former judge in our only guest room. To our great sorrow we had to inform the young sergeant that his brother, who was not so lucky as to escape to this country, finally committed suicide last autumn after having been subjected to all sorts of humiliations, and having been put to hard manual labor with entirely inadequate food rations.

Our home was no exception on that November night of 1938. When at a late hour a former millionaire department store owner

rapped at our door, pathetically begging for shelter, Melvin K. Whiteleather of our staff, one of the most kind-hearted, loyal, and self-effacing colleagues with whom I have had the pleasure of working, spontaneously offered to take my "overflow" to his home. Still later that night, when the wife of a Jewish concert manager—who had meanwhile been dragged into a concentration camp—asked for lodgings for herself and her little boy, my United Press colleague and competitor, Frederick C. Oechsner and his ever helpful wife, Dorothy, unhesitatingly absorbed this additional overflow. A later check-up revealed that Americans generally regarded it as their self-evident duty to shield the Jews.

By January 1, 1938, the "aryanization" of Jewish business had been completed or assured. Many smugly-smiling Nazi party members were seen strutting around in establishments formerly owned by Hebrews. They had obtained the entire inventory, good will, and real estate for a mere pittance. The famous Gruenfeld stores, valued, I believe, at 35,000,000 Marks, yielded the family barely enough to leave the country and buy steamer tickets for Palestine and America. The best-known gift shop in Berlin, Rosenhain's, went to a chap named Reiwinkel. Israel's changed hands, as did the Warenhaus Tietz and countless less wealthy undertakings.

The Nazis could continue to live in luxury. It paid to steal Jewish businesses! Before they had come into power, the Nazis had invariably described the Jew as filthy, dirty, unkempt, disorderly. This did not prevent them from eagerly grabbing Jewish estates and homes. Suddenly these Jewish properties were discovered to be filled with evidences of a high German culture to which non-Aryans were not entitled. Leading Nazis were happy to move into compulsorily abandoned Jewish homes without as much as going through the motions of fumigating the rooms that, according to their earlier descriptions, must have been infested with vermin.

Meanwhile the social ostracism of the Semite proceeded apace. The Jew was barred from all theaters and concert halls, movie

houses, and other meeting places in which Aryans foregather. Party members, government officials, and even factory hands in concerns run by dyed-in-the-wool Nazis were enjoined not to have any social intercourse with Jews and to cut them on the street. A decree was issued authorizing the police to hasten the separation of Jews and Gentiles in apartment houses by transferring Jews in Aryan-owned apartment buildings to houses principally inhabited by Jews, and vice versa.

The moment then seemed propitious to make a virtual slave of the Jew. The Federal Office for Job Creation suddenly discovered early in 1939 that, after all, the Jew had an economic value. He could be made to work in occupations which were not essential to the safety of the state, thereby releasing from these occupations Aryans needed for so-called "essential" tasks.

Completely reversing the policy of six years of Nazi rule, factories and other undertakings needing masses of unskilled workers were told that Jewish help would be assigned to them, and that nobody was to suffer any economic or moral or social disadvantage from taking on Jewish labor.

In other words, by this decree it became possible to send Aryan laborers engaged in constructing Hitler's super-highways, to the fortifications zones to assist in the gigantic task of making Germany invasion-proof. The Jew was put to road-building, at least in sections far enough from the borders so as to prevent him from seeing the fortifications and becoming a potential spy. Wherever gangs of Hebrews, often intellectuals who had never handled a pick-ax before, were employed, they were kept strictly segregated from Aryan help. The brother of our young American sergeant was one of these unfortunate quasi-convicts.

German food rations are notoriously meager; so meager, in fact that more than fifty per cent of those receiving food cards are awarded supplementary rations as "heavy workers" and "heaviest workers." The Jew, however, cannot get beyond the stage of the basic food ration, no matter how arduous the work he is compelled to do.

From time to time, as a sop to the population, small extra favors are granted. During a certain week, let us say, every German is permitted to buy a few chocolate drops, or a few ounces of real coffee, or two eggs for Easter. No Jew can obtain these extras. Also, he is barred from all public relief in case of illness, disability or unemployment.

To make even more certain that the Jew was branded as a pariah, a special armband was designed, which every non-Aryan must wear, not only in Germany but also in the areas occupied by German arms.

The yellow five-pointed star of David with the German word *Lude*, or its Czech or Dutch or other language equivalent, marks him as a person to be avoided. If he waits for a streetcar his Aryan fellow-commuters have the right to climb into the vehicle first. As all cars are crowded in wartime during rush hours because of the extremely limited service, the Jew as a rule might as well give up hope of securing transportation. He is not allowed to take a taxi and he is not permitted to enter a railway train except with a special permit.

But suppose he has the rare good fortune of crowding onto an omnibus or streetcar. He may not take a seat unless Aryans have first been seated. On many occasions we Americans encountered angry glares from dyed-in-the-wool Nazis for offering our seat to some emaciated, bent, old Jewish woman. It must be added, however, that we also witnessed scenes of real Teuton courage, especially on the part of German men in military uniforms, who likewise yielded their places when some particularly miserable-looking Jewish individual entered.

Even in his own home the Jew in Germany is not master of his fate. That he may not have any servants goes without saying. But he is not permitted to dispose of any rug or article of furniture without official permission. The reason is obvious. When the wholesale banishments to former Poland began, Nazi party ward heelers were often disappointed, on breaking into the abandoned Jewish homes, to find nothing of value.

The history of these evacuations is one of the darkest blots on the Nazi escutcheon. Jews soon dreaded looking into their mailboxes for fear there would be a Gestapo notice telling them they must get ready in a few days for evacuation. They were permitted to take with them only what they could carry on their persons and in their hands, and even here the number and kind of articles was strictly limited.

Children were separated from their parents; often married couples were torn asunder. During the dead of night, when the population would not see these ghastly processions, they were herded together in some former synagogue (the right to worship also was denied Jews), and from there driven into the most primitive third-class cars, without knowing where they were going.

I know of cases where the unheated train in the dead of winter suddenly stopped on a bleak, cold field in Eastern Poland, with the sharp Russian wind blowing across the wild steppes, and everyone was told to get out. The Jews then had to begin a trek of four or five miles to some little ghetto village assigned to them. Their one larger suitcase in the baggage car, they were told, would follow them. It never arrived. What little they carried in their hands often had to be abandoned because their hands were freezing. Others who clung to their possessions until they reached their destination found they had meanwhile frozen a limb or two.

By strong-arm methods like these gradually almost sixty per cent of the Germans professing the Jewish faith were ousted. There were only about 300,000 Orthodox Jews left in the Reich when I departed from Germany.

It must be said for the decent element in Germany that these practices of the Nazi bureaucracy were related in hushed whispers in horror and shame, but there was nothing, apparently, that anybody could do in the face of Nazi terrorism. (To sympathize with a Jew meant loss of position and possibly worse.)

Sometimes the Jew, a pariah and outcast anyway, becomes the

victim of internecine Nazi strife, as happened in the case of friends of mine in Hanover. These friends had suddenly been asked to evacuate their apartments and to move into a crowded Jewish home for the aged. Twelve hapless women, among them some who had never met before, were compelled to live in a sort of dormitory with only eleven beds, so that the twelfth person lay half on one bed, half on another. From here, they were told, the evacuation to an unknown destination in Poland would take place "in due time."

Imagine their dismay when, one night, Nazi officials routed them out and told them they would have to leave for barracks outside the city! (This was contrary to the distinct promises of the Gestapo that they could remain in the old folks home, which at least was heated even though crowded, until final evacuation.)

Cowed and beaten spiritually, they accepted even this fate and were about to gather up their scant belongings for the trek to the barracks, when a Gestapo official happened to pass by. "What is going on here?" he demanded in surprise.

It then developed that a youth leader, who had recently been made governor of the Hanover province, remembered that a year before he had boasted that the City of Hanover would be free of Jews within a year. As the Gestapo had not moved quickly enough to suit him, he had taken matters into his own hands and issued orders for the Jews to get out that night.

In this case the Gestapo, which did not want its plans for evacuation disarranged, proved the stronger, and the hapless group was permitted to remain until a train with victims from Cologne, Duesseldorf, and other Rhenish and Westphalian centers, bound for the east with Jews, stopped at Hanover long enough to take them into an exile which may truly be described as a living tomb.

For a number of years of my stay under the Nazi flag, my point of contact for the Jewish question was a young rabbi of unusual ability and endowed with a rare gift of oratory. He remained with his flock as long as he possibly could, but at the

eleventh hour managed to emigrate to the United States when the Gestapo was ready to clamp down on him.

At his home—I usually parked my car a considerable distance from it and walked the rest of the way—I learned to know a group of German Jews from the *Reichnerstratung* who were so devoted to their community work and were so imbued with the idea that their co-religionists needed their counsel and guidance now more than ever, that they forfeited one opportunity after another for making their getaway and they will probably be deported one of these days—if they have not already been deported—to those unspeakable ghettos of Eastern Poland.

There was one category of Jews which, in a sense, was worse off than most of the people of their race who had the misfortune of being born in Germany. Those were the christianized Jews. Not belonging to the regular Jewish *Gemeinde* or community, forbidden to worship in Christian churches despite their conversion, sometimes several generations ago, to the Christian faith, and even denied spiritual ministration by their Aryan pastors, these men and women were a particularly hapless lot.

There was one man, however, who fought valiantly for these Jews. The Reverend Dr. Grueber, disregarding the personal danger involved, went to the authorities, told them he would try to raise funds among the Protestants of the world for the removal to other countries of *Judenchristen*, and asked for their tacit blessing, as his effort, after all, was helping their announced program of “cleansing” Germany of all Jews.

For a while the pastor was permitted to function. But he could not plead for funds abroad without describing the inhuman treatment of the Jews by authorities of the Reich, so it was not long before the Gestapo abruptly ended Grueber’s work by marching him off to a concentration camp.

His liberation, once *der Tag* comes for the opposition, will add a valiant fighter to the “Front of Decent People.”

Among the forces in Germany that decided to come to a satis-

factory arrangement with Nazism and even to cooperate in the building of a better Reich were the two great Christian faiths—the Deutsche Evangelische Kirche and the Roman Catholic Church. They picked up crumbs of comfort from the assurance in Article 24 of the National Socialist party's program: "We demand liberty for all religious faiths in the state, in so far as they do not endanger its existence or offend the moral and ethical sense of the Germanic Race."¹

But that article not only eliminated the Jewish religion *ab initio* from all consideration; it not only spelled the doom of Christian Science, which was represented as a sect of *Gesundbeter* (people who heal by prayer) indulging in practices that offend Germanic morality; it not only brought maltreatment and persecution upon the International Bible Students for their stand against arms bearing—it also affected the two Christian faiths fundamentally.

The Old Testament was categorically put down as offensive to the "moral and ethical sense of the Germanic race." The epistles of St. Paul were denounced as the rabulistic reasonings of a Jew whose *zersetzende* (subversive) intellect was foreign to Nordic feelings. Even the words of Jesus could not pass the censorship of those Nazi "theologians" who demonstrated to the satisfaction of a small number of party members grouped together as German Christians that Jesus of Nazareth was an Aryan and presumably of German descent. Christ's Sermon on the Mount spoke of meekness, of contriteness, of love for one's enemies, of mercy in human relations. These were doctrines offensive to the moral and ethical sense of the true Nazi, who extols arrogance, impertinence, hate, and relentlessness as Germanic virtues.

But while there could be no synthesis between Article 24 of the Nazi party program and the two Christian faiths, the churches still hoped that some arrangement could be made whereby the churches could render unto Caesar what was Caesar's and unto God what was God's.

¹ The italics are mine.

But the Nazis were determined to subordinate the churches to their will, as they did everything else, with a view—which became more and more plain as time went on—of eliminating Christianity from German life altogether.

Few Americans, I find, realize that in Germany there has been up to the present day no complete separation of church and state such as we Americans are fortunately blessed with. The German state not only places its tax collection system at the disposal of the churches, but pays a certain subsidy—which under Nazism has dwindled to practically nothing—from its “cultural” fund to the churches for their maintenance.

This contact point between church and government proved a source of great trouble, for it afforded the Nazi regime a technical excuse for invading the churches themselves.

At The Associated Press office in Berlin the work of reporting on the religious issue was divided, Edwin A. Shanke keeping special contact with the Catholics, while I was in touch with the Protestants. Naturally there was overlapping, as Shanke got to know brave defenders of the Evangelical cause and it was my privilege to meet some outstanding fighters for the Church of Rome. Shanke, a Bad Nauheim fellow internee, before his transfer from Lisbon to London wrote a paper on the church situation which is full of revealing facts. With his permission I quote from it:

“Clergymen are forbidden to visit the sick in state-owned and operated hospitals and institutions. Should a dying person, for example, request a priest to administer the last sacrament of extreme unction, the appeal must first go to the hospital director. He, in turn, will determine if and when a priest may call. Baptism of infants in public hospitals, common practice hitherto, now has been forbidden for all faiths.

“A stir was caused among the Catholic faithful when the state interfered with the observance of important feast days ‘because of the war.’ Church holidays falling in mid-week may not be observed until the following Sunday, a state order decreed. . . .

"Another direct interference with free worship was an order forbidding celebration of masses before 10 A.M. on mornings following an air-raid. The result was that hundreds of thousands of workers accustomed to attending early mass before going to their work benches, no longer could visit church.

"Long before the war began, the Nazis already had dissolved church societies with the exception of a handful. Church organizations for boys and girls, young men and women were disbanded to make way for the Nazi Hitler Youth and Bund of German Maidens. . . .

"In the last year, the Gestapo has seized an untold number of convents, cloisters and other institutions belonging to religious orders. The Jesuits, Franciscans and Benedictines especially suffered. Nuns, priests and lay brothers generally were forced to leave their homes overnight with only a few personal belongings.

"After the Gestapo has thrown the occupants out on the streets and even banned them from the province, it confiscates the property with its furnishings either as an SS quarters, as homes for the mothers of illegitimate children, as office space for Nazi party officials or for similar purposes. Archbishop Sigismund Waitz of Salzburg, for example, was evicted from his home by the SS so that the Gestapo could have a barracks in that Austrian cultural center. Wholesale confiscations of monastic lands and buildings, secularization of hospitals and a shut-down of all confessional schools in Austria forced thousands of Catholic monks and nuns to emigrate if possible to missionary fields abroad, or to readjust their lives.

"The Christkoenig Home in Berlin, an asylum for homeless persons, is another example of ruthless Gestapo action. The nuns were ejected, sacred objects desecrated by high-booted SS men. Before leaving, the nuns were forced to pose in the kitchen with piles of foodstuffs used to serve meals to the residents and any transients. The photograph was taken for propaganda purposes with the intention of misrepresenting the nuns as hoarders eating

'with big spoons' while Germans generally were living on skimpy rations. . . .

"Nazi pressure on the churches constantly is growing. Nazi philosopher Rosenberg even let it be known, as a coercive measure, that no professing Christian may hold public office in the Nazi Reich after the war. Anti-religious pamphlets and books are flooding the bookstores at a time when paper supposedly is at a premium. . . .

"The comings and goings of priests, ministers, their associates and visitors are controlled and carefully observed by the Gestapo. It is common to find priests, for example, making their visits in normal civilian dress or for callers to slip through back doors nights. Telephones always are carefully covered with an insulated box against listening ears. There is always the suspicion that the Gestapo has wired a room and when priest and friend meet an out-of-the-way coffee shop is preferred for conversation."

I can round out Shanke's compelling picture by a few additional facts. Over the heads of the Gestapo, Bishop Clemens August von Galen of Muenster had the courage to protest to Hitler against the confiscation of Catholic cloisters and religious houses, and against the banishment of priests and nuns from the province of Westphalia after a particularly heavy RAF raid on Muenster.

One of the nuns who was forcibly evacuated from a Muenster convent following the big RAF raid on the city was the sister of the late German war ace, the 26 year old Colonel Werner Moelders, whose crash near Breslau has never been quite explained. When Moelders heard of the vandalism of the SS in his home town, he telegraphed Hitler, "I cannot continue to fight for my fatherland if the Gestapo continues to attack and weaken the home front."

Galen, scion of one of the oldest noble families of Germany, which dates back to 1246, centered his attacks upon the Nazi theory that the child belongs to the state, that it matters not whether the child is born in or out of wedlock, provided it springs

from a union of racially perfect parents, and that Christianity is a religion unfit for the youth of our time.

One day several years ago, the bishop announced that he would deliver a lecture on "Family and Child." The Nazis, learning of this, decided to heckle him. They packed his meeting hall with men in brown and black uniforms. Hardly had von Galen begun to speak, than a robust SA man interrupted the proceedings.

"How can anyone presume to discuss the family and the child, if he is not married and has no children?"

The Nazis clapped and tramped their approval. They thought their ring-leader had posed a clever one.

Quick as a flash, however, the imperturbable bishop shot back: "I won't stand for having our Führer insulted in this hall."

That ended the heckling.

When von Galen became bolder in his denunciation of Nazism on moral and religious grounds, the Gestapo thought the time had come to arrest him.

In as Catholic a city as Muenster, such an undertaking cannot remain undetected. The rumor spread. When the Gestapo arrived, a huge crowd was milling about in the square before the palace.

The officers of the Nazi law entered. They asked the bishop to consider himself under arrest and to come with them.

"Certainly," the bishop replied. "But will you please excuse me for one moment while I change my clothes?"

Unsuspecting, the secret police representatives nodded assent.

A few minutes later the door of the bishop's bedroom re-opened, and out came His Grace in the full regalia of his office, with high mitre, gold-brocaded robe, and shepherd's staff.

"But, Herr Bischoff," the SS men said, flabbergasted, "we cannot take you like that. We cannot arrest you in your official robes."

"All that I have said and done," von Galen is reported to have replied with dignity, "I have done as a priest of my church.

Hence I shall leave this building in your custody in my official robes and only so."

The Gestapo agents were so nonplussed that they desisted from arresting the clergyman. The episode ended by the bishop stepping out on the balcony and bestowing the apostolic blessing upon the thousands outside.

In the Catholic laity too, courageous men and women are at work to widen the "Front of Decent People." Among other things, von Galen, on August 3, 1941, preached a sermon against "mercy killings" as practiced by the Nazis. Men and women voluntarily undertook to make and pass on copies of the text. Long after working hours they would still be typing away, their hands covered with gloves so as not to disclose their identity by finger prints.

With diabolical cleverness Adolf Hitler has seized upon and attempted to render innocuous every person, organization or institution which might conceivably become the rallying point for an organized opposition.

This was behind his secret order to the *Wehrmacht*, to withdraw from the fighting front all members of former ruling German houses. When general mobilization was decreed in the autumn of 1939, royal princes were drafted like all other Germans. Of the Hohenzollern family alone, one son, eleven grandsons and one grand-nephew of the late Kaiser had to join.

Prince Wilhelm, oldest son of Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm, was wounded in action May 23, 1940, and died three days later. His remains were brought to Potsdam where a quiet family funeral was arranged. Instead, some twenty-five thousand Germans spontaneously—this time really spontaneously—marched behind the hearse. It was a silent, effective demonstration against the Nazis.

Hitler became alarmed. Already another Hohenzollern prince, Oscar, had fallen. Young Prince Franz Joseph, only son of Wilhelm II's fifth son, Joachim, had fought his way single-handed

out of a burning tank and back to the German lines, and had been recommended for the unusual award of the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross (but promptly refused by Hitler). These princes were becoming too popular!

To end this possible rallying point for the disgruntled, *Der Führer* secretly ordered the withdrawal from the front of all members of the former ruling houses, Hohenzollern, Wittelsbach, Wettin, Coburg, Braunschweig, Hessen, and others. There was to be no further occasion for the masses to register sympathy publicly with blue-bloods!

This same theory was behind the order, to which von Galen objected, which clamped down upon religious processions. As the fight between Nazism and Christianity waxed hotter, the number of people in these processions had swelled to four or five times the ordinary attendance. The masses felt that, the more imposing the pilgrimage, the greater its effectiveness as an anti-Nazi demonstration.

The persecution of the Protestants under the Nazi regime in many ways parallels that of the Catholics. There was a systematic effort to intimidate, jail, or remove the lower Protestant clergy. If I remember correctly, there were at one time as many as nine hundred Protestant clergymen in jails or concentration camps. When I left Germany, the number still under arrest, despite a supposed truce for the duration of the war, was estimated at one hundred.

For a while, it looked as though the Nazi storm were to sweep the churches before it. But there arose a fearless minister of the gospel, a former submarine commander, railway section worker, and plain farmhand, who dared resist the Nazi invasion of the church. Martin Niemoeller became the head, front and shoulders of a movement within the Evangelical church which adopted the suggestive name of *Bekenntnissynode* (Confessional Synod), because its adherents were determined proudly to confess

their faith in the Old and New Testaments of the Bible despite Nazi opposition.

We foreign correspondents naturally followed the career of Dr. Niemoeller with great interest. As the son of a Lutheran minister, I was particularly keen. But how could I get in touch with Niemoeller without causing him embarrassment? Nothing was so compromising to a man suspected of anti-Nazi leanings in those days as proof that he was consorting with foreigners.

One day early in 1933 a tall man, about thirty-five years old, came to see me. He was a young theologian who believed that possibly the spotlight of foreign publicity might yet restrain the Nazis from taking extreme measures against the Catholic and Protestant churches—which had already erected a common Christian front against heathen Nazism.

It is to the cooperative spirit of this man that I owe a complete picture of what was happening within the Confessional Movement, up until his flight to England a year ago.

Sometimes at great risk to himself, my informant continued to give me information. Not that he was rash or foolhardy. On the contrary, his caution led to an exceedingly amusing and incongruous development. On our first meeting we agreed that he would always use the under-cover name of Captain Mueller, and he suggested that, except in a case of urgency, we must never meet at my office or home.

A few blocks away from my office, there was a *café*, he said, of the kind that affords amorous swains an opportunity to meet and date up shady representatives of the fair sex. Nobody would ever suspect two reputable men like ourselves of frequenting such a *café*. So we agreed to meet at this den of iniquity for pious theological discussions! But that was not all. "Captain Mueller" knew enough English to make appointments over the telephone in that language. Also he had somewhere heard the expression "hot baby." He would telephone and say, "This is Captain Mueller. At the hot corner, please." That meant dropping my

work, whether it suited me or not—as I could not call him, for obvious reasons—and hurrying to the “hot corner.”

On the day when Reichsbishop Ludwig Mueller tried summarily to dismiss the Reverend Niemoeller from office, on February 14, 1934, the “captain” tipped me off that the Dahlem congregation would assemble that evening in the basement of the church.

In order not to compromise Dr. Niemoeller, I waited outside until the slim, wiry, courageous pastor arrived. I introduced myself, said I was anxious to report the evening’s happenings to America, but as a foreigner and non-member of his congregation, I realized I might incriminate him by my presence. Did he object to my entering?

“Not at all,” was his quick reply. “We have nothing to hide. What we have to do and say, we are prepared to enact in public.”

I followed him in. The hall was jammed. As the pastor entered, every man, woman and child rose to his feet, cheered, and finally broke into the strains of that old battle hymn of defiant Lutheranism, “A Mighty Fortress is our God.”

An elder went to the rostrum. “You all know what has happened,” he said. “They want to take our pastor from us.”

“*Nie, nie, nie,*” (Never, never, never), shouted the congregation.

“Our beloved Dr. Niemoeller will himself tell you the story.”

A hush of silence fell upon the vast audience. People bent forward in their eagerness to catch every word.

Simply, calmly, without any effort at oratorical fireworks, but with deep conviction in his voice, he delivered the briefest and most dramatic speech I listened to during my twenty-one years in Germany.

“Twice in my life,” Niemoeller said, “I have refused obedience. The first time came at the end of the world war, in 1918, when the captain in command of our U-boat unit ordered me to take my little submarine, with which I had roved the seven seas, to Scapa Flow and sink it. ‘Herr Kapitaen,’ I said, ‘I cannot do that; I refuse obedience.’

“Today the Reichs bishop summoned me. He informed me that

I had been removed from my post; that I may no longer preach. 'Herr Reichsbischoff,' I said, 'I refuse obedience. The Bible says one must obey God more than man. I have a mandate from God, as an ordained minister of the Gospel, to preach. I shall continue to preach.'

And preach he did, Sunday after Sunday. His little church in the Berlin suburb of Dahlem was crowded to capacity, not only by members of his congregation, but by hundreds of persons who had never thought of going to church before. The masses felt instinctively that here was a man who might, if encouraged, in due time successfully challenge the entire Nazi system, although he then attacked merely one sector, the theological.

Niemoeller was very active collecting funds for the families of arrested pastors and strengthening the so-called Confessional Synod, which refused to be bowled over by the Nazis. Finally, as the regime saw in him a possible figure around which opposition might crystallize, he was arrested on July 1, 1937, on the technical charge of taking up collections which had not been approved by Hitler's Bishop.

The fighting pastor remained in "detention for purposes of investigation" until March 2, 1938, when he was finally tried. The court sentence was eight months' imprisonment, which exactly coincided with the term he had already served, but immediately after his release, he was arrested again by the Gestapo and he has been an inmate of a concentration camp for four and a half years. Hitler is reliably reported to have replied, in response to numerous pleas for his release—even from high military quarters and Goering himself—"So long as I am Führer that man will not see freedom again."

Joachim von Ribbentrop, in his endeavor to become a simon-pure Nazi, severed his connections with the Lutheran Church soon after Adolf Hitler discovered in this wine and champagne merchant the proper person to conduct Nazi foreign policy.

When Ribbentrop reached London in 1936, however, as ambassador, he discovered that it was a hindrance to his career to be

known as the man who had turned his back upon the church.

Returning to Berlin, he had the audacity to apply for re-admission "on political grounds." As it happened, the Reverend Martin Niemoeller was still pastor at the time.

"It is most unusual for someone to want to join the church purely for political reasons," Niemoeller told him. "One doesn't take one's faith on and off like a coat, depending upon the temperature. But this is a case not only for the pastor to decide; I shall take it to the congregation." The congregation voted unanimously that Herr von Ribbentrop was unfit to be re-accepted in the church!

Another amusing evidence of Nazi efforts to use the church for political ends occurred in Saxony in 1935. A group of Englishmen were "being led around on orders of the Propaganda Ministry." The Nazis in the parish were admonished as follows:

"In order to dispel the prejudices in England, due to poor church attendance here, it is necessary that all our members participate if possible without fail in this devotional hour. The Englishmen will expect a full church when a bishop speaks. In attending, we shall fulfil a national duty. *Heil Hitler!*"

The most revealing of the documents setting forth what the Nazis really intend with reference to Christianity—at least the most revealing of those that have come to my attention—is a book published under the title of *Gott und Volk*. It cannot be purchased anywhere, yet it circulates in hundreds of thousands of copies at the front among soldiers, in the labor service camps, and among the SA, SS, and the Hitler Jugend. I quote:

"We Germans have been chosen by Fate to be the first to break with Christianity. It is an honor. At stake today is the substitution of a faith born deep in the German soul for a religion foreign to us. . . . Germany is our beloved land. It will be our religion. . . . The Führer and his movement had to come, blasphemed as a heretic, to recognize and fashion the true divine will. Christianity has failed and thereby rung its death-knell. . . .



Rev. Martin Niemoeller (on extreme right), doughty fighter on behalf of the Protestant Church, who is now in a concentration camp. He is standing with several other German clergymen who held a meeting to define Protestantism's position toward Nazism.



"Education of the youth is to be entrusted to the teacher, the officer and the leaders of the movement. The clergy will die out. They have estranged the youth from the people. . . . We want to bring up our children as though they never heard of Christianity."

One day a school teacher brought us the following "prayer" which the youngsters in the lower grades of a primary school were taught to say in place of Christian "grace":

**"Fold your hands and bow your head,
Think of Adolf Hitler ever,
He gives us our daily bread,
From all evil doth deliver."**



XIX

THE SECRET PRESS INSTRUCTIONS

By a Nazi decree which became effective January 1, 1934, the German press was declared to be "an instrument of the State." At that moment, freedom of the press in Germany received its death blow. Free discussion and independent thought were officially barred. Henceforth, the press was to be guided by the cardinal principle of Hitlerian statecraft—"Whatever is useful to the national-socialist State, is right."

The lie was thus elevated to a state tenet. It no longer mattered whether the information conveyed to the reading public was the truth. It mattered only that the Nazi state was served by the publication. Dr. Joseph Goebbels and his assistants in the Reich's Ministry of Public Enlightenment and Propaganda were the judges as to what was serviceable to the State at any given moment.

To control uniformity of thought and action in the German Press—and thereby to attempt to mold the German mind in a uniform pattern!—the Goebbels ministry issues a set of secret instructions to the press every day. These are given out in a press conference attended only by picked men, sworn to secrecy, and are also read over an inside radio set-up to the ministry's representatives in the forty-odd districts into which the Reich is at present divided for purposes of Nazi party administration.

These secret instructions, obviously, are a priceless aid toward understanding what is going on behind the scenes in Germany. Back in 1935, I used to secure copies of them from a German

colleague who also furnished them to a British newspaperman. Apparently hard up for a story, this fellow craftsman one day thoughtlessly wrote a sensational account of these secret instructions, and, to show that he knew what he was talking about, he published the complete text of a day's output of orders to the press.

The Gestapo promptly got busy to ferret out the offender. Several experienced "spotters" were sent quietly to the daily conferences to watch the faces of the scribes. The culprit's uneasy glances centered attention upon him and he was shadowed. In a downtown billiard hall he was nabbed at the very moment when he was about to hand a copy of the instructions to a French correspondent who, in turn, had agreed to pass it on to our English colleague.

The young German was arrested and summoned before the dreaded People's Court whose proceedings are held *in camera* and from whose decisions there is no appeal. He was slated for execution and only the fact that an uncle of his was a well-known German general saved him from certain death. He was sent to prison for life.

I would like to cite one of those early press instructions which I happen to remember. It was shortly before the *Anschluss* of Austria, when the Nazi government was doing everything possible to make the Austrians feel their isolation from the Reich. Any German desiring to go to an Austrian or Tyrolean spa or vacation center had to pay the prohibitive sum of 1,000 Reichsmark (about \$400) for the privilege. That hit the Austrian hotel and tourist industry hard, which was just what Adolf Hitler wanted! Meanwhile, his agents were busy telling the Austrians how their affairs would flourish once they were a part of Adolf Hitler's empire.

So, in keeping with these tactics, the German press was instructed that no news item or musical or theatrical criticism must appear concerning any opera, operetta, or theatrical performance in Austria. The purpose was obvious: The Austrian composers and playwrights were to be made to feel their cultural isolation.

Notices of Viennese premieres in Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Hamburg, and Cologne papers had always helped greatly to popularize Austrian musical and literary effort. Their absence meant material loss to Austrian musicians and authors.

Five years passed before I was able again to lay my hands on the verbatim text of the secret press instructions, although I was often acquainted, by German friends, with the gist of certain important orders to the editors. Then, to my delight, in November, 1940, I was visited by a German writer whose religious convictions impelled him to relieve his conscience to the extent of imparting the Goebbels instructions to some foreigner whom he could trust.

"The situation is becoming more and more unbearable," he confided. "Many of us are ashamed to have to write the way the Goebbels ministry compels us to do, but what choice have we? If I quit, I won't be able to get another job, because I shall be on the black list. My family will starve. Besides, I would merely make way for an approved Nazi. As long as I hold the job, I can at least avoid the worst excesses of propaganda misrepresentation.

"Anyhow, I want to be there when the change comes. The regime which is bound some day to replace the Nazis will need men who have observed the workings of Nazism on the inside. I want you to receive the press instructions whenever I can secure them for you. I am not always sent to the conference, so there will be gaps. Occasionally, too, I travel, and then for days I won't have access to the instructions.

"The day will come when you are free to publish them. You will then render a service to the cause of freedom in Germany. Perhaps you will even be in Germany when the change comes. The new powers-that-be may doubt that I am an anti-Nazi. All I ask is that, in such a case, I have your permission to name you as a reference."

Here, then, was a man who was willing to risk his life for the

sake of exposing Nazi press methods. From then on until two days before my arrest on December 11, 1941, I remained in touch with him. He would come to me after dark, or I would meet him at his home at night. To the inquiring janitors of our respective apartments we gave assumed names. He would sometimes announce himself over the telephone as my tailor who was coming to fit my suit, or as my cobbler who obligingly took the time after business hours to deliver repaired shoes in person. Sometimes, to make sure I was at home, he would call my number, and then ask, in surprise, whether this wasn't Herr Schultz or Herr Schmidt, and with a disappointed "*Falsch verbunden*" (wrong number) hang up the receiver. This little trick meant that he was telephoning from the public booth directly opposite our home and he wanted me to open the door so he could slip in quietly.

From time to time, as the occasion presented itself, I smuggled a batch of instructions out of the country. I never knew whether they would reach their final destination—a friend in Washington—or not. It was therefore an exciting day for me when, on June 12, an insured package reached me at my New York hotel, bearing my friend's name as the remitter. The secret press instructions had actually arrived! Not all of them—goodness knows who helped himself to some of them!—but enough to cover, with gaps, the period of November 5, 1940, to October 3, 1941. I shall produce only a standard assortment, commenting on them whenever interpretation seems necessary, sufficient to show how completely the course of the German press is prescribed by the Goebbels Ministry of Popular Enlightenment and Propaganda.

To give the reader an idea of what is covered in the course of a Propaganda Ministry press conference, I am including the complete text of the first set of instructions in my possession. It bears the date of November 5, 1940.¹

Western Europe: The Press is requested to pay more attention to the Netherlands and Belgian press.

¹ The Instructions, naturally in English translation, are indicated in italics for convenience, so as to enable me to comment in ordinary type as I go along.

By this time, the Nazis, and their imitators in the Mussert and Degrelle movements, had assumed almost complete control of the press in the conquered Lowlands. It was therefore safe now to cite Dutch and Belgian organs. Heretofore German editors had not dared to quote from the papers of these countries, fearing they might select something displeasing to the Wilhelmstrasse.

Now, however, Goebbels thought the time had come for extensive quotation from Amsterdam, Hague, Rotterdam, Brussels, Antwerp, Louvain, and other Hollandish and Belgian dailies. One of his favorite tricks to impress naive German readers with the idea that the whole world approves of Nazism, is to quote foreign organs which he knows to be under Nazi domination. One of his former co-workers in the Propaganda ministry, in fact, was on the road most of the time when I last lived in Berlin, visiting editors in the various countries of Europe and judiciously distributing subsidies when this seemed opportune.

When and if an organization for racial research is founded, or the enterprise known as "Joy and Work" is opened, these facts must be recorded. It may NOT be reported, however, that the German Reich's commissioner donated 50,000 Dutch guilders for this purpose.

Hitler, it will be recalled, predicted that in the event of another continental war, the Jew would be eliminated from Europe.² His persecution of the Jews in conquered countries has been quite as relentless as in Germany itself. It generally starts with a ban on full Jews, but continues later with the repression of partial Jews also. To determine, especially in doubtful cases, who is a Jew and who not, organizations or offices for racial research are founded. The German press, as seen above, must record such organizations, to show the people that Hitler means business in regard to the Hebrews.

² On January 30, 1939, in a Reichstag speech in commemoration of the Sixth Year of National Socialism, Hitler said: "Once again I want to be a prophet. If international financial Jewry within and outside Europe should succeed once again in forcing the peoples into a world war, the result will not be the bolshevization of the earth and with it the victory of Jewdom, but the annihilation of the Jewish race in Europe."

The proposed "Joy and Work" enterprise was to be a counterpart to Reich's Labor Leader Robert Ley's German "Strength through Joy" organization, to supply recreation to the workers during vacations and leisure hours.

Both of these proposed Dutch undertakings, as appears from the press instructions, were to be subsidized with German money by Reichskommissar Artur Seyss-Inquart, but the German public was not to know this. It must think that both undertakings sprang up spontaneously from the Dutch people themselves.

England: In dealing with the English "Propaganda of Illusion," care must be taken not to reproduce English news items too clearly. They must merely be indicated vaguely.

About this time the Propaganda Ministry was engaged in a campaign of showing up the British as a nation suffering from an illusion implanted by the British Ministry of Information. Day after day, the German public was supplied with British claims of successes, which were then contrasted with Goebbels' conception of the truth in the situation.

Some papers, however, made the mistake of reproducing the British communiqués verbatim. These could be checked, and often readers discovered that they were not at variance with the truth after all. Goebbels therefore deemed it wiser to fight the British claims by publishing them so vaguely that nobody could run them down specifically.

It is strictly forbidden to reproduce even the slightest reference to an alleged impending resignation of Lord Halifax or to report any such news items. For, his resignation, if it should materialize, will yield tremendous propagandistic material.

Evidently Goebbels had something sensational up his sleeve to enable him to make capital out of Viscount Halifax's resignation as British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and he did not want his controlled editors to waste powder prematurely.

Commentary on the last speech by Churchill must be based exclusively on the DNB version of the address. From the contents thus far available the following is to be emphasized and

commented upon: British naval base on Crete; support of Greece only within the limits of British capabilities. Concerning the use of the British fleet, attention must be paid to the tasks confronting it if by that time the enemy hasn't capitulated.

The German public is never given the full text of important speeches by opposing statesmen such as Churchill, Roosevelt, Hull, Stalin or Chiang Kai-Shek. Vital sections are omitted. German editors are often given a fill-in but, as this instruction shows, they may use as a basis for their commentary only such portions as were released for publication through the DNB, or *Deutsches Nachrichten-Büro* (German News Bureau).

Editorial spotlight was to be centered upon the fact that Churchill admitted the existence of a British naval base on Crete, so as to prepare the popular German mind for Germany's war upon Greece, which came six months later; upon Churchill's cautious statement that Great Britain would help Greece (only) to the limit of her ability, so as once more to impress the German people with the alleged inadequacy of British guarantees; and upon the immensity of the task confronting the British navy in Mediterranean waters, apparently so as to draw attention off her activity against Germany in the Channel, along the western European coast, in the Baltic, and on the high seas.

Asia: The Reich's Leader of the SS requests there be no further reports on his expedition to Tibet, until he himself gives the go-sign. The chief task of the Tibet expedition is of a political and military nature, and hasn't so much to do with the solution of scientific questions. Details may not be revealed.

This is a typical instance of Fifth Column activity by Heinrich Himmler's black uniformed SS men. Posing as scientific investigators, whom German editors proudly but naively wrote up, these men in reality were on a mission of espionage. Himmler, seeing the danger of being spotlighted, successfully quashed, through Goebbels' ministry, further mention of the expedition.

Italy: The Italian offensive in Greece is to be given less prominence in the papers.

No wonder! The Italians were at that time the laughing stock

of Germany. The man on the street simply would not believe the exaggerated claims in the German press of an alleged great Italian offensive against the Greeks.

Typical of the contempt in which the Italians were held as soldiers by their more martial Teuton allies was the story which passed from mouth to mouth concerning a purported demonstration of German armored cars which Hitler in person supposedly handed over to Mussolini.

Mussolini, so the story goes, climbed into a German panzer of the latest type, but soon emerged with a frown.

“What’s the matter?” Hitler is reported to have asked. “Don’t you like the machine? It’s our latest model.”

“It may be all right for you,” Mussolini is credited with replying, “but it won’t do for us. I notice you have two forward gears and one reverse. We need only one forward, but two reverses.”

The story is not a new one. It has been applied to other statesmen and other armies, just as the jokes on Stalin are often repetitions of jokes on Hitler, and vice versa. The fact, however, that it circulated in Germany at this time was indicative of average German respect, or rather disrespect, for Italian military prowess.

The Italian campaign is no blitzkrieg, but an exceedingly difficult operation, which finds its explanation above all in the difficulty of the terrain and requires cautious feeling of one’s way.

Goebbels here provided a convenient alibi for Italian military inefficiency. When Hitler later marched into Greece himself because the Italians were being defeated, the war with Greece suddenly became a blitzkrieg.

Neutral reports of considerable Italian losses may not be published.

Such publication might obviously prove detrimental to German morale, hence had to be forbidden.

Likewise nothing may be said about the presence at the scene of conflict of sections of the German General Staff and representatives of the Supreme High Command who are assisting the Italian army leadership in an advisory capacity.

More Hitler duplicity! At a time when German officers were already supporting their Italian colleagues actively, the Wilhelmstrasse still professed to maintain neutrality toward the little Greek kingdom.

Hungary: Prices in Hungary during the past week have risen further, namely as regards butter, meat, vegetables, bread, coal and gas. This means that the increase in prices as compared with the previous year is about forty per cent on the average.

Possibly the Propaganda Ministry wanted the German people to realize that even nonbelligerent countries (Hungary at that time had not yet joined the Axis militarily) are having difficulties with the cost of living.

Germany: The article in the "Voelkischer Beobachter" entitled "The Ship of the Plutocrats" was not exactly clever!

This reprimand for the editors of Adolf Hitler's personal organ refers to a story which appeared, after its sinking by a German submarine, of the luxurious Pacific Liner *Empress of Britain*. The editors had taken pains to jibe at British plutocracy for building so palatial a vessel. They described the elegant appointments, intended for the idle rich. They drew a distorted picture of British plutocracy whiling away its time on the high seas on a ship which, if less expensive, might have served a social purpose.

The jibe proved a boomerang. Various Germans sent Goebbels and other high officials publicity booklets issued at great expense some years ago by the North German Lloyd to show the German people what wonderful ships the *Bremen* and *Europa* were!

A Königsberg newspaper published a report on a lecture entitled "Frederick the Great as War Correspondent." Of all things, Frederick is there apostrophized as the inventor of atrocity propaganda.

Hitherto German writers had always credited the British and the Americans with being the first to inundate the world with so-called atrocity stories. It was stupid, in the eyes of Goebbels, for the East Prussian daily to place this stigma upon the very Frederick whom Hitler tries so hard to imitate and emulate.



XX

THE BATTLE OF WORDS

THROUGH the deliberate misuse of the written word, the German mass mind is skillfully prepared for future pronouncements, kept in the dark regarding many of the major happenings in the world, and given only a distorted picture of the rest.

The secret press instructions, which keep the newspapers at heel like whipped dogs, offer an astounding sidelight into the direction in which Germany is going, and her real intentions.

Here is a representative assortment of those in my collection:

November 14, 1940: *A very regrettable mistake has been made by certain Berlin papers (Morgenpost, etc.) namely, the publication, on November 12 of the regulations covering meat inspection as they apply to the sale of dog meat. These were merely repetitions of an existing order of several years ago, and were re-issued at this time for definitely bureaucratic reasons. Certainly in this case, a little judgment might have been used.*

Thereby hangs a funny tale: between the hours of 1 A.M. and 8 A.M., one editor was regularly on duty in our Berlin Bureau of The Associated Press, not only to handle such "spot news" as might develop, but also to read the morning papers carefully for possible crumbs of information.

Ernest G. Fischer, of good old Texas farming stock, was on duty in the early morning of November 12. His eagle eye detected an item in the *Berliner Morgenpost* which seems to have escaped the attention of all our competitors. It was a set of regulations for dog meat inspection!

There was nothing in the *Morgenpost* report to indicate that the regulations were old. Alert newspaperman that he was, Fischer saw a good feature in the item and filed it to New York—factually, truthfully.

He had started something. The American press gave the story a tremendous play. Editorial writers seized upon it to prove that Germany was now living on dog meat.

It usually took several days for the full kick-back on a story published in America to reach the Wilhelmstrasse bureaucracy. The German embassy in Washington and the German missions in South America must, in this case, have sent pretty hot wires, for at noon, on November 16, just before the daily press conference, I was called on the carpet and charged by the German foreign office with deliberate "atrocious mongering." The dog story, I was told, which the Bureau of which I was the responsible head sent out, had been the sensation of the day in North and South America.

Then and there I got Fischer on the telephone, obtained the precise location and text of the original announcement in the columns of the *Morgenpost*, and had him read back the exact wording of his story.

Even my inquisitor had to admit that Fischer's story was correct and that any enterprising reporter anywhere would have acted as my Texas colleague did. Our bureau, its chief, and the correspondent who wrote the story were exonerated. Instead, the *Morgenpost* was blamed.

Nevertheless, Hans Fritsche, Goebbels' right-hand man and monitor of the German press, in the daily secret conference for German editors on November 16 repeated the charge that I was engaged in "atrocious mongering." Against that, of course, there was no defense. I had to grin and bear it.

November 18: *British reports insist that the convoy attacked in the North Atlantic has been rescued and that most of the ships were able to take refuge in British harbors. We must resolutely stick to our original statement that the convoy was destroyed*

completely. In answer to the British claims, it must be maintained that the British mean another convoy which was not attacked by us at all.

Here is another illustration of the pains which the Propaganda Ministry often takes to refute claims which have never appeared in the German press and that can only have been heard over the radio.

In this case, the British evidently caught Joseph Goebbels prevaricating. Rather than admit his error, however, he instructed the press blandly to say that the German admiralty was speaking of one convoy, the British admiralty of another. Nothing easier than that! But the tacit admission remained that, by means of foreign broadcasts, some light was filtering to the people Hitler was determined to keep in blinders.

November 24: Slovakia's adhesion to the (Three Powers) Pact must be evaluated on the basis of the number of Slovaks living in America, and not on the basis of Slovakia's military or economic strength. Under no circumstances may reference be made to the connection which our Ausland organizations maintain with certain Slovak societies in America.

More evidence of Fifth Column activity. But mum's the word!

*November 28: The speech by (Hungarian Foreign Minister) Csaky contains certain passages that are not suited for verbatim reproduction here. Among them is, for instance, his assertion that Hungary today is *primus inter pares* in south-eastern Europe. . . . Only the DNB¹ version may be reproduced, without commentary.*

Once again the German public was to have only a doctored version of what an important foreign minister said in an official speech. One must conclude that Nazi diplomacy, in order to draw Hungary into the conflict, flattered the Horthy government into thinking Hungary would play first fiddle (with other nations also at the first violin desk) in south-eastern Europe. At home, however, Nazi propaganda insisted that Germany alone would dom-

¹ German News Bureau.

inate Europe, and that all the smaller nations, including Hungary, would have to dance as Hitler played.

On April 27, 1941, according to my diary, I drove in a military car from Szeged on the Hungarian-Yugoslav border via Sabotica into the section of boy-king Peter's realm which had been seized by the Hungarians as their share of the loot.

The Nazi officer who accompanied me—a party member of many years standing who had risen high in Nazi councils and knew what he was talking about—pointed with a broad sweep of his arm to the fertile Batshka province through which we were passing. Breathing heavily, he said: "Just look at what the Hungarians grabbed—without even fighting for it! Even then they aren't satisfied! They keep on demanding more. And look at what we gave them of Rumanian territory! They are insatiable and arrogant. But wait—they will have to disgorge all that before the final settlement is made. Our Führer will see to that."

December 1: Japanese treaty with Nanking Government: no mention may be made of anti-communist arrangements revealed therein. Now as before we are maintaining diplomatic relations with Chiang Kai-Shek and no one can foresee as yet what our relations to the Nanking government will be. Nor can one foresee whether the Japanese won't, after all, negotiate with Chiang Kai-Shek. In any case: our papers may not publish the sharp attacks by the Japanese press on Chiang Kai-Shek. Nor may mention be made of Wang Ching Wei's attempt to contact Chiang Kai-Shek.

Japan's policy was by no means clear to the Wilhelmstrasse, a year before the attack on Pearl Harbor. This press instruction does not breathe confidence in the Far Eastern ally.

December 4: A regrettable lapse happened to a South-German party organ when it touched upon a confidential, informative talk before the gauleiters in Munich on November 9, in that the plans of the Führer for extending his domination over the western continent were referred to. Such plans may, to be sure, be aired within a circle such as there assembled. If they are given publicity, however, this indicates a total lack of political instinct and

a complete failure to realize that the time is premature for a discussion of these ideas of the Führer. Sharpest warning is herewith issued against touching upon this subject even remotely.

Every year on November 9, the anniversary of Hitler's ill-fated 1923 "beer cellar putsch," all the party bigwigs foregather in the Munich Bürgerbraü beer hall, now a Nazi shrine, to listen to an off-the-record speech by *Der Führer*. Only the oldest party members are permitted to be in the main hall; the other guests hear him in the smaller adjacent rooms. Those present constitute the elite of the party hierarchy, the men (and few women) upon whom Hitler can rely implicitly. Here he need not be guarded. Here he can speak extemporaneously as he used to do before he became a responsible statesman. Here he can reveal his innermost thoughts without reserve.

If, therefore, on November 9, 1940, he exposed his ideas for extending his dominion over the western hemisphere, it is fair to assume that he laid bare his soul. So long as there was a hope of keeping the United States out of the conflict, opportunism demanded that he deny any ambitions for world conquest, but the fact remains that a South-German Nazi organ "spilled the beans."

It is reminiscent of the stir caused when in 1937, during the annual Nürnberg convention, Hitler committed a similar blunder in painting an eloquent picture of what he would do with the Ukraine if it were under his domination.² Then, as in the case of his daydreams concerning the western hemisphere, he unwittingly revealed himself and admitted plans which he realized only last summer. Then, as in the case under discussion, his underlings tried to hush the matter up, claiming the foreign correspondents had misquoted their Führer.

I also recall that dramatic night during the Nürnberg party convention of September, 1938, when Hitler, his voice hoarse from the talking he had done during the week, shouted so that our spines crept, "I don't want any Czechs within the Reich."

² "If we had the Ukraine, National-Socialist Germany would be swimming in surplus and prosperity."

Yet, only half a year later, on March 16, 1939, the same Adolf Hitler at Prague established "the Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia" and stated that these Czechish lands "belong henceforth to the territory of the Greater Reich."

December 5: In selecting for publication comment from foreign papers concerning England's position, greater care must be taken than heretofore lest the impression of an impending English breakdown arise in the minds of the readers. Despite the cautious attitude of the press, a wave of optimism has started in Germany that England will soon give up her resistance. This optimism goes so far that in Würzburg, for instance, the dailies were flooded with inquiries as to whether it was true that the revolution had broken out in England. The thing that in Würzburg assumed the form of a tangible rumor is no doubt regarded by the entire German people not only as a hope but as a certainty. In future we must be even more careful with our commentaries than hitherto. This applies also to headlines. Yes, the time has even come for omitting reports (regarding England) altogether, because the German people simply can't bear up under them any longer.

Last summer the German people entertained hopes for an early end of the conflict. Nevertheless we entered upon a second winter of war. A similar experiment must not be tried again. Despite the repeated suggestion to awaken a determined fighting temper rather than a premature spirit of victory in our population by the selection and manner of display of English news, the headlines again speak of manifestations of a let-down in English morale. We must expect of you unconditionally that news items will be selected with greatest care and without sensational make-up. Berlin noonday sheets, accustomed to sob-writing, are publishing headlines which run counter to this instruction. If headlines similar to those which appeared today recur, English news will be forbidden altogether. The editors can then see how they will edit their papers!

One cannot read this exhaustive instruction without an amused

chuckle. What the Ministry did not know was that the anti-Nazis of Germany deliberately started the rumor about a revolution in England to have some fun. They wanted to see Goebbels and his underlings squirm. But there is another cause for mirth. Twenty-six days later, Adolf Hitler himself did the very thing for which the editors were taken to task. He dangled before his people the prospect of an early peace. I cannot repeat too often the closing words of his New Year's Order of the Day to the soldiers: "The year 1941 will bring the completion of the greatest victory in our history."

December 11: An American flyer has spoken of the possibility of sending an expeditionary force of two million men to Europe. This statement is not to be given publicity.

The Goebbels ministry, with its ear to the ground, knew that the specter of American participation in the war against the Axis was detrimental to German war morale.

December 17: The young Danish movement may again be treated favorably in editorials. It must, of course, be done with the necessary tact, so that the movement will not be compromised with its own co-nationals.

The background to this instruction is interesting. It refers to the Nazis in Denmark who rallied under the flag of Fritz Clausen, a singularly incompetent pseudo-Quisling of whom a responsible German Foreign Office functionary told me that he would have to disappear from the political stage at the first possible moment. The Nazis, according to their own admission, "had done extraordinarily much" for this movement. They supported Clausen against the late Theodore Stauning, whom the German government continued to recognize as the rightful prime minister, even during German occupation.

One day, however, Clausen's organ kicked against the pricks and demanded that the German occupation of Denmark cease. Orders then went out to the German press to drop a curtain of silence over Fritz Clausen and his movement. Then Clausen

came to Canossa, with the result that the above instruction was issued.

December 19: The item that Krupp has forged a sword for Reichs Marshal Goering is not intended for the public.

At a time when Goering was issuing appeals to the Germans to give up whatever metals they could dispense with, and industrialists were fighting madly over iron and steel allocations, the munitions firm of Friedrich Krupp at Essen humored the souvenir-hunting rotund No. 2 man of Germany by making a sword for him. But the public was not to know about it.

Goering's collection of medals was already a standing joke in Germany. He had so many that stories were rife that he simply wore one large medal with the words, "See Catalog." Another favorite story was that he had medals made of rubber so he could wear them while in swimming.

January 4, 1941: Complaint has been made by Bremen that the High Command communiqué belittles the air attacks on the city, whereas in reality the damage done was tremendous. The local press is herewith authorized to go beyond the wording of the High Command communiqué, provided the local censor agrees. The censors have been instructed to be liberal in such cases. All other newspapers must stick to the (standing) instructions.

Goebbels's policy of denying that the British raids ever accomplished anything decisive occasionally proved a boomerang. Eye-witness accounts which came to me later, but which I was never permitted to use in my capacity of foreign correspondent, agreed that the venerable city of Bremen took a terrific beating early last year. One can understand the feelings of a nerve-racked, evacuated population when, after experiencing a night of horror, catastrophes and casualties, it read in the paper or heard over the radio that only insignificant damage had been done.

January 5: English motorcyclists committed acts of sabotage in Occupied France behind the backs of the German troops. No reports about this incident may be published.

Nazidom's top men, who in their public speeches always insist

that they take the people into their full confidence, are exceedingly careful not to let the public know anything that might indicate a weak spot in the German armor.

January 6: The radio talk about England's financial position furnishes material for well-founded argument. One must realize the danger, however, of inspiring the reader to ask questions about our own expenditures and budget figures.

The American reader probably does not realize that there is no popular control whatever over the German Reich's income and outgo. "Taxation without representation" is axiomatic in Nazi-land. It has been my experience that, whenever the Goebbels propaganda tried to show up the allegedly weak economic and financial position of the enemy by citing the opponent's own figures, thoughtful Germans would say to me: "At least they know in England how their money is spent. In this country nobody knows."

January 8: As regards Roosevelt's message to the 77th Congress, it is evident that he wants to provoke as much abuse on our part as possible, so that he may then use it for propaganda purposes over there. You must therefore take special care to be objective in your commentary. Unfortunately, the "Deutsche Zeitung in den Niederlanden" (The German News for the Netherlands) yesterday commented in a very stupid manner. That commentary was then placarded in America as the official attitude of Germany.

The German editors never knew from day to day how to handle utterances by the American chief of state. Today they might be instructed to think up all the vile epithets possible and apply them to Mr. Roosevelt; tomorrow orders might come to handle him with kid gloves.

France: The American ambassador has presented his credentials in Vichy. Only the mere fact of this occurrence may be published. No mention is to be made of the delivery of a personal letter from Roosevelt to Pétain. Nor may the presence of Flandin at the presentation ceremony be mentioned, inasmuch as our editorial leadership does not consider a demonstration in favor of

Flandin opportune at this moment. In general, detailed mention of and speculation concerning the French cabinet is barred until further notice. We desire thereby to drive home the point that Germany is not yet satisfied with the remodeling of the French government.

The dramatic ouster of Pierre Laval by Marshal Pétain thoroughly shocked and displeased the Nazis, and explicit instructions were issued to the German press from day to day during the Laval crisis.

January 23: England: The news report that Winston Churchill changed residence and has settled down in a basement must not be published. Even if it should prove to be correct, it would, after all, merely argue for the virility of this man and win him a certain amount of sympathy.

Chivalry toward the enemy is unknown to Joseph Goebbels. Contrast with this the generous references by Churchill to Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's generalship!

January 24: Rumania: The new German minister, von Killinger, has arrived in Bucharest. His presence will influence Rumania's future in the sense of helping to determine it.

Manfred von Killinger is one of Hitler's oldest followers. He was sent to Rumania at a time when General Antonescu was having a difficult time with Horia Sima and his Rumanian legionaries. How thoroughly von Killinger "helped to determine Rumania's future" has since become known. The former Balkan ally of Great Britain is now a satellite of the Axis, and Antonescu divides his time between dictating to the Rumanians and fighting at the Russian front on Hitler's side.

February 19: The news that Polish—in other words, Jewish—troops are taking a hand in Libya offers wonderful opportunities to cartoonists.

I looked in vain for humorous cartoons illustrating the use of Jewish troops in the African desert. It happened, however, according to the man who brought me these instructions, that as the German editors stood around after the meeting, a Rhenish



Rudolf Hess, Hitler's shadow, at an informal gathering in the home of Putzi Hanfstaengl (the tall man on the extreme right). He is chatting with Hanfstaengl, Lochner, Norman Ebbutt (correspondent for the London Times who was ejected from Germany because his reports were displeasing to the regime). On the other side of him is the nephew of Lord Harmsworth, who flew to Berlin to interview various German leaders, and Dr. Silex, editor of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.



newsman commented, "Wouldn't it make a fine cartoon to depict that Shrimp-Aryan Jupp as a press photographer in Benghasi!" Jupp is another of Goebbels' numerous nicknames. To many Germans, who have not studied the racial differences between Aryan and Jew, Goebbels looks like a Hebrew. So general is this conception among the people of Berlin that the following story was often told me with relish:

Goebbels, in the days when he was relatively unknown and had no official car at his disposal, was scheduled to speak in the big Sportpalast where the Nazis usually held their rallies. He hailed a taxi and gave the street number of the Sportpalast. As the driver pulled up before the meeting place and realized where he was, he said to his fare patronizingly: "Why didn't you say where you wanted to go? I could have told you right away you couldn't get in there. You see, those people are violently anti-semitic!"

USSR: Strictest attention is to be paid to the instructions that the press may bring no news reports or editorial comment out of Moscow. DNB reports alone will be issued.

Hitler invaded Russia on June 22. It is significant that as far back as February 19 a ban was placed on news of Russian origin. Four months time to prepare the German mind for the Nazi version of the conflict!

February 22: USA: Statistics on the exportation of American planes may under no circumstances be reported or made the subject of comment.

Again the fear of American potentialities! The German public must at all costs be kept in ignorance of American airplane production and especially of airplane export figures.

Germany: Deal very reservedly with the notice concerning the draft of women into industry. Don't mention hard work for women.

Male labor was getting scarcer and scarcer about this time as more and more men were drafted into the army. Women were therefore compelled to lend a hand. This was not done by formal

draft, but the local employment boards quietly asked the women to fill out questionnaires. Whenever a hausfrau or unmarried girl seemed to have time on her hands, she was ordered to do at least parttime work in a munitions factory or other war-essential undertaking.

Japan: Foreign Minister Matsuoka will proceed to Germany. This item is to be given smash display. It is a world sensation. All articles must duly emphasize Matsuoka's importance.

In America or England the papers could have evaluated the importance of this news themselves. The German press, however, had by this time so completely lost all initiative that the Propaganda Ministry deemed it necessary to prescribe just how the news was to be handled.

March 9: Bulgaria: All speculation concerning the strategic importance of Bulgaria is taboo. For the moment greatest reserve is imperative. Within the very next days, however, decisions may be reached that will bring about a complete change so far as treatment by the press is concerned. We must not permit ourselves to be provoked, nor must we respond to trial balloons.

Hitler and Ribbentrop were at this time working on King Boris and the Bulgarian government to persuade them to permit the passage of German troops through Bulgaria, and to insure Bulgaria's participation in the rape of Yugoslavia and Greece. At such moments the German press must observe disciplined silence, in order not to disturb the negotiations.

The British tried to "smoke out" Berlin and Sofia by claim of a secret German-Bulgarian understanding. The press is here warned not to respond to these attempts. At the same time it is advised that the lid will soon be off.

April 6: No mention may be made of the fact that the Yugoslav army possesses German airplanes. The bombardment of Belgrade may not be headlined.

These instructions, given in a special evening conference following the declaration of war upon Yugoslavia and Greece, were preceded in the morning by a rather bombastic statement and

admonition by Hitler's personal publicity man, Reich's Press Chief Otto Dietrich. The press was charged by him with demonstrating to the world that Yugoslavia, Greece and England alone were responsible for the conflict. No sentimentality must be shown for Greece, he said. Nor must the outcry which would no doubt be raised by the whole world about the bombardment of Belgrade force the German press into a defensive attitude.

Apparently the Propaganda Ministry feared nevertheless that even the German people might be horrified at what was done to Belgrade. The news of the bombardment was therefore not to be played up. Nor was the German public to know that the Reich had merrily sold war planes to the Yugoslav government while normal relations still prevailed.

April 15: USA: America's role in the drama of southeastern Europe, Roosevelt's blamage and Donovan's activity must receive far more extended treatment than heretofore, in order thereby to furnish the American press pegs onto which to hang their criticism. As experience shows, stimulants like that never fail to take effect, least of all will they now in connection with the Balkan problem. It is much better and more effective to have the American press do our propaganda for us, rather than that we be compelled to do it ourselves.

The Wilhelmstrasse always followed the Roosevelt opposition in America with the greatest interest, in the hope that this opposition might do the Nazis' business. To them anti-Administration was synonymous with pro-Nazi, just as they could never understand why I, coming from German stock, was not pro-Hitler. The idea of a loyal, patriotic opposition is foreign to them.

April 21: The Greek king is to be represented as England's stooge. The monarchical idea, however, is not to be belittled, nor is the Greek family as such to be attacked.

To understand this instruction, one must remember that King George's brother Paul is Crown Prince and Heir Presumptive to the Greek throne. He is married to Princess Friederike of Brunswick, a grand daughter of the late Kaiser Wilhelm II.

Apparently the Nazis at this time hoped Paul and Friederike might cast their lot with them.

Shortly before Princess Friederike's marriage, I found myself seated beside her at a formal dinner in Berlin. She then seemed decidedly pro-Nazi, and, in fact, dangled a golden swastika from her bracelet. When I visited Prince Paul in his home outside Athens in May, 1938, however, there was nothing in his remarks to indicate pro-Nazi sentiments. At any rate, when I reached Athens on the day of the German victory parade—May 3, 1941—many Greeks to whom I spoke were full of praise for the unselfish manner in which Friederike had cast her lot with the Greek people. Nobody even indirectly accused her of connivance with the Hitlerites.

April 25: Hearst's utterances concerning Churchill supply interesting material (for quotation), but the portions dealing with Russia and the German-Japanese power grouping must be ignored.

Once again the German public is to be told only the partial truth concerning a statement by a prominent foreign publicist.

May 6: Periodicals and newspapers have until today reproduced all sorts of pictures of leading English statesmen. The captions, to be sure, were without exception of an ironical or polemical character. The faces, however, were usually pleasing. Foreign newspapers and magazines very cleverly publish photos of leading German personalities that make them appear in an unfavorable light. It is to be supposed that they have been retouched. Retouching is a process which is herewith heartily recommended to the German picture press.

A short time ago an effort was made to reveal Eden at various stages of his youth, with the idea that this fashion doll would appear thereby in an unfavorable light. That, however, wasn't the case, especially not since this attempt was made in a publication whose readers have no aversion to elegant dress and careful grooming.

A large illustrated weekly recently proposed as frontispiece,

"Churchill on the deck of his car in the street of a bomb-raided city." Churchill with a happy gesture tips his hat. That gesture, however, simply charms people. It evinces a stoicism and steadfastness in the face of which one must take one's hat off and say, "Donnerwetter, what a man!"

Comment unnecessary.

May 7: Abyssinia: The entry of the Negus into Adis Ababa is not to be reported.

Such a report might draw attention anew to the reverses which Germany's ally Italy was suffering continuously.

May 8: Germany: Although this was expressly forbidden, one Oldenburg paper reported the new regulations concerning food rationing, effective June 2, today in a four-column story. The case will be handed to a regulation vocational court, since great damage was done to our propaganda thereby.

The incident shows what happens to an editor who transgresses the rules of the Propaganda Ministry.

May 10: During last night's airraids over Berlin, leaflets were dropped, giving the program hours of the British radio stations. Nothing is to be said about this. On Tuesday, however, publicity is to be given to various court verdicts against persons who listened in on enemy stations.

The Propaganda Ministry admits again that large numbers of Germans listen to enemy broadcasts, although the death penalty is applicable in extreme cases. Fearing that the leaflets dropped by British aviators might start a new wave of illegal listening, Goebbels decided to order the press to publish a number of verdicts issued by the courts against offenders.

May 14: The student publication "Bewegung" (Movement) published an article about German propaganda abroad, in which in an incomprehensible manner strictly secret facts were divulged, for instance, the use of secret radio transmitters. The edition has, as far as possible, been stopped. An indictment for treason has been returned against the offenders.

Despite all precautions taken by the German authorities,

someone from time to time spills the beans. The revelation that German agents were operating with secret radio transmitters is damaging.

When this secret press information reached our Berlin Bureau, every member of our staff tried to secure a copy of the banned publication. By that time the Gestapo had visited all the newsstands on which the periodical was ordinarily on sale, and had confiscated them.



XXI

SHAPING A PEOPLE'S MIND

BEFORE the advent of Nazism, the German press of the short-lived republican era was one of the freest in the world. The greatest diversity of opinion and of presentation imaginable characterized it. It is now one of the most minutely regimented. Its uniformity is deadening.

In the pre-1933 days, two German members of our Berlin Bureau staff spent about three hours every afternoon merely marking the items that might be of interest to the American staff. In addition, two Americans devoted at least an hour each to going over most carefully one well-reputed German daily to make sure that nothing with a possible "American angle" had been missed by our German collaborators.

After the advent of the Hitler regime, one German assistant could, in an hour's time, finish surveying all the Berlin and the important provincial papers as well. Very little news could be culled. We turned more and more, from sheer boredom, to feature and background and biographical writing. Actual news was a rare quantity on an ordinary day.

The newsmen and editors of the Third Reich, as it must be apparent, are completely under the thumb of the Reich's Ministry for Propaganda and Public Enlightenment. It follows as a corollary that the man of the press who religiously obeys instructions can practically do no wrong. He is sure of a life job, is well paid, may wear a special brown journalist's uniform on festive occasions, and enjoy a certain social prestige.

Before he is fed his news, however, there has been a long and careful winnowing process among the various government agencies. The system is as follows:

Every morning the press officers of the various government departments filter into the Goebbels ministry such items of news as their minister or department chief approve of divulging. This does not mean, necessarily, that the item will be released for publication.

Later in the morning, Goebbels' handy men foregather to learn what they should say to the press, what information should be withheld, what commentary should be offered, what items must be carried as privileged matter (and thus made obligatory for all papers to publish as released), what evasive replies should be given in response to embarrassing questions anticipated.

Every officer of the press and radio departments thus knows what he is to say during the ensuing hours. So do the corresponding officials in the various ministries. Ring up whom you will after this conference, and you will get practically the same stock reply. Only rarely is a man to be found who will even bother to tell the story in his own words. Usually he parrots what he was told to say.

It is inevitable, then, that some parroting occurs on the part of the reading public, which is told only what Goebbels considers it safe for them to know. The miracle is that more of the people have not been completely misled. The safeguard is that so many of them realize they are consistently misinformed.

Let us look at a few more of those revealing secret press instructions:

May 23: Rumors of peace offers which are now emanating from Washington in a more and more concrete form, must, of course, not be reported.

The Nazis, as previous citations of secret press instructions have shown, did not want the German people under any circumstances to have the word peace sink into their consciousness.

May 24: Proper attention is to be given to the findings of the

National-Socialistische Korrespondenz concerning the Jewish origin of Roosevelt. Photographs of Roosevelt that indicate Jewish features can be used to good advantage in that connection.

From time to time the German press has been regaled with articles seeking to prove that the American president is a Jew. This time it was the official daily information sheet of the Nazi party which reported "findings." The stamp of official approval was placed upon them by this press instruction.

May 27: Reports about the "Bismarck" may not exceed two columns. Commentary must be manly, without much pathos.

The loss of the *Bismarck* was a stunning blow to German prestige but it could not be kept from the public. At the same time the press was not to give the story smash play.

May 30: The Kaiser will be interred in Doorn. . . . When the news about the death of the Emperor is released, it is to be published with a single column head on the lower half of the first page. Short commentary may follow, but isn't necessary. The less, the better. Care must be taken on the one hand not to hurt the feelings of the old monarchists over sixty, nor on the other hand to offend Young Germany, which regards the Wilhelmian era as something that has long ago been relegated to the dust bin. Wilhelm II is the representative of a system that failed. One may concede to him that he desired the best. But in this world it isn't a question of intention, but of success. Proper respect, however, is necessary because the Kaiser constitutes a piece of German history that one cannot wishfully think out of existence, and because the Kaiser was the supreme commander over millions of German soldiers during the world war.

The demise of the venerable "Sage of Doorn" presented a problem to the Nazi regime. On the one hand, Hitler in many speeches preached veneration for Germany's past; on the other hand, he often criticized the last Hohenzollern emperor as a weakling. Again, to the higher officers in the present army the Kaiser was a person under whom they had fought enthusiastically in 1914-18. Hundreds of thousands of older persons at

home shared this veneration. To ignore the Kaiser's death would offend them, as would disparaging remarks, and consequently have an adverse effect on German morale. Against this consideration the Propaganda Ministry had to balance the fact that the Hitler Youth was being raised in a spirit of contempt for anything that had to do with the imperial regime. Tight-rope walking was therefore enjoined upon the German press in handling the news of Wilhelm's demise.

June 6: The "Neues Wiener Tagblatt" reported that general mobilization had been ordered in Rumania. The paper has been placed under pre-censorship. Proceedings have been started against the responsible editor with a view to ousting him from the list. The news is false and has already been denied in Bucharest.

Sixteen days later Hitler and his satellites invaded the Soviet Union. It was most embarrassing at this time to have anybody speak of Rumanian mobilization, as the attack upon Russia was to come as a surprise.

How little the foreign correspondents in Berlin believed in denials (such as the Antonescu government promptly issued concerning Rumanian mobilization) may be illustrated by the following:

During one of our daily pre-press-conference huddles, a Swiss correspondent tried to impart a piece of information to me, the authenticity of which I was inclined to question. "Why, it has already been substantiated by an official denial," he declared earnestly. He did not mean to be funny!

June 7: An American has succeeded in securing an interview with Schmeling, who is confined to a hospital in Athens. This interview doesn't fit into our general line at all. Schmeling speaks of the English as good fighters, and claims they had no part in the atrocities on Crete. Schmeling is a good boxer but a poor politician. The interview may not be quoted. No more PK-reports are to appear regarding Schmeling. For us he is a parachute jumper like anybody else.

Poor Max! Fairness to the enemy is a crime in the eyes of Goebbels. Hitherto the PK (Propaganda Kompanie) reporters had followed the military exploits of "Maxe" with enthusiasm. From time to time stories appeared to show how this former world champion was doing his bit for the Fatherland like any other loyal German. He was even occasionally given a furlough to appear close to the ring at some major Berlin boxing event, to inspire the masses with his uniform as a parachutist. After this, no more publicity for the man whom Hitler often invited to the Reichskanzlei for social functions and personal talks.

June 13: *In connection with the Syrian affair, it is to be noted that we regard with favor the plan for liberating the Arabian world from English domination. . . . At the present moment we must not paralyze France's will to resist by saying that Syria, even if at present it should be retained by France, will at a later time, be taken out of its sphere of influence.*

The duplicity of Hitler diplomacy is illustrated anew in this informative instruction to the German editors. For the moment it is opportune to encourage the Pétain government in its resistance against British designs upon Syria. At the same time, as is here revealed, Hitler had already made up his mind at a later period to eject the French from Syria.

June 15: *Croatia's adhesion to the Three Powers Pact furnishes the big headline for the Monday papers. . . . It isn't the size or the military position of a state which determines its value as a partner, but the fact in itself that a new state evidences its faith in the New Order. That's why Croatia's joining the pact must receive the same warm welcome as that of other countries.*

Save for this admonition, the German editors might well have been inclined to place the news about Croatia on an inside page. Everybody in Germany knows that this baby state exists only by sufferance of the Axis.

July 1: *Recently the English have dropped many leaflets that are made up more cleverly than previous ones. All these leaflets are assembled every week by the Schutz-Schnelldienst (literally*

Protective Quick-Service) and their arguments taken apart. This material should be used exhaustively by the press, for the effect of this propaganda must not be underestimated. The leaflets must not be mentioned, however, as source.

We have already seen that enemy radio propaganda causes serious worry to the German Propaganda Ministry. Here is an admission that the leaflets dropped by English flyers are also a matter of concern.

July 6: Nothing may be published concerning the fact that both in Occupied and Unoccupied France volunteers are reporting for service and that we accept them.

For years before the war broke out, the Nazis had been writing against the French Foreign Legion, characterizing it as unworthy of a great nation to enlist foreigners. Now that the Hitlerites were themselves embarking upon such a policy, they found it embarrassing to have the public know about it.

This must not be confused, however, with the special formations to fight Bolshevism which were sent to the eastern front as a demonstration that Danes, Norwegians, Belgians, and Dutch were united in a holy crusade against Communism.

July 14: The new agreement between London and Moscow affords us the possibility of tracing a sort of synthesis between our anti-bolshevik campaign and the campaign against England. We will stick to the central theme that the war we are conducting at the moment is an anti-bolshevik one. The English have done us the good turn of introducing themselves to the world as the pace-makers for bolshevism. They are therefore now the accomplices of Moscow and ready to surrender the European continent to bolshevism as its booty.

The anti-bolshevik argument was about the only one at this time that evoked any enthusiasm for the war among the German people. It had to be played for all it was worth. One Nazi editor, with whom I often discussed the world situation, said shortly after the outbreak of hostilities with Soviet Russia: "If we had only started the European war with an offensive against



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Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop, in the wee hours of the morning of June 22, 1941, announces to the foreign press that Germany has invaded Russia. Ribbentrop is surrounded by the Foreign Office hierarchy. The foreign journalists sit or stand opposite him.



Russia! Only since we engaged in a war with Stalin has there been real enthusiasm for the war."

According to all reports, this enthusiasm has been waning rapidly since the bitter winter of 1941-42 with its hardships. The fact remains that German propaganda avidly seized upon every item of foreign news that could be used to hold Germany in line and yield recruits from the Scandinavian countries, the Lowlands, and France.

July 21: Concerning the letting down of the police barriers towards Alsace-Lorraine and Luxembourg, and the free passage without transit permit, no publication of this item is desirable.

Without awaiting the end of the war or the signing of a peace treaty, Germany swallowed the French province of Alsace-Lorraine and the little grand-duchy of Luxembourg. It was necessary to have a transit permit to pass through these annexed regions and police at the frontier control points refused permission for anybody to enter without a special visa.

As the war continued and the Germans became more and more intrenched in Alsace-Lorraine and Luxembourg, it was desirable to abandon this red tape and regard the annexed province as an integral part of Germany. Experience in the Saarland and the Sudetenland, however, had shown that if the letting down of barriers is announced publicly, there is a regular movement of vacationists and other visitors toward the newly acquired area. To curb a possible human inundation of this western loot, and also possibly to hide from the world how far assimilation had already gone, the press was instructed to say nothing about the virtual incorporation into the Reich.

July 21: The V Propaganda must ebb off gradually and imperceptibly in the press.

When the British first started the practice of using the "V" as a symbol of victory, and of beginning their broadcasts with the first four notes of Beethoven's V Symphony with its telegraphic implications, the Nazis thought they could steal the British thunder and claim the "V" as their own.

Goebbels told the people that "V" stood for "Viktoria," a word that was foreign to them. The idea never caught the imagination of the German people.

In Holland, the campaign had the opposite effect. People greeted each other with two "V's" instead of one. That made a "W" which stood for Wilhelmina. When Goebbels saw the German attempt was a failure, he gave orders to drop the whole matter.

July 26: As regards the American-Japanese conflict, we must center our comments upon the freezing of Japanese credits in the United States. It goes without saying that we must stir up this fire and help the Japanese in their argumentation against the USA. We must show that here is another case of a squeeze-play by Roosevelt.

All along the line, the Nazis were helping to widen the breach between Nippon and Uncle Sam. In other words, the Nazis always fish in troubled waters.

August 11: The GHQ map was given a good play. One Berlin newspaper, however, made deliberate changes, in that it threw Slovakia to the Hungarians and swallowed the Protectorate. This daily is requested to publish the map as issued, and that, too, on the first page.

Poor Dr. Goebbels! Despite all his vigilance, somebody insists upon revealing more than he should. The facts in the case were that the High Command had supplied the press with a map to illustrate "the proud report of victories" issued by Generalissimo Hitler's personal GHQ on August 6, concerning the first six weeks of the Russian campaign.

The editor of the offending Berlin daily was probably bursting with importance at his knowledge of Hitler's plans for the future. So he eliminated Slovakia as an independent state, with one stroke of the pen, and made it part of Hungary. Also, he counted Bohemia-Moravia as an integral part of the Deutsches Reich.

The introduction of a state of total war in the economy of

Japan may be reported, but some other phrase is to be used for "state of total war."

Four months before Pearl Harbor, the German authorities knew that the Japanese were placing themselves on a total war footing. It would be interesting to learn from the reports sent by our diplomatic mission in Tokio to the State Department whether we, too, knew this. Apparently the German Propaganda Ministry was willing to take a chance on our not knowing it, for the press was instructed, as a matter of bolstering morale and of emulation, to acquaint the German public with the all-out economic effort of their ally.

Under no circumstances may the item be published that German planes described circles over Carmona's ship to honor him.

General Antonio Oscar de Fragoso Carmona, president of Portugal, was at that time on a visit to the Portuguese island colonies of the Azores. To curry favor with him, the German *Luftwaffe* hovered over his ship and paid him aerial military honors. But the outside world was not to hear about it.

Editorial notes to the effect that Pétain is subordinated to Darlan may not be published. To say the least, they are decidedly premature.

One wonders why such an instruction was deemed necessary. Can it be that here, again, someone knew more than he must reveal? Was the Nazi regime so sure of Darlan that it was a matter of common gossip in the party that venerable old Marshal Pétain was dancing as Darlan fiddled?

August 26: The fact that Stojadinovich, whom we reported as dead, has bobbed up again (in Mauritius) is not to be reported, so that we won't have a second Degrelle case.

Leon Degrelle, leader of the Belgian Rexists and devoted follower of Adolf Hitler, was reported kidnaped and killed by the French when Belgium threw in her lot with the western powers and resisted the German invasion of May, 1940. It was embarrassing afterwards to "resurrect" him, but it had to be done, as he resumed the leadership of his party and even organized a

Belgian detachment to join the German forces in the east in their "holy crusade against bolshevism."

Former Premier Milan Stojadinovich of Yugoslavia was as dear to the Nazis as Quisling, Clausen, Mussert, Degrelle, and Laval. In fact, it was generally rumored in political circles that he had a bank account of one million Marks in Germany. His disappearance during the dramatic days which followed Germany's march via "neutral" Hungary into Yugoslavia gave rise to the German claim that he had been killed by his adversaries.

It was a matter of no little surprise—and embarrassment—to the Nazi authorities to learn from a British announcement that Stojadinovich had been taken into custody on the Island of Mauritius. The German public, however, need not know this. There was no danger of his turning up in his native land while the world conflict lasts.

The last transcript of the secret press instruction, bears the date of October 3, and I am quoting it *in toto*. As a matter of fact, my informant had supplied me with copies up to and including December 1, but Hitler's declaration of war on the United States came before I was able to smuggle the last batch out of Germany. Like many other documents of mine, they are in a safe place in Germany which no Nazi will ever find.

This is what Goebbels' ministry ordered the German press to do on October 3 of last year:

The scheduled address of the Führer will naturally dominate the press during the next few days. The text will not be available for the morning papers. Instead stories descriptive of the meeting—without direct quotes, however—are to be run.

Hitler had agreed to deliver the annual speech in the Sportpalast of Berlin, at the opening of the Winter Relief Fund campaign. Goebbels was going to take no chances on anybody quoting *Der Führer's* words before they had been properly edited!

At 3:30 p.m. there will be a small special conference in the

Propaganda Ministry, from where everybody present will be taken to the meeting place. . . .

Half a year has passed since the Führer spoke last. It is therefore the exalted task of the German press duly to evaluate the address. You are reminded anew that one is to refer to the "text" and not to the "verbatim" of the speech.

Since Hitler was wont occasionally to make sensational statements *ex tempore* which led to alleged misunderstandings and even to diplomatic incidents, no speech of his was released in its original form. An authorized "text" was furnished instead.

In making up their morning editions, the papers will have to use the annual report of the Winter Relief Administrator for padding, as the speech won't be available as yet.

In Germany, practically every daily has both a morning and an evening edition.

Later: Descriptives of the meeting may not even refer indirectly to the contents of the speech.

At the noon-day conference, as seen above, the ban extended only to direct quotes before an official text had been approved. Later in the day the editors were again called together. They were then advised that the ban extended even to indirect references to the contents of Hitler's remarks.

At this second conference the following additional instructions were issued:

The question of paper will be settled in a positive manner: no extra quotas of newsprint will be made available. The newspapers will have to get along without advertisements.

Because of the dire shortage and consequent rationing of paper, a wartime Hitler speech, with its length, and the fact that every word must be published in every German newspaper, invariably caused many headaches for editors. Unwilling to set aside extra quotas of newsprint for the press, Goebbels this time simply decreed that the dailies must forego the revenue derivable from advertisements, and run the Führer's speech at the sacrifice of this income.

Even the papers which go to press late won't receive the speech. It is not likely to reach DNB before 11 p.m. That is why decent descriptives must be run. Contents of speech must not be anticipated, in order that the reader's interest may be maintained at high pitch.

A typical Goebbels theatrical build-up for his master!

Individual themes, such as England, Russia, a socio-political or a military theme may be lightly referred to and given color. Papers like the "Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung," however, which incline to individuality, must maintain great self-restraint, otherwise they are likely to come in for a pack of troubles. It may happen, for instance, that a theme is referred to which is not dealt with extensively in the official text.

In case the Führer should, as in a previous address of his, again make a remark to the effect that the year 1941 will complete the victories which preceded, such a reference may under no circumstance be made before the official text has been released.

The background for this unusual instruction is the following: In his Order of the Day of January 1, 1941, to the armed forces of Germany, Adolf Hitler made the positive statement that "The year 1941 will bring the completion of the greatest victory in our history." This was generally interpreted to mean that the war would end in 1941. No amount of later explaining-away could convince the man in the street in Germany that his Führer did not mean to convey just that impression.

Week after week, as the year drew to a close, the German commentator in the British Broadcasting Company at London taunted the Nazis with their leader's unredeemed pledge. Goebbels evidently was determined to prevent any further predictions by his master from reaching the general public and the world; bad enough to have the Winter Relief workers hear them, though they were good Nazis, used to blind obedience!

Roosevelt's observations concerning Section 12 of the Soviet constitution have unloosed a storm of protest to which even the Reuter agency cannot remain impervious. We must not let this

incident pass by unnoticed, even though the general question of Soviets and Religion is to rest. Slogan: "The American people are not as foolish as Roosevelt thinks."

During 1941, Goebbels never lost an opportunity to cast aspersions upon President Roosevelt. At the same time he realized that any discussion of religious freedom might provoke unwelcome thinking in Germany, where the suppression of Christianity by the Hitlerites was a sore point anyway. He therefore took pains to give his editors the slogan for their observations on the Roosevelt-Soviet religious controversy.

The Associated Press reports concerning attacks on England by German planes are to be given a good play.

That day my colleagues in London published colorful eyewitness accounts of a major German bombing raid.

Under no circumstances pick up reports concerning an exchange of seriously wounded soldiers allegedly scheduled for the end of October. In the first place, the negotiations have not yet been completed, because disproportionately few Germans are to be exchanged for disproportionately many Britons; in the second place, descriptions concerning the cessation of all combat activities in the Channel during the exchange are not proper reading for the public.

As a matter of fact, the exchange never materialized. It is revealing, however, that the general public was not to know of a stopping of hostilities, however temporary.

Seize upon the fact that Churchill received a new vote of confidence. Don't, however, report his next speech in the House of Commons.

Winston Churchill is hated by many Germans. Goebbels therefore thought it smart politics to let the German people know he had once again been confirmed as Britain's leader, believing it would goad them on to greater war effort.

It is claimed that in England the food rations are to be extended. Don't take this up, for in the past such announcements always proved false.

Don't publish a report of the New York short wave station concerning an impending crisis in Japan.

Beaverbrook in a press conference emphasized that the Russians understand England's need of raw materials. He also emphasized the speed with which the Russians send supplies. Harriman, on the other hand, told a different tale.

These three instructions speak for themselves.

Two American senators have introduced bills providing for the creation of a special committee which, similar to the Dies Committee, is to be directed against Japanese diplomats. This may be seized upon, especially since Knox, too, turned very sharply against the Japanese.

Here coming events definitely cast their shadows before. The German press is given the go sign to curry favor with the Japanese by expressing moral indignation at the American senators' proposal. Pearl Harbor was only two months off!

The pressure of the United States on the states of South America is proceeding hand in hand with economic promises. What this means is revealed in the exchange of telegrams between (Sumner) Welles and the Bolivian Foreign Minister.

Again and again in the press instructions I find evidence of German attempts to set our country and our Latin American neighbors at loggerheads with each other.

Editorials in the "Giornale d'Italia" directed against defeatist rumors and against rumors of disagreement between Italy and Germany are under no circumstances to be referred to.

In view of the contempt in which the Italians were generally held in Germany, one can well understand why Goebbels did not want the German people to know there were rumors of disagreement between the two countries.

Wait for the official version concerning the liberation of Chileans who were arrested in the occupied areas as a measure of reprisal.

This refers to certain Chilean nationals in France and Belgium who were seized when Germans in Chile were detained.

Surprise is expressed that the big papers this morning did not make more of the September figures regarding ship sinkings.

An interesting sidelight! Can it be that the editors don't believe Goebbels' claims of gigantic naval achievements any more?

Molotov, Harriman, and Beaverbrook on Thursday afternoon pilgrimaged to the tomb of Lenin, where they remained for several minutes in reverential silence. This should be duly emphasized.

Quickly forgetting that Hitler himself a year previously made a pact with the Soviets, Goebbels now instructed the press to editorialize upon the unholy alliance between British capitalism and Russian communism.

London lies about the military situation in the East (loss of Schlüsselburg, ring around Leningrad broken twice) are to be made the subject of clever polemics.

German propaganda ever since the beginning of the war has tried to pick flaws in British military claims.

Dr. Goebbels is publishing an article in "Das Reich," entitled "Die Sache mit der Leichenpest," which deals with the handling of rumors current among the people. The male rumor mongers are referred to as "Herr Bransig," the female as "Frau Knöterich." These figures are not to be popularized generally. If, however, this theme is discussed, the use of these designations is permissible.

Here Goebbels invented names, just as American cartoonists invented Mr. and Mrs. Jiggs or Uncle Bim or Tillie the Toiler.



XXII

THE WAR OF NERVES

THE position of the German newsman under Nazi control was clear-cut. He printed what he was told. The situation of the foreign correspondents was different. Our job was both to get the news and to interpret it. To accomplish the former we faced the problem of arriving at tolerable working relations with the new regime. To do the latter, we must in fairness apply to our journalistic task the old Roman legal maxim, *Audiatur et altera pars* (Let the other side, too, be heard).

It was exceedingly difficult at first to come into any sort of contact with the Nazis. They were afraid of the foreign press, and seemed to think it wisest to leave us to our own designs, except from time to time to intimidate correspondents who were too outspoken.

My colleagues from some two dozen nations, banded together in the *Verein der ausländische Presse* (Foreign Press Association), requested me in January, 1934, to take over the headship of their organization, of which I had been president in 1928, 1929, and 1930, during the administrations of Stresemann and Bruening.

In those days it had been a pleasure to represent the foreign press. The men of the republican regime showed great understanding for the problems of the foreign correspondent. Stresemann used to drop all other work when the five o'clock tea hour came on Friday, at which time he chatted informally with foreign correspondents. His Secretary of State, later ambassador to Rome, Carl von Schubert, once said to me with a sigh of resigna-

tion, "It is impossible to hold my minister to his desk after five o'clock Fridays. The table may be covered with papers for him to sign, but he'll get up and say, 'I must go over to the *Auslands-presse*.'"

Only once had my pleasant relations with Dr. Stresemann been troubled, and that was years before during his brief incumbency of the German chancellorship. At that time the official German news bureau gave out an item about a meeting which the chancellor was to have with some foreign statesman.

We cabled the item to America. About half an hour later a special bulletin came from the German bureau, stating that the news release about Dr. Stresemann was erroneous and must be cancelled immediately. We call it "killing" a story, in newspaper parlance. I sent a brief cable to New York and turned to other work.

Not long afterwards, my secretary stepped into my room, much upset. "Two criminal-police officers insist on speaking to you," she said.

They were ushered in. I noticed that the scowl of the spokesman of the two changed to an expression of genuine bewilderment. Somehow or other I did not look as dangerous as my visitors had expected.

"We want to know what your connections with Dr. Stresemann are," he said sternly.

"Perhaps you had better ask the Chancellor himself," I replied. "He will, I think, corroborate the statement that we are on the friendliest of terms. He likes America and he is a supporter of the press; we are also personal friends."

The two men exchanged quick glances. "Your actions don't indicate any such relationship with the Chancellor," my inquisitor remarked.

"What do you mean?"

"Explain why you cabled to your henchmen abroad the message, 'Kill Stresemann,'" roared the officer of the law, brandishing my cable.

Both Stresemann and Bruening, during the republican era, made a practice of reserving some of their most important pronouncements of the year on foreign policy for the banquet of the Foreign Press Association, which was given annually for the German government and the diplomatic corps.

I realized that those brilliant and pleasant days were over. The presidency this time meant only work and probably trouble. My colleagues felt however, that only an American journalist, preferably one representing a great and powerful organization, could hope to negotiate a halfway satisfactory working arrangement with the Nazis.

The board of directors, composed of men and women from about ten nations, gave me authority to try out an experiment. We staged a number of those "beer evenings"—at which Münchner or Pilsner and sandwiches are informally served—that are so popular in Germany. To each of these evening meetings we invited one minister of the Reich with his principal collaborators, his secretary and under-secretary of state, his departmental directors and press liaison officer, to be our guest for a frank, off-the-record exchange of views. We agreed in advance that anything said on such a "beer evening" would be treated as background information only, and would never be attributed to its source by direct or indirect quotation.

The idea worked well. On successive occasions we had Baron Konstantin von Neurath and the foreign office principals, Dr. Joseph Goebbels and his propaganda boys, Prussian Premier Goering and the *Luftwaffe* hierarchy, Field Marshal Werner von Blomberg and the chiefs of the army and navy, and other leading exponents of Nazism with us. We arranged for tables of about eight, and one visiting guest was seated with six or seven foreign correspondents at each table. After twenty minutes I would call for a change of places, with the visitors remaining in their seats, and all newsmen would move on to the next table to learn the views of the official seated there.

In the case of Goering, we changed from the customary "beer

evening" to a luncheon, to which we invited his newly-wedded wife and our own ladies. He was seated opposite me with Mrs. Lochner, while I led Frau Goering to the table. I was able to see that, after a while, he seemed to become somewhat absent-minded, and that from time to time he jotted down a note or two on the back of the menu card.

Then came the sensation of the day: instead of speaking off the record, he permitted us to quote him. With that brutal frankness that often characterizes his utterances, Goering here for the first time revealed that Germany had been secretly building up an air force by utilizing out-of-the-way and often subterranean factories and hangars. As an example, he cited spots in the Thuringian forest which no foreign airplane flying over this thickly wooded area could ever detect.

The story was a knock-out. We had difficulty keeping our members together while coffee was served in another salon, so eager were most of the correspondents to file what the General—he was not yet Marshal—had said.

That evening about eleven o'clock I was called on the telephone. To my surprise the voice said, "Premier Goering speaking. Won't you please come at once to my residence?"

He received me in his enormous study, on one side of which there was a painting of his late first wife, Karin, with candle lights under it, so that one thought of a picture of a saint on a Catholic altar. In another niche was a big oil painting of his present spouse. Behind him was suspended an enormous sword against a somber velvet background.

"Reports which have just come from the German Embassy in London," he said, "indicate that my speech this noon has been sensationalized far beyond my intentions. Can't you pass out word at once to your members to withhold their stories until I can have an authorized version of what I said struck off and issued to you all?"

"That is a technical impossibility," I explained. "All the news associations, including the one I represent, have already given

out the story, and I am sure it has been on the streets of New York, Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco for hours. I am certain that even the correspondents who represent morning papers have filed their copy at this late hour of the evening. If you were to try to recall it now, the world would insist that you are trying to establish a censorship over foreign correspondents."

Rather grudgingly Goering admitted that my reasoning was right. With a flourish of his hand he dismissed me.

For my work as Associated Press representative, the presidency of the Foreign Press Association under Nazism proved a hindrance. The propaganda ministry and the foreign office scrutinized my dispatches more critically than ever and insisted that they carried more weight than those of my colleagues because of my "official" position—a silly theory, for nobody in America knew or cared about my purely honorary office.

But by January, 1936, because of my reporting and my frequent intervention on behalf of ousted foreign correspondents, I had made myself so obnoxious to the regime that rumors were thick that I was about to be expelled.

It was the time of the annual meeting and election of officers in the American Chamber of Commerce in Germany. To my utter astonishment, the chairman of the nomination committee, my friend and former chief, Guido E. Enderis, probably the most popular character in the American colony and noted for his wit, advised me that I had been chosen as the committee's nominee for the presidency.

I considered it a huge joke. A pen pusher head of a commercial organization! That afternoon Ambassador Dodd came to call. "Lochner, you must accept the Chamber presidency," he said. "There is more behind it than you think. Don't you see, the American colony is trying to show by that act that it stands behind you. Chambers of Commerce in Germany are quasi-official bodies. We don't believe the Nazis will dare to oust you if you become president of the American Chamber."

So I accepted. I cannot forget the kindness of my fellow Americans in Berlin who went out on a demonstration in behalf of a compatriot at a time when he needed help.

Veiled threats of ejection to representatives of important papers or news associations in large countries, and intimidation of correspondents from small countries, alternated with ultra-friendliness, lavish hospitality, even direct bribery in the handling of the foreign press. Also a system of self-censorship was installed which was far more damaging to the morale of the foreign correspondent than a direct military censorship could possibly have been.

I don't suppose any of us would have preferred the direct censorship system in vogue in other countries and during our trips to the military front. On many occasions, we managed to get more of the truth across to our readers than would have been possible under a direct censorship. But there is no doubt that this "personal censorship" was a much more nerve-racking affair.

There were certain general rules, of course, with which we were acquainted from time to time. For instance, we were forbidden to go beyond the wording of the official communiqués when discussing air-raids. Even things which we observed with our own eyes during Berlin bombings were taboo unless mentioned in the High Command announcement. We were also forbidden to speak of the weather, of Hitler's whereabouts, of pending meetings between high German officials and statesmen or military men from other nations, of camouflaged objects in the metropolis.

But that still left wide areas for coverage in which there were no definite rules. It was here that "self-censorship" set in. We would write a story, discuss every word of it in a staff conference, revamp and modify it until nobody could see any factual ground for challenge—and yet leave the office with the uneasy feeling that we would be called to the Wilhelmstrasse the next morning and chided for our "offense," if not threatened with ejection.

The foreign radio correspondent could always throw the blame

on the censor who blue-penciled his script or approved it in advance. Not so with the newsmen. They never could tell, after filing a story, whether their troubles were over or whether they had just begun. Only he who has for a period of years been under this daily nervous strain of not knowing when the lightning of official wrath may strike, can appreciate what the fifteen American correspondents who remained in Germany until the very end sacrificed in the way of nervous energy and sleep.

There was another consideration constantly weighing on the mind of every conscientious foreign correspondent. Might the publication of this or that item lead to the arrest of our source? Had we relied solely upon official handouts, the commentaries at the three daily press conferences, and occasional items gleaned from the Goebbels-controlled German press, our reporting would have been pronouncedly one-sided and incomplete. We had, therefore, to build up for ourselves, carefully and cautiously and secretly, a network of extra-official connections.

The fact that I had been a correspondent in Germany for twenty years stood me in excellent stead in that effort. I knew dependable and well-informed monarchists and communists, representatives of the old trade unions and of the social-democratic and democratic parties, followers of Stresemann and Bruening, former Steel Helmets and republican Reichsbanner troopers, Lutheran pastors, Catholic priests, and Jewish rabbis.

The problem was not that of obtaining information from them. Their hatred of the regime was such that they were only too willing to furnish me with facts and figures. The problem was rather the human one of protecting these sources from arrest, concentration camp, and possibly even execution by a firing squad.

Many a time I carried a story around with me for days, torn between a feeling of responsibility to inform my fellow Americans of this or that new iniquity perpetrated by the Nazis against their own people, and a realization that the publication of the item might lead to a discovery of its source. I would make it a

point to see many people during the ensuing days, so as to wipe out any traces that might lead to my contact with the informant. Even then I would write the story in such a way as to camouflage its origin.

"The German papers," said Hans Fritsche, who usually conducts the press conferences for the German press, on December 19, 1940, "are not written for the German reader; they constitute an instrument of policy which must be used in ever-increasing measure."

Every conceivable attempt is made by Adolf Hitler and his chief propagandist, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, to use the foreign press as well as an "instrument of (German) policy."

Why did we accept invitations to the front, if we knew that we were taken only when the situation was believed to be favorable? Why risk being called "pro-Nazi"—as indeed many of us were—when we reported truthfully what we saw?

The answer is simple. No foreign correspondent would be worth his salary if he did not look deeper than the surface, if he did not utilize the opportunity of going on even a "conducted" trip to make observations and studies that might, at a given moment later on, be of service to his own country, if he did not embrace every opportunity to see for himself just what this terrible machine of Hitler's was that swept everything before it. Certainly, our very able military attaches in Berlin were green with envy at our opportunities to see the *Wehrmacht* in action.

Occasionally, since my return, I have run into someone who asked why we cabled bombastic claims by the Nazis of victories, boastful assertions by Hitler that the end of the war was in sight, optimistic prognostications by Goebbels, Dietrich and others that "General Winter" would assist rather than retard Germany in the East, insulting aspersions by German government spokesmen cast upon President Roosevelt. Was this not giving unjustified publicity to the Nazi cause? Were we not stooges of the Nazis in doing so?

With the same justification it might be asked why our largest

and best dailies even now publish, day after day, the official High Command communiqués of the Axis Powers although we are at war with them. The fact is that, as good democrats, we Americans want to hear all sides of a question. We crave information. If Mr. Hitler chose to predict the end of the war in 1941, that fact was news. We correspondents were reporters, not crusaders. We could safely leave it to American editorial writers at the proper moment to remind their readers of this erroneous prediction!

It was not we who originated the news, but the men to whose country we had been sent as reporters of facts and happenings. If Hitler, Goebbels, or the Reich's Press representative Otto Dietrich made statements on the German position or situation, that was news, and it was our duty to cable that news. Whether we, our editors at home, or the general American public believed the statements is beside the point, as far as our duty as correspondents was concerned.

Equally silly is the charge that those correspondents who elected to remain until the end were less patriotic than those who departed when they still could take all their belongings with them, were in no danger of arrest, and never experienced the personal privations that increased in a sharp upward curve during 1941 and early 1942.

I confess frankly that it did not make our task in Germany easier to hear from time to time of these charges. Such critics were—unwittingly, no doubt—helping Goebbels, Schmidt & Co. in their war of nerves directed against us.

The instructions to the representatives of American news associations from their home offices were to the effect that they should keep functioning under almost any circumstances and restrictions. It was recognized that individual newspapers might well decide to close their Berlin offices—as indeed some of them did—when things became unbearable, but it was insisted that the news associations, in the interests even of the very dailies that abandoned Berlin, must carry on and supply such news as

could be relayed out of Germany and the sections of Europe under its control.

As time went on, the limits within which we could move without risking ejection from the country (the one thing our superiors did NOT want) and endangering our personal safety too greatly, became narrower. And yet, on re-examining since my return to America what we filed during almost three years of war, I find that the basic facts of the story of Germany were told, more restrainedly no doubt than if we had been permitted to write as we pleased, but nevertheless candidly and truthfully. What we have written since returning to freedom merely complements a picture that, at least for the reader who knew how to read between the lines, was clear without our later embellishments.¹

The foreign editor of a great Chicago daily said to me shortly after my return in June, 1942. "Of course, you fellows had to trust to our having some imagination and brains. I remember, for instance, how in one of your stories during the campaign in Flanders you described the eagerness with which German soldiers dismantled good rubber tires from otherwise damaged French or Belgian cars abandoned on the roadside. I knew what you were trying to convey, and said so in an editorial: You wanted us to know that there is such a shortage of rubber in Germany that a tire is about the most precious thing a soldier can find."

My friend got the point exactly.

¹ John Evans, chief of the foreign service of The Associated Press—one of the ablest and most exacting and, at the same time, fairest and most helpful critics of foreign dispatches any news association has the privilege of possessing—made the following statement upon the return of AP staffmen from Berlin and Rome:

"(These men) sent from Lisbon illuminating interpretative stories of what goes on 'inside,' but so well had they reported previously from their bailiwicks that there were no revelations. Five months' internment gave them time to discuss and to reflect upon events so that they came out with well-rounded, long-considered analyses of situations which they often had covered in the day's work. Censorships and the over-emphasized fear of reprisals never had prevented the essential truth of things from coming out."

Fortunately, both our home offices and the federal government gave us loyal support. I shall always feel grateful to General Manager Kent Cooper for his deep understanding of our problems, for his personal attention to even our minor bodily needs, for his gratuitous worry on our behalf, for his loyal defense of our work and our attitude.

To sum up: while outwardly more liberal in its "personal censorship" policy than any other belligerent government, the Nazi regime nevertheless waged a relentless war of nerves against its foreign correspondents who desired to retain their independence and individualism. Theirs was a system that enabled us to impart much more information to our readers than we had ever dared hope; but it was one that kept the conscientious foreign newsman in a constant state of jitters.

The German laws regarding espionage were such that anyone of us might at any time, after writing a dispatch displeasing to the regime, have been seized and convicted, had that been deemed opportune. And who can ever tell in Naziland whether a measure is opportune or not? Ask Richard G. Hottelet of the United Press! ²

² Hottelet was arrested in 1941 on a charge of espionage. The Propaganda Ministry insisted that the indictment was based on activities in no wise connected with news reporting. Few foreign correspondents believed this. He was later released in exchange for a German newsman under indictment in New York.



XXIII

THE FOREIGN PRESS GETS INTO TROUBLE

THE tone adopted at the daily press conferences was, on the whole, one of polite persuasiveness, but once in a while the German government representative would forget he was addressing foreigners. Thus on one occasion, Braun von Stumm, carefully fastening his monocle in his eye, began dictatorially, "The press today will please write...." Suddenly he remembered to whom he was speaking. He caught himself, blushed and said, "Gentlemen, the German viewpoint on the question under discussion is...."

His senior colleague, Dr. Paul Schmidt, chief of the German Foreign Office press section, sometimes waxed so insolent that we had a difficult time restraining our feelings. This young shadow of von Ribbentrop—he was barely thirty—was fond of delivering his pronouncements with deep pathos in his voice. He was not trying primarily to impart news to foreign writers, he was forever addressing a Nazi mass meeting. And he knew that a transcript of his often brilliant formulations would go up to his superiors, possibly to Hitler himself, certainly to von Ribbentrop, and that he would earn encomium there.

The press conference also afforded Dr. Schmidt an opportunity at times to lecture a foreign correspondent dramatically or to berate him before everybody present. Why did the correspondents stand for this? The answer is obvious. Unlike the German newsmen, who are licensed tools of the government, the foreign correspondents felt they were there to get and interpret the news.

If Dr. Schmidt insisted upon insulting them, it merely showed poor taste and bad manners on his part toward his guests. It could not touch the honor of an experienced, veteran correspondent who considered the youthful government spokesman beneath his dignity to argue with.

The foreign correspondents were received regularly at the Propaganda Ministry at twelve-thirty and five-thirty; at the Foreign Office at one o'clock. Questions, even of an argumentative nature, were permitted. At the beginning of the war, when countries like Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, Russia, and Yugoslavia were still at peace, the range of questions was diversified and men from at least half a dozen countries made inquiries that were often amusing, not infrequently embarrassing.

Two groups of newsmen, however, never participated in the questioning—the Italians and the Japanese. The Japanese chose to smile blandly or make poker faces, the Italians waited for their private conference which they held in Baron von Stumm's office directly after our general get-together. This special conference for the Italian correspondents was regarded as so important by Mussolini's propaganda minister that he practically based his talks with foreign newsmen accredited in Rome upon the Wilhelmstrasse utterances.

As the war continued and one country after another was conquered by Hitler's forces, the number of correspondents who dared to ask questions dwindled down, until practically only the Americans were left.

The Swedes tried bravely to second us, but were discouraged from doing so by the Swedish legation in Berlin which pointed out that Sweden was having so difficult a time maintaining her neutrality that a thoughtless question by a Swedish correspondent might turn the scales against the little kingdom.

The Swiss, too, continued to pose questions as long as they could. They often complained to me, however, that in the event of trouble they could in no wise count upon being backed up by

their minister, whose sympathies with the Axis were a matter of common belief. So, after several of them had been ejected from Germany, the rest preferred either to remain silent at the press conferences or to request a transfer to some other post as soon as possible.

One Lithuanian correspondent, who, after his country's defeat, became an assistant in a Japanese news agency bureau, often relieved the later drabness of the daily press conferences by his studiously naive but often decidedly pointed questions. He was informed that, unless he ceased putting "provoking questions," he would find himself in trouble.

That left us Americans almost alone. After nineteen ejections of foreign correspondents, caution seemed to be in order for most foreign newsmen. It was pathetic to see how often our colleagues from the Balkans, from the Orient, and from various sections of western and northern Europe approached us before the conference with the request that we ask certain questions for them. Dr. Schmidt may sometimes have wondered—his face, indeed, not infrequently registered surprise—why the Americans were suddenly interested in an insignificant cabinet shift in Croatia, or a visit of the Bulgarian government's propaganda chief to Ankara, or a road-building project in Indo-China!

Not much "spot news" ever developed at these conferences, but they were nevertheless worthwhile for several reasons. In the first place, we could gauge the temper of the Nazi hierarchy by the behavior of the men who conducted these daily meetings. When things went well diplomatically or militarily, German officialdom was in an affable mood. In times of crisis it was nervous and irritable. Secondly, from the reactions to questions, we could tell whether a given query was embarrassing or not. If it was embarrassing, the situation needed closest study and attention on our part. Thirdly, it was most revealing to note, not so much what the officials said, but rather what they left unsaid. Their silence on important questions was often far more eloquent than words could have been.

Take, for instance, the worsening of German-Russian relations. The Wilhelmstrasse never took the initiative to comment on this situation, for Hitler desired to surprise the Russians with a blitz attack. When we began to ask questions there was an embarrassed silence for several days. Then, when straddling no longer seemed possible, Dr. Schmidt assured us evasively that dealings between Germany and Soviet Russia were governed by the pact of August 21, 1939. Further questions provoked irascibility in the Wilhelmstrasse.

I count it an honor that I was pilloried by Dr. Schmidt of the Foreign Office and his far better-mannered colleague in the Propaganda Minister, Dr. Karl Bomer, from time to time. Frequently, Associated Press stories, because of their damaging factualness, were held up as examples of unfriendliness to Germany. For instance, a story sent out November 14, 1940, concerning Molotov's ill-fated visit to Berlin was branded in the Foreign Office conference by Braun von Stumm, then in the chair, as going far beyond what it was proper for foreign correspondents to do.

In that dispatch, I stated that, in the opinion of "informants usually in the know," a division of spoils had been agreed upon between Hitler and Molotov, the terms being:

1. Russia will have her *Grossraum*, or vast space of domination, just as the Axis and Japan arranged to have theirs by the terms of the three-power pact they signed on September 27.
2. This *Grossraum* will not be created at the expense of parties not involved in the present European conflict. In other words, no further slice will be taken out of Finland, nor will the Dardanelles be taken from Turkey, provided she behaves in a manner not inimical to the Axis and Russia.
3. Turkey must make up her mind definitely and finally concerning her place in the future scheme of things. Germany, Italy, and Russia all feel confident that Turkey will in due time seek an *Anschluss* with the totalitarian powers.

4. Whatever compensation Russia may desire in return for her support of the Berlin-Rome-Tokio arrangement for a "new world" must come from a "bankruptcy inventory" of the British Empire. German informants seem certain that Molotov, speaking for Stalin, considers Britain already defeated, just as does the Axis.

5. If the Soviet Union should desire to realize her age-long dream of obtaining access to the world's oceans, say via Iran or Afghanistan and British India, she will find the Axis powers "disinterested." In other words, these powers will raise no objections.

6. All parties concerned will join in efforts to bring about a nonaggression pact between Russia and Japan, as a result of which Japan too will show her "disinterest" in those regions which Russia regards as part of her *Grossraum*.

There was only one trouble with this story: my informants knew that the above six points were Hitler's proposal to Molotov, and from the fact that a brief official communiqué insisted that Germany and Russia had reached "a mutual accord on all important questions of interest to both" took it for granted that Molotov had acquiesced. They were so used to seeing their Führer's viewpoint prevail that they could not imagine that the two statesmen had virtually agreed to disagree!

"Foreign correspondents," declared von Stumm in regard to this story, "should limit themselves to official pronouncements."

"Then there is no point in having foreign correspondents in Berlin at all," I replied. "If we are merely to relay official hand-outs, we might as well all leave the country, and our German clerks can file the releases."

Stumm saw that he had overreached himself, changed the subject, and asked for questions.

Official challenge frequently resulted in our being called on the telephone and requested to see someone at the Foreign Office or the Propaganda Ministry. We were then told what damage we had done to the cause of friendly international relations by

our "false" representation of conditions, how disappointed officialdom was that men who should know better were so "inaccurate" and "misleading," and how difficult it was to persuade the higher-ups to retain the present system of so-called personal or self-censorship if again and again foreign correspondents transgressed the bonds of propriety.

My faithful co-workers, Alvin J. Steinkopf, who ran the bureau whenever I was out of Berlin, and whom I regard as one of the most vivid and colorful writers, and at the same time most cautious and factual colleagues with whom I have ever worked; Edwin A. Shanke; Ernest G. Fischer; and Angus McLean Thuermer—who have been quoted elsewhere in this book—all had the distinction of having had their stories challenged by the Nazis. We could always prove that we were right in our facts and that official ire was based solely upon the realization that publication of these facts caused reactions unfavorable to the Nazis abroad.

The nearest I came to being ousted from Germany occurred in March, 1941. When Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoka came to Berlin in March, distrust of the Japanese prevailed in highest Nazi circles. The fact that Matsuoka flirted with the idea of going to London led to a diplomatic demarche, pointing out that such an act would be regarded as an unfriendly act by the Wilhelmstrasse.

Matsuoka's announced intention of conferring with Molotov in Moscow was received in eloquent silence (followed by consternation when the conclusion of the Russo-Japanese nonaggression pact was announced from Moscow some days later). The cautious Nipponese statesman's unwillingness to commit himself to direct participation in the world war on the side of the Axis led one of the best-informed Nazi editors on March 27 to burst out to me in a fit of impatience:

"The Japanese can't keep on straddling forever. One of these days they must make up their minds to take Singapore. They should realize that sooner or later a conflict with your country

is inevitable. Well, if they don't help us now, we shall let them stew in their own juice then."

The fact that the Japanese at last decided to cast their lot with the Axis never restrained the average German from referring to the Japanese as "the yellow apes." Nevertheless, the Wilhelmstrasse was trying to convey an impression of unity and cordiality between Germany and Japan.

Despite the "tremendous heaps of presents" showered upon him, despite the "spontaneous" welcome accorded him by thousands of persons who were supplied by factories and schools, according to a pre-arranged plan for lining the streets in his honor, the cagey Nipponese statesman would not commit himself in as far-reaching a manner as Hitler and Ribbentrop hoped.

On the basis of information from various sources which I considered (and still consider) reliable, I cabled the following story on March 28:

"Japanese Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka, here for talks with German leaders, must make up his mind whether Japan will enter actively into the fight against Great Britain or be left to face both her and the United States alone later, informed political circles intimated today.

"The taking of Singapore—key British naval base in the Far East—was mentioned specifically in connection with the subject of Japanese participation in the fight.

"If Japan declines to enter the fray at present, a victorious Germany and Italy might later show disinterestedness in Japan's plight, in the opinion of these circles.

"That Japan could realize her ambitions in the Far East only by running into British and American opposition was taken as axiomatic.

"Hence, it was argued, if Japan is in earnest about translating her Far Eastern dreams into practical politics, she must realize that her place is on the side of the Axis, not as a silent partner but as an active member."

The Wilhelmstrasse was furious. First the Propaganda Min-

istry, then the Foreign Office demanded the exact text of my message.

On March 31, when Dr. Schmidt entered the Foreign Office conference hall for our daily question-and-answer period, he cleared his throat ominously, then read the following statement, which I offer in translation:

"In connection with the Matsuoka visit once again an act of irresponsible and tendentious reporting has been perpetrated from Berlin. The representative of a large American news association delivered himself of his personal views concerning the background for the German-Japanese pourparlers. In so doing he rested his argument upon the alleged opinion of 'usually well-informed circles.' His report was not only incorrect as to content, but at this political juncture had necessarily to give aid and comfort to enemy propaganda directed against the German-Japanese friendship. This is what then actually happened, especially since the item was 'doctored'¹ by the newspapers of his country in the sense that it was alleged that 'an informed political spokesman' was the source of this untruthful account. British propaganda then also seized upon it.

"Once more sharpest warning is expressed against that sort of tendentious, contrary-to-truth reporting. In the event of a repetition the most serious consequences will result not only for the correspondent and his bureau here, but also for the entire foreign press of Berlin.

"In addition, renewed reference must be made to the fact that the only responsible commentary on political events can come solely from the spokesman for the Foreign Office and from the Press department of the Reich's Government."²

As I was one of the oldest foreign correspondents in Berlin, my colleagues had always insisted upon reserving for me, no matter how late I came, the seat directly opposite the Foreign Office

¹ Not true. The American press published my dispatch as sent.

² Meaning the Propaganda Ministry.

spokesman. So when this indictment against me was read out, I happened to face Dr. Schmidt.

What was I to do? Get up and leave? But that would be playing right into the hands of my prosecutor, whom I heard say afterwards to one of his underlings, "Well, I gave it to him that time." Knowing Dr. Schmidt as I did, I realized that nothing would please him more than the realization that he had goaded me into a gesture which he would interpret as born of a feeling of guilt.

I decided that the only thing to do was to keep a poker face, act as though the lecture did not concern me at all, and, above all, take the wind out of his sails with an unexpected counter-move. So before anybody else could pose a question, I asked calmly, "Any comment on the arrest of the editor of *Vreme*?"⁸

Schmidt looked flabbergasted, recovered quickly and thought it the better part of wisdom to answer civilly. But the dramatic effect of his attempt to intimidate not only the Berlin Bureau of The Associated Press and me but even the entire foreign press, on the usual Nazi theory of reprisals against innocents, was neutralized. Many foreign colleagues afterwards laughed about our game of wits.

After the conference—Schmidt stormed out of the room as quickly as he could—I asked Braun von Stumm for permission to copy Schmidt's statement. I said my home office would no doubt like an exact transcript. He declined. "You understand German well enough," he snapped.

When relations between the Wilhelmstrasse and a foreign correspondent have reached the point where his conduct is a matter of public reprimand, the "other side of the street," that is, the Propaganda Ministry, is instructed in the afternoon conference to repeat the reading of the morning censure. And in the evening, as you listen to the radio, you again hear yourself berated as all Germany listens. I therefore knew what to expect.

If I stayed away from the afternoon conference, it would be

⁸A Belgrade daily whose editor was pro-Nazi.

interpreted as a sign that I felt guilty and had taken the criticism to heart. So I requested all my associates in the AP bureau to go with me early, in order to make sure of our capturing front row seats in the "Theatersaal" in which this larger afternoon pow-wow was held.

This time, when Professor Bomer with his assistants and Braun von Stumm on behalf of the Foreign Office marched in, it was Stumm who registered surprise. "Why, there he is again," I heard him say, with an amazed glance at me.

Bomer obviously did not like his task. Visibly embarrassed, he read the official statement in a matter-of-fact way, and even softened the language by speaking of the representative of a large "Foreign" instead of "American" news association.

After the conference he unhesitatingly granted my request to let me copy the statement, and volunteered when we were alone: "We know, of course, that you are trying to protect your source and therefore remain silent. But articles like that get you into trouble. Please do desist."

From the viewpoint of its own propaganda, the German government did a stupid thing when it summarily removed Bomer from office in May, 1941, and sentenced him to two years for having, in a state of inebriation into which he was deliberately enticed by men jealous of him, divulged the date of Hitler's planned invasion of Russia. Of all the men who were charged with handling the foreign press, he was the most understanding and courteous. Even when evasive, his replies were usually couched in terms that enabled the trained newsman to pick out of them crumbs of information worth publishing.

During our various trips to the front Bomer fought the brass hats and the bureaucracy successfully and insisted that the foreign correspondents must see something. That was good politics, from the German viewpoint, for in 1940 and early 1941 the German advance was so unprecedented that no correspondent watching the German forces blitz their way through the Lowlands and France, and later through Yugoslavia and Greece, could help

reporting facts which were bound to be unwelcome to the United Nations.

The point I wish to make is that the liberality of Dr. Bomer, as compared with the narrow-mindedness of many others charged with spoonfeeding and leading by the strings the foreign press, paid dividends, in that foreign correspondents, if allowed to see for themselves, could not do otherwise than draw a formidable picture of the efficacy of the German war machine at that time.

I learned at Lisbon that Bomer was released early in 1942 and given an opportunity to "rehabilitate" himself by fighting against Soviet Russia. He was stripped of his officer's rank, however, and degraded to a private. A news dispatch recently revealed that he was mortally wounded at the Russian front.



XXIV

SUGARED BREAD AND THE WHIP

BY DIFFERENT means, all leading to the same goal, a day-by-day attempt was made to turn the foreigner, notably the foreign correspondent, into an accomplice of Nazism.

Zuckerbrot und Peitsche is a term much used by the Nazis. It means, literally, "sugared bread and the whip." It is an apt designation for what the Nazis tried to do with the foreigner who was stationed within the Reich.

If he could be bought with *Zuckerbrot*, so much the better. Money was no object. It was always simpler to have a willing stooge than a recalcitrant opponent.

On the latter, the method of the *Peitsche*, the whip, was applied, not in the physical sense (except when he was actually taken to a concentration camp, which never happened, so far as I can remember, to an accredited foreign journalist), but in the spiritual sense of his being pilloried and tongue-lashed publicly.

What the Nazis overlooked was that many foreigners, in order to avoid trouble, remained silent and said nothing to indicate that they disagreed completely with what the Nazis were doing and saying. If I were to reveal to Herr Goebbels what many of my foreign colleagues in Berlin, whom his agents considered as won over to the Nazi cause, said in the seclusion of my study, he would probably be very surprised!

Ultra-friendliness, lavish hospitality, yes, even the direct bribe are favorite Nazi methods. They were applied not only to foreign correspondents. Any foreigner who was deemed susceptible or



Goebbels tries to ooze charm as he answers a question put by the author.

whose influence at home might be important was fair game for Joachim von Ribbentrop's special agents, versed in the art of acting as charming hosts.

Hospitality is a favorite form of indirect bribe with the Nazis. Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't.

On January 20, 1941, the secret press instructions to the German newsmen informed them: "Knut Hamsun will arrive for a visit in Berlin and live in the private mansion of Dr. Goebbels." Knut Hamsun swallowed the Nazi bait. While we were at Bad Nauheim the German press on March 26, 1942, released a statement by the aged Norwegian novelist which out-Quislinged Quisling. He wrote in part:

"Roosevelt is president of the United States, and his people very likely think it devilishly clever of a chief of state simply to disregard the conventions of the more civilized Europe. He can afford to do so, for he is president of the big Yankee land. President Roosevelt doesn't need to know what is indispensable for educated people in their relation to other educated people, namely, to show a certain amount of cleanliness and to disassociate himself from acts of scoundrels. And yet he can continue to command the respect of his people.

"His dictatorship over the obedient jumping jacks in congress awakens memories of ancient Rome at the time of its worst decadence, when the emperors made zeros out of the senators and refrained from observing decent conventions. Hitler delivered one of his great speeches, to which the world listened—but Roosevelt did not listen to it, and he was not even in a hurry to receive an immediate translation. No, he announced to the press that he would go to sleep! And when he was asked in a press conference whether he had read the speech of Colonel Lindbergh, he merely replied, 'Why should I?' Certainly a great man, this Roosevelt! Obstinate he goes his way, a Jew in Jew's pay, the leading spirit of America in the war for gold and the power of the Jews!"

Our Berlin home was located at No. 20 Giesebrichtstrasse.

About a year ago, we began to notice that officials of the Wilhelmstrasse snickered whenever we happened to mention the street on which we were living. Knowing glances passed from one to another.

A little later a friend of ours, who lived at No. 10 in the same thoroughfare said to us: "I don't understand what is going on in this street at night. There are always lots of swanky cars before our house, some of them with the C.D. (*corps diplomatique*) sign."

Inquiry revealed an interesting fact: Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop had set up an establishment at No. 11 Giesebrichtstrasse of the kind that supplies delicate feminine attention to visitors to the metropolis who have taken pains to leave their wives at home. Balkan diplomats and statesmen were known to be especially amorous, and the inside story of how this or that Balkan country came to side with the Axis can probably be told by the kept inmates of this officially approved and managed House of Pleasure.

A military officer from a Latin American country arrived in Berlin almost penniless and shabbily dressed. He was tremendously flattered the next day when a cultured colonel of the *Wehrmacht* called upon him and in faultless Spanish assured him that any wish he might express would be fulfilled within the limits of possibility. A car was placed at his disposal, and the colonel was regularly attached to him as a sort of glorified aide-de-camp. When the Latin American officer left Berlin, he wore elegant new clothing, had expensive-looking baggage and rooted for Hitler. He too was familiar with No. 11 Giesebrichtstrasse.

Presents to visiting guests were always lavish. So were decorations. For weeks before a foreign statesman arrived, the protocol office was busy mapping out what decoration should go to whom in that statesman's entourage. On the occasion of the departure of a foreign diplomat whom the Nazis particularly liked, a costly token of remembrance was offered him at Hitler's or Ribbentrop's farewell dinner.

Stooges of the regime with foreign citizenship could spend months in Germany as guests of the government. In 1936 a corpulent German pastor with a Brazilian passport, who wrote articles for a little German-language weekly in Minas Geraes, turned up at a tour on which we were taken in the early summer to inspect sugar cane growing in the Harz region. Usually someone among the foreign correspondents who had been accredited in Berlin for a number of years was, by common consent of the foreign participants, designated to say a few words of thanks to the person or organization whose guests we were.

Before any such designation could take place, the wide-waisted gentleman from Brazil sprang to his feet and exclaimed dramatically: "Permit me as a representative of Brazil to extend my thanks and the thanks of my colleagues of the pen for this charming reception. We Brazilians are proud of what Adolf Hitler is doing for the cause of civilization." There followed a catalog of Nazi achievements.

That was in early July. After that, I met him in various places—at the Olympic Games later in July; during a press tour through Austria in August; at the annual party convention at Nürnberg in September. He was always speaking for Brazil and for the foreign colleagues. He was always singing the praises of Adolf Hitler, as a "Brazilian." He was always living at Nazi government expense, and traveling on free passes from the government. And in October, at the Harvest Thanksgiving Festival on the Bückeberg in the Wesel River country, he again turned up, looking more prosperous than ever. He brought his tried and trusted eloquence with him. By this time he had also learned to declaim a sonorous poem.

I have known several such types.

Whenever we foreign correspondents were taken into a country occupied by the German *Wehrmacht*, the question naturally arose of obtaining local currency for tips, possible purchases, and incidentals. Before we could bestir ourselves, one of the German

officials in charge of our party obligingly produced cash aplenty. We Americans always insisted upon reimbursing the official. I often noticed, however, that certain representatives of smaller nations, especially of nations with pro-Axis leanings, unhesitatingly accepted this money as part of the hospitality.

Both the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office had their trained "glad-handers." They were polished men of the world, versatile in languages, capable of holding their own (and their tongues!) in drinking bouts, and apparently liberal and tolerant in their views. They fairly oozed charm. As connoisseurs of good wines and palatable dishes they were unsurpassed. They were well worth their salaries and expense accounts.

Two club houses were especially installed for the foreign correspondents—by the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office respectively. Competition between them for our patronage was so keen that we had to balance off our visits diplomatically to the two establishments in order not to offend either of them. As long as we were trying to get news in Germany and out of Germany, amicable relations with our contact men were essential.

The Propaganda Ministry was the first to place a house at our disposal. On the Leipziger Platz, only a few minutes from the government buildings of the Wilhelmstrasse, there was a club, formerly known as the Deutscher Automobile-Club, and later converted into the Deutscher Auslands-Club. The president of this organization, Duke Adolf Friedrich von Mecklenburg and his board of Directors, were simply informed one day that the Propaganda Ministry desired to take over and renovate the second and third floors, to convert them into a special abode for the foreign correspondents. The duke and his associates had to grin and bear it.

Goebbels himself spoke at the dedication exercises. "The place is yours," he told us. There was a spacious restaurant, there were reading, writing, and lounging rooms, and there was a modern bar, with real French cognac and even genuine Scotch, both of them rarities in war-rationed Germany. There was also, as

some correspondents occasionally forgot, a loudspeaker arrangement for all the rooms, by which persons for whom telephone calls or messages were waiting could be traced. One had but to say, in a stage whisper, "Here," when one's name was called, and the efficient secretary would deliver the message or tell one to which telephone booth to go. From the ease with which she understood our "Here" I gather that she may easily have listened in on conversations by foreigners when they thought they were alone.

At this club, as well as in the other, sponsored by the Foreign Office, concerts, vaudeville performances, and movies were given on stated evenings, as well as tea dances on Sunday afternoons. The rule that there must be no dancing during the war did not apply to these clubs. The foreign correspondent was to be given every possible comfort and diversion, and thus was to be made to forget how drab and uninteresting the life of the average German was. The effort appears to have been successful, for I was sometimes amazed to discover how little some of our foreign colleagues knew about the life of the average German, and how often they painted a picture which indicated that little was lacking in the way of food and goods in the Reich.

The Auslands-Presse-Club in the Fasanenstrasse on the west side of Berlin was opened soon after the Auslands-Club. The well-appointed, artistically furnished building had served as the house of the Anglo-German Fellowship until the Reich and Great Britain came to blows. It was often the scene of receptions to German diplomats returning to Berlin for conferences or on furlough, or to foreign statesmen visiting Berlin.

Invitations to these diplomatic receptions were not extended to all foreign correspondents, even to those who held guest cards. As relations with the United States worsened, we Americans were denied invitations to them. But the Swiss and Swedes continued to attend as neutrals. Later on, only the newsmen from countries adhering to the Axis were asked to meet men like Matsuoka, Csaky, and Antonescu.

The efficacy of the "sugared bread" treatment had such cre-

dence among the Nazis, that the correspondents were considered fair game for bribery. This was demonstrated to us during our internment at Bad Nauheim, when a member of the community was approached with a proposal that he become an agent for them, a proposal which he promptly turned down.

Another member, Robert H. Best, paid the price for leaving us and remaining behind in order to be able to marry the Austrian girl he loved. He became a radio broadcaster for the Nazis. This renegade American correspondent now goes on the air at Berlin as "Guess who." I understand the privilege of operating the black market has been extended to him. Soon after his departure from our internment hotel, some of us received letters from Best suggesting that he would supply food for German relations or friends against American dollars.

When the "sugared bread" treatment failed, there was still the "whip." We foreigners were watched with special care at the beginning of the Nazi regime. Perhaps I should put it this way: during the first year or two of the national-socialist government the constant watching of our comings and goings, the tapping of our wires, the opening of our mails, and the checking up on our friends and connections was particularly irksome. Later on we got so used to it we no longer minded.

I had learned by long experience that nothing so confounds a Nazi official as an imperturbable display of good humor. Hence, when the evidence was complete in my hands that both my office and home telephone wires were tapped, I determined to have a little fun with the authorities.

Accordingly, I wrote a letter to the Reichspostministerium, setting forth that:

A. When calling an outside party on our office 'phone, I sometimes found myself listening to a conversation by my wife, who was speaking on our home telephone in an entirely different section of the city to our grocer in still another borough;

B. When dialing the number of one of the illustrated maga-

zines which our news photo department served, our picture salesman heard one of our editors conferring with the propaganda ministry (our two sections had quite different numbers);

C. When calling Dr. Hugo Eckener at the Zeppelin works in Friedrichshafen late one afternoon from my home, both he and I had difficulty understanding each other because our voices were drowned out by an altercation which our office boy, speaking on our downtown wire, had with a firm which failed to deliver ordered goods.

I asked whether this condition could be remedied.

Two days later an official of the ministry appeared

"We are puzzled by your letter," he said politely. "We don't doubt your word, but we fail to see how the situation which you describe can arise technically. As you yourself know, the whole City of Berlin has now gone over to the dialing system, so crossed wires should be an impossibility."

That was exactly what I had expected him to say.

"May I, as a simple layman, give you my idea of what's the matter?" I asked. "I don't think it is very generous of you to be so skimpy about the tapping service you are giving my organization and me."

He blushed crimson and was about to make some rejoinder when I went on: "Of course, you are not allowed to admit that somebody listens in. Now, I don't object to the principle of tapping my wire. On the contrary, I consider it a compliment that your secret service considers our conversation so important it must be recorded. No, my complaint is based on entirely different considerations. If you will permit a foreigner to offer a word of friendly criticism, I don't think your practice of connecting our home, editorial office, and news photo department telephones all up with one single Gestapo listening post is good national socialism. Here you are, telling the world how you are solving the unemployment problem, and yet you make one over-worked Gestapo man do the work of three!"

"Another thing, it hurts my pride, it wounds my patriotic

feeling to know that the great Associated Press of America receives such inadequate Gestapo attention! I demand, in accordance with the dignity of the organization I represent, that at least one Gestapo man be put on each wire so that your government may have a complete and authentic transcript of all the words of wisdom that fall from our lips.

"Just imagine what a jumbled picture your listener gets when he hears our news photo manager speaking to the director of the zoo at the same time I interview Dr. Goebbels' nursemaid on the birth of his latest child!"

The official laughed, completely disarmed. "I'm not supposed to say so," he volunteered, with a careful look behind him to make sure there were no witnesses to the conversation, "but you are right. We of the postal ministry have nothing to do with this tapping, but perhaps, if I report what you have said to me, something will be done about it."

We never had trouble again!

When distinguished foreign statesmen came to Berlin or Berchtesgaden, it was customary to plant dictaphones in the conference rooms. A Hungarian colleague told me an amusing story of the visit of Hungarian Regent Nicholas Horthy and Foreign Minister Kolomon de Kanya to Berlin in August, 1938. Dr. Kanya was put up in the Bristol Hotel. My colleague, who knew him well, called on him, and was ushered into the Foreign Minister's salon.

"My dear Tibor," von Kanya effusively greeted him, "I can't tell you how happy I am to be back in Berlin. It is simply amazing what Adolf Hitler is doing for his people.... By the way, will you have a cigarette?.... Oh, I left my case in my bedroom. If you don't mind, come right with me."

Arrived in the bedroom, he carefully closed the door, then said, relieved: "Thank God, now we can talk. There's a dictaphone in the salon. Now, tell me about this regime. Incredible, eh?"

When Lord Halifax visited Hitler's mountain retreat near

Berchtesgaden, on November 19, 1937, well-informed Nazis boasted that every word spoken between His Britannic Majesty's secretary of state for foreign affairs and *Der Führer* had been recorded on a dictaphone, and that some things had been said in confidence which Halifax would certainly not want the world to know. This record was to be held over him as a club.

My discussion of the problems and difficulties involved in getting news from Nazi Germany would be incomplete without some mention of that unique institution, the *Stammtisch* of the *Essener National-Zeitung*, official organ of the Nazi party in the famed Krupp city of Essen in Westphalia.

The *Stammtisch* is an institution indigenous to Germany only. It is usually a table in some restaurant reserved for the same group of people who come there day after day, usually night after night, to sip their mug of beer or their glass of wine, and to discuss the world in general and their own little local problems in particular. Every village has its *Stammtisch*; no sizeable saloon or restaurant in the city is without it. It is a "Dutch treat" affair. Before the Nazis assumed power, every political party in Germany had its *Stammtisch* in every stronghold.

The management of the *Essener National-Zeitung* consists of the most wide-awake, alert group of Nazis with whom I came in contact in the newspaper world. They were quick to realize that the foreign correspondent needs something more than government handouts. Also, as newspapermen themselves, they saw that the peremptory methods of Dr. Schmidt and the lack of understanding of foreign press problems in the Propaganda Ministry were not getting the regime anywhere.

They took the bold step of inviting a group of us, which was never to exceed thirty, to join them and German colleagues at a Thursday night *Stammtisch*. We eagerly embraced another opportunity for breaking through the wall of uncommunicativeness that at first was erected against foreign correspondents.

It required some courage for Erich Schneyder, Hermann Kind and their associates of the Berlin Bureau of the *Essener National-Zeitung*, as well as for their chief, Count Schwerin, managing editor at Essen, to start the venture. But these men were old line party members who could afford to take a risk. If their scheme succeeded, so much the better for them. If not, they would merely get a party demerit.

Schneyder's principle was that of imparting just as much information as he thought could be divulged without harming Nazi or state interests. He believed that a foreign correspondent, if given a frank reply to questions, would write much more intelligently than if he had to content himself with the stereotyped, "Nothing known here on that point," which we heard so often during official press conferences. Hence, the Thursday evening *Stammtisch* bull sessions became events that we could ill afford to miss.

If nothing else came out of them, at least we knew trends and tendencies in the government. At times of political crises Schneyder's slant on events was especially worthwhile. Though often saying frankly in response to an indiscreet question, "I would not answer that if I could," he never, so far as I am aware, deliberately led us astray. Such information as he gave was usually dependable.

Schneyder also saw to it that representative men from the Nazi hierarchy or the government came to us informally of an evening for off-the-record discussions. I recall an amusing evening when the Jew-baiter Julius Streicher, then gauleiter of Nürnberg and editor of the pornographic weekly, *Der Stuermer* (The Stormer) submitted to a little baiting himself.

Streicher expounded his theory about the incompatibility of the Jewish and Nordic races, and to clinch his argument ended with, ("The Jew, for instance, simply cannot interpret German music—German music becomes a travesty under his rendition.")

By this time I was pretty hot under the collar. I could restrain myself no longer. "If your argument is right," I said, "why did

Richard Wagner entrust so many premieres of his operas to the Jewish Kapellmeister Loewy?"

Streicher was nonplussed for a moment, then faltered, "Well, I suppose Wagner in his day did not understand the Semitic problems the way we do now."

On another evening in 1939, the notorious late chief of the secret service, Gerhard Heyderich, was the guest of the *Stamm-tisch*. I had an uncanny feeling when I met this man with the long, lank figure, narrow face, deep-lying, close-set blue eyes, blond hair, and thin, impersonal voice. That feeling was intensified when Heyderich met my French colleague, Geraud Jouve, chief of the Agence Havas Bureau in Berlin.

Heyderich looked at him. "I saw you standing in the lobby of the Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten at Munich on the day when Premier Daladier was there last September," he remarked. His was a photographic memory which never forgot faces. No wonder he was charged with guaranteeing Hitler's safety on public occasions.

Heyderich talked to us on the necessity for a secret state police, but whenever we asked concretely about the treatment of Gestapo prisoners in concentration camps, he became evasive and insisted that this was not his department. None the less, he assured us that there is a regular, periodical medical check-up on the inmates, and that nobody's health is neglected. He always spoke coldly, unemotionally, analytically.

That night it was dear old Rothay Reynolds, for many years correspondent for the London *Daily Mail* in Berlin, who proved to be the *enfant terrible*. No matter how Heyderich tried to evade, Reynolds kept prodding, "But do you think it right that...." and he would cite another case of maltreatment of prisoners known to him through his excellent Roman Catholic connections.

Schneyder finally had to change the subject when Heyderich, rather nettled, said something about "exceeding the bonds of

propriety," and "violating the rules of hospitality." Poor Schneyder—he had no easy job!

There was another useful service which the *Stammtisch* performed. Schneyder occasionally arranged week-end excursions for us to places which we might otherwise not have seen, yet which were well worthwhile from a news angle.

Two years before the outbreak of the war, for instance, we were invited to Essen, home of the world-famed Krupp munitions concern. What was shown to us would probably not have been of much use even to a military observer. But the value of our visit to Krupp's lay in our noting how many buildings were deliberately closed to us. From this fact alone we could deduce that gigantic war preparations were in the offing.

When we further visited a big plant for the manufacture of synthetic gasoline from coal, and made a tour of Germany's big inland harbor, Duisburg, with its loading and unloading of war materials, the impression that Germany was getting ready feverishly for the zero hour was fixed in our minds more indelibly than ever. In fact, one consideration involved in taking my sabbatical leave early in 1939 was the imminence of war that I sensed after that trip to Essen and Duisburg in January, 1937, and during subsequent visits to other parts of Germany. I wanted to revisit my native land, yet I also wanted to be back in Germany in time to see the war start.

In January, 1941, Schneyder secured an invitation for us of the *Stammtisch* to be guests at a hare hunt given by Artur Greiser, former head of the Danzig government and now the gauleiter for the Warthegau, a district along the Warthe River taken from the Poles and incorporated in Greater Germany (as distinct from many other sections of Poland which now constitute the General-Gouvernement).

It wasn't the diversion of rabbit shooting that determined the value of that excursion; it was the long chat we had with Greiser as we sat around the big fireplace of a charming Polish castle which had simply been taken over by the Nazis on the

grounds that "the owner had fled to the General-Gouvernement."

Greiser expounded the Nazi plans for the future of the Polish population, in all its brutality. The Poles, he argued, were a people who needed to be governed by others. No Pole would ever be given even a minor administrative post within the Warthegau, he averred.

The country, he pointed out, was mainly agricultural, and everywhere the same leadership principle which was applied by the Nazis in the *Altreich* (Old Germany) was being gradually applied in the Warthegau. Thus, on the analogy of Nazi practice in the *Altreich*, the best farmer in every little village would be appointed local peasant leader.

"But suppose a Pole proves to be the best local farmer?" I asked.

"Then, of course, the next best German is appointed," Greiser said emphatically. "This country is German and will remain German. No Pole can hold office."



XXV

FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS

JUST as the Propaganda Bureau never gave up its idea that by properly coloring the news, it could get the foreign correspondents to do its own work for them abroad, so, in dealing with foreign nations, the Nazis believed that by inculcating suspicions and distrust between nations, they could be made to react in a manner profitable to them.

Their tactics, in attempting to sow distrust and hostility between the United States and Latin America became increasingly apparent as time went on. The "softening up" of Latin Americans took place chiefly in the Ibero-American Institute, presided over by General Wilhelm Faupel, former ambassador to the Franco government of Spain. Its headquarters was located in the garish "Marstall," or imperial stables building of Wilhelm II's era. It contained reception rooms, a huge library and offices for a whole staff of German experts on Latin American questions. These experts were headed by the ubiquitous Frau Faupel. The Institute also had a whole corps of agents who, as the occasion demanded, discreetly distributed largesse.

The atmosphere in this Institute, which I had to visit occasionally to cover a story for our Central and South American papers, was distinctly anti-United States, though nobody in authority was ever willing to admit this. Proof of how its president stood came to me, however, in quite an unexpected manner on March 9, 1939.

There existed in Berlin an association known as *Die Freunde*

der deutschen Akademie in München (Friends of the German Academy in Munich), whose main purpose was that of supporting the German Academy financially. Once a month the members lunched together at the Kaiserhof Hotel, and a prominent speaker addressed them.

For some reason or other—I was not a member—I had been placed on the mailing list, and received regular invitations to these luncheons. The program for March 9, 1939, attracted me, as General Faupel was to speak on Latin America.

Faupel assumed that he was addressing Germans only. His speech was a tirade against the United States, and an admonition to the people of Latin America to beware of North America.

I cabled the essence of his remarks as follows for the afternoon papers of March 9:

“The Monroe Doctrine,” I quoted him as saying, “is nothing but a claim put forward by the United States for domination of the Western Hemisphere. There is but one danger to Latin America—that is the United States.

“The countries of South and Central America have much more in common with Spain and Portugal than with the United States.

“It must be admitted that the campaign of vilification of Germany in Latin America by the United States has had a certain effect, even though there are many leaders who see through it.

“Germany must make liberal use of radio, press and film, just as North America does.”

The General was very embarrassed when, several days later, we met socially in the Japanese Embassy. He had meanwhile heard about my story.

According to one Latin American diplomat whom I have known for many years and who was a keen observer, the Ibero-American Institute specialized in making Nazis out of Latin American students.

I met him again on the *Drottningholm*. He was very worried. “I am convinced,” he said, “that at least fifty of the seventy students whom I am charged with taking back to my country

with me have been corrupted by the Nazis. They were given sizeable expense accounts, were pampered and wooed. Won't we have a nice time with them when they return to my native land!"

There were further indications of this tireless effort to create suspicion between the northern and southern American countries when the secret press instructions contained the following item:

The revelation in the Belmonte case must be represented as an illustration of the methods which Roosevelt employs for undermining the independence of the South American states and for inciting against Germany. We are here concerned with an incident that is without parallel, with a foolish, clumsy trick of a forger. With an unscrupulousness that seeks its equal, the world was to be fooled. More quickly, however, than the sponsor of the Jews, Roosevelt, and the men who give him orders imagined, these machinations could be unveiled. World public opinion is being furnished a sensational demonstration of the means which the president of the United States employs for poisoning the relations between nations.

I have translated here only eleven of forty-four typewritten lines of explicit instructions on the "Belmonte Case." Let us recapitulate the facts and comment on them on the basis of detailed notes in my diary:

The American government, it will be recalled, released a letter alleged to have been written by the Bolivian military attache in Berlin, Major Elias Belmonte. The letter incriminated both Belmonte and the then German Minister in La Paz, Dr. Ernst Wendler, revealing them as engaged in a conspiracy to overthrow the Bolivian government and to put in its place one that would be subservient to the Nazis.

When we arrived at the German Foreign Office on the noon of July 28 for the daily press conference, we found cameramen and movie operators busy setting up their lamps and other paraphernalia, and radio men installing microphones at the center of the long conference table.

"What's up?" we asked one another. Nobody knew.

Soon the principal door was flung open, and in marched an unprepossessing dark little man, followed by the pompous, youthful foreign office spokesman, Dr. Paul Schmidt, and a whole coterie of lesser Foreign Office press liaison officials.

"The military attache of the Bolivian legation, Major Belmonte, has an important statement to make," Schmidt said solemnly.

Belmonte rose. He seemed exceptionally ill at ease. The clicking cameras further undermined whatever self-confidence he may have had. One had the feeling that here was a man who was not master of his own fate, but who was reading something prepared by people who had a hold on him.

He produced a statement in Spanish, denying that he had written the letter in question. "On my honor as an officer I declare that this statement is the truth," he asserted.

Meanwhile Dr. Schmidt was carefully checking Belmonte's words with the German translation in his hands.

Belmonte finished his faltering debut before the press of the world. The performance had not been impressive. But Schmidt, reading the German translation, supplied the pathos which he thought Belmonte lacked. He gave a rendition that would have done credit to a course in dramatic reading.

Though usually given to lengthy comment on subjects that he deemed fit for propagandistic exploitation, Dr. Schmidt preferred this time to lend the charm of brevity to this carefully staged scene. So he added by way of comment merely a few words to the following effect:

"The statement by Major Belmonte is interesting chiefly because at this time another power is doing everything possible to foment trouble in Latin America. The method employed is such that, if it is allowed to continue unchecked, a general poisoning of international relations is bound to ensue."

The scene was ended.

Later, while we were awaiting the departure of the *Drottningholm* at Lisbon during the five days between May 16 and 21,

Belmonte suddenly turned up to contact members of the Latin American diplomatic group. He came and departed on a Junkers German plane. He had not been interned at Baden-Baden with other Latin Americans while we were taking the five month Bad Nauheim "cure," but had remained a guest of the German government at Berlin.

A South American minister whom I have known for years and who crossed the Atlantic with me on the *Drottningholm*, informed me that Belmonte was being paid one thousand Marks (about four hundred dollars) monthly as salary for his pro-Axis services. In addition—and this throws a significant light upon Nazi practices—he was conceded the right to operate the "black bourse," in other words, to conduct shady operations in foreign exchange. These probably, according to my Latin American informant, netted him much more than the nominal salary for which he was working for the German government.

A few days after this secret press instruction on the Belmonte case, Goebbels tried again:

The new note to the states of South America gives notice of our protest filed with the Bolivian government. This communication to the South American states signifies that in a certain sense we enjoin upon them to be on the lookout lest they, too, become victims of these methods of a forger. Commentary may point out that the facts have officially and in detail been brought to the attention of the South Americans, and that they have been advised of the peculiar methods that are here being introduced into the relations of peoples. These states are thereby enabled to observe the necessary caution in case certain proposals are made to them.

True to the Goebbels principle that propaganda counter-offensives must be undertaken to forestall the possible damaging effect of the opponent's propaganda, the press is here enjoined to assume a holier-than-thou attitude with reference to the United States, and to explain to the German reader that those bad Americans, headed by war-monger Roosevelt, are introducing forgery, deceit

and the lie into international relations, with the poor Latin Americans as their first victims. Righteous Nazi Germany, however—so the counter-propaganda must run—is opening the eyes of the world to these unsavory practices. South America is forewarned; let it bear the consequences if it disregards this well-meant warning from a simon-pure government which practices only honesty and truth in international relations!

And yet these South Americans have proved to be incorrigible. With but few exceptions, they have taken a positive stand against the Axis and for the United States. How explain that, Dr. Goebbels?

It is obvious that German propaganda for foreign countries is something quite different from that for home consumption.

At home the regime never ceased its unrelenting fight upon the churches, as is shown by Hitler's long war on religion. For foreign consumption, however, the gesture of friendliness to the church was often made. Thus, at a time when Hitler wanted the support of the anti-communist White Russian circles, he announced that he was contributing to the building of an orthodox Russian church in the Berlin borough of Wilmersdorf, about fifteen minutes walk from my home.

During the war, when the regime deemed it important to retain the good will of Spanish Dictator Francisco Franco, the German Catholics were encouraged to send their Spanish co-religionists chalices, vessels for the consecrated sacraments, and other objects connected with the Roman Catholic rites. The German public, however, was not to know anything about this, for in an instruction to the press dated February 22, 1941, mention of these gifts was specifically forbidden, as was the re-publication, in instructions dated December 19, 1940, of an article on "Franco and Catholicism" which had appeared in some paper, and which emphasized *El Caudillo's* devotion to his church.

Another example of this contrast in propaganda for home con-

sumption and that intended for foreign countries, appeared in another secret press instruction:

The "Transocean" item, to the effect that England has sufficient food for only a few more months, is under no circumstances intended for the German press, but solely for propaganda abroad.

"Transocean" is a German wireless news service which sent items to North and South America to whatever newspaper cared to accept them. If the client was ready to pay for the service, well and good. If not, the expense was charged to propaganda.

Here we have a typical instance of how Goebbels' propagandists used one set of arguments at home and another abroad. The German press was instructed to report on England in such a manner as to "awaken a determined fighting temper" in the German people. Presumably they would be less inclined to give their very last effort if they felt that starvation was just around the corner in Great Britain and that the situation would take care of itself. On the other hand, to get Fifth Column organs in North and South America to spread reports of an impending English collapse seemed like good politics to Goebbels & Co.

One of the most persistent and, in many ways, successful propaganda efforts has been the deliberate attempt to build up abroad the fiction of German air supremacy as a deterrent to unfriendly nations. A striking example of the methods employed in spreading this propaganda occurred on November 7, 1939, when a memorable scene unrolled before my eyes in the Russian embassy at Berlin. It was the Soviet national holiday, commemorating the anniversary of Lenin's communist revolution.

For the first time since Adolf Hitler seized the reins of government in Germany in 1933, the upper Nazi hierarchy, headed by Hermann Goering and Joachim von Ribbentrop, attended the annual Russian diplomatic reception. The pact with Stalin was less than three months old. (Parenthetically I must insert that Goering and Ribbentrop, who have a mutual aversion for each other, timed their arrivals and departures so perfectly that Rib-

bentrop left his bolshevik host by one door just as Marshal and Mrs. Goering entered by another.)

There were effusive salutations between the chubby, jovial No. 2 man of Germany and youthful blond Soviet Ambassador Alexander Schkartzev. "It all depends upon mutual trust and confidence," Goering told his host, making sure that the foreign correspondents, who naturally became attracted to the unusual scene as a fish is drawn to light, heard it.¹

Continuing, Goering assured the Russian statesman of his unshakable determination to supply the fatherland with all the necessary arms for its proper air defense. "And if our enemies invent something better than we have," he concluded, "we'll discover something even superior."

Other important guests arrived and Schkartzev excused himself. Hermann Goering now took the unusual step of using a foreign embassy to give a newspaper interview. Turning to us American correspondents, he insisted that, no matter how the United States might step up her airplane production, Germany was already so far ahead of all her enemies and even potential adversaries, that nobody could wrest victory from her.

I quote from my Associated Press dispatch of that date:

"Field Marshal Hermann Goering, participating in the Russian revolution observance at the Soviet Embassy, told correspondents that he regarded Germany as unbeatable, and added that even if the United States built a great number of airplanes, 'It doesn't mean yet that they are over here.'

"In an excellent humor he continued: 'The fact that I am here at this time should in itself tell you better than any words can as to just what the situation is. If anybody had told us in 1933 that our fight with England and France would bring us side by side with Russia we should have regarded him as crazy.'

"When asked why Germany didn't attack the British coast

¹ I had heard him make almost an identical remark five years earlier under somewhat similar conditions—a diplomatic reception given by Polish Ambassador Jozef Lipski, attended by Goering, Goebbels and other high Nazis, just after the pact with Poland had been signed.

but contented itself with attacks on warships, the Field Marshal asserted, 'Warships are more strategic objects than the coast.'

"'But why no blitzkrieg on England?' someone persisted.

"'Because we are humane,' he replied. 'Please, gentlemen, that is no joke.' Whether Germany continues to hold this view, he added, 'depends on others, but that, too, is no joke.'"

Perhaps the strangest example that can be produced of Hitler's policy of fishing in troubled waters, of his drawing profit from dissension and distrust, is his relations with the men closest to him and their troubled relations with one another. No man has followed to better advantage the maxim, *Divide et Impera*.

During my tenure of office as chief of the Berlin Bureau of The Associated Press I frequently received requests for a check-up on some story by a competitor, alleging that Goering or Goebbels or some other high Nazi was about to be ousted by Hitler, or at least that he was *persona ingratissima* with the Führer. In almost every case my esteemed competitors had jumped to conclusions.

The fact is that the sun of Hitlerian benevolence does not always shine upon the same satellite. It is part of *Der Führer's* studied program to let first one, then another, bask in the warming rays of his grace. The man who is temporarily under a cloud, because he has incurred the dictator's displeasure, soon feels so isolated that he begs contritely to be re-admitted into the sacred circle—which is exactly what Hitler wants.

By that time some other satrap is ripe for isolation, and this punishment is felt all the more keenly because some one who, it was rumored, was out for good is suddenly readmitted.

Hitler has worked it out nicely: every leader in the movement has his violent opponent or rival, and Hitler delights in keeping them both, now inclining to one, now to the other. But both remain loyal to him, whether in the dog house or not.

Top rivals are Goering and Goebbels. They make a point of being seen in public as the greatest of friends, yet at the Propa-

ganda Ministry one will hear stories derogatory to Goering, and at the Air Ministry or the Prussian Premier's office, it is Goebbels who is singled out for sarcastic comment.

Goebbels does not hesitate to censor his friend Goering and Goering arrogates to himself powers that should belong to Goebbels. For instance, when Goebbels became overseer of the entire theatrical life of the nation and called together the stage managers and producers to inform them of their duties, a voice in the rear suddenly barked out, "But this does not apply to the state theaters of Prussia; they continue to be under my direction." It was Hermann Goering speaking.

When Goering gave his celebrated wedding party, Goebbels did not attend, and let it be known that he disapproved of such squandering of money.

For a long time three men struggled viciously for the privilege of conducting Hitler's foreign policy. They were Goering, Ribbentrop, and Rosenberg. Goering felt that as No. 2 man in the Reich he could do many things in the foreign field that no other Nazi could do. He made trips to Italy, Yugoslavia, France, Poland, always with a political mission on behalf of Nazism. On one occasion he said to me, "It is so easy to get along with the Poles, if only one knows how to approach them. The trouble with the Wilhelmstrasse diplomats is that they don't understand the Poles."

But von Ribbentrop felt that he was the obvious man to handle foreign affairs. Even before he became foreign minister, he established the "Büro Ribbentrop," a somewhat mysterious office which acted as a sort of spying bureau on the bureaucracy of the foreign office. When Konstantin von Neurath was eased out in February 1938, as foreign minister, Ribbentrop took practically all his young men of the "Büro Ribbentrop" with him into the Wilhelmstrasse.

Nevertheless Goering did not cease dabbling in foreign politics. He went to France in 1938 to prepare the Franco-German accord.

But Ribbentrop stole a march on him and on November 27, 1938, actually signed that accord on behalf of the German Reich.

Apparently Hitler then gave orders that hereafter Ribbentrop is supreme in matters of foreign policy, for it was he who went to Moscow to negotiate the agreement with Stalin, he who sponsored the alliance with Italy, the three-powers arrangement with Italy and Japan, and the various anti-comintern pacts. Goering no longer figured so frequently as foreign emissary, except that he was sent to meet Marshal Pétain.

Ribbentrop's ascendancy put an end to the hopes of still a third man, Alfred Rosenberg. This ideological leader of the Nazis had drawn up a sort of foreign office of the Nazi party, which expanded greatly after the Nazi movement came into power in 1933. It was a matter of common knowledge that Rosenberg was developing young Nazis with a view to their entering the diplomatic career. His outstanding failure in 1934 to convert the British in London to a more friendly attitude toward Nazism seems to have shaken Hitler's faith in him as the coming man for foreign policy. So Rosenberg was given the honorary post of ideological leader for a few years, and more lately was rewarded for his years of fidelity by being appointed Nazi governor for the conquered Russian areas. He has faded out of the picture as far as the shaping of foreign policy is concerned.

Ribbentrop not only had to win out over Goering and Rosenberg, but a bitter behind-the-scenes fight is still going on between him and Goebbels for control of publicity on foreign relations. The fact that the foreign correspondents are invited to daily conferences on "both sides of the Wilhelmstrasse," meaning the Propaganda Ministry and the Foreign Office, which are on opposite sides of the historic street, is one evidence of this conflict. Goebbels and Ribbentrop are both anxious to exert a decisive influence upon the accredited correspondents from foreign countries. There is a sort of gentlemen's agreement, according to which spokesmen of the Foreign Office are to reply to questions involving foreign policy, while the Propaganda Ministry spokes-

men are supposed to limit themselves to divulging information on domestic matters. But the dividing line is never kept clearly. In fact, from time to time it proved easy to get one side of the street to talk for publication merely by insisting that the other side was losing another good opportunity for influencing world public opinion by refusing to discuss the matter!

Hitler manages to keep all four—Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop, and Rosenberg—tied to him by favoring one after another. In peace times it was easy to tell who was in his good graces by watching to see whom he visited for a week-end. Now, during the war, the rivalries are not quite as apparent.

In the labor field, Robert F. Ley, the Reich's labor leader, and Franz Seldte, Reich's labor minister, are bitter rivals. I recall being seated next to Labor Minister Seldte on the grand stand during a Nürnberg party convention event. Ley started toward me, noticed Seldte, and turned abruptly and ostentatiously away.

Hitler's personal press chief, Dr. Otto Dietrich, is also press chief of the Reich. Goebbels as the propaganda minister theoretically outranks him, yet Dietrich's relations to *Der Führer* are such that he can, at any time, go over the head of Goebbels. That this situation makes for friction is apparent. Hitler does not seem to mind. He considers it a good thing to have Dietrich curb the ambitious and not always trustworthy Goebbels.

A similar situation, ripe for friction, exists in the ministry of the interior. Here Wilhelm Frick, one of the oldest party wheel-horses, holds forth as minister. Directly under him, is Heinrich Himmler, head of the entire police system of the nation. But Himmler is also Reich's leader of the black-uniformed SS formation, which is particularly dear to Hitler's heart. As head of this organization, Himmler has the rank of a minister of the Reich. Again, there is every opportunity for friction. It is generally known that Himmler aspires to becoming Frick's successor. But Hitler is quite content to have one act as a check on the other.

Within the party hierarchy, there are the same bickerings, the same jealousies, the same aspirations for greater influence and

higher position. Hitler does not object. On the contrary. By dividing his followers, by keeping them fighting among themselves, he is certain always to be the undisputed master of the situation.

In making his way to power, Hitler similarly set the various political parties against each other in order to insure the triumph of his own party. For instance, although the Nazis decried the communists as the worst enemies of Germany, they voted together with them in the pre-Nazi Reichstag on a number of occasions, especially in situations designed to curry favor with the working class. Their job was to encourage the enmity between the two wings of the labor movement, represented politically by the social democrats and the communists.

Internationally, Hitler constantly attempted and still attempts to apply the *divide et impera* maxim. In short-wave radio propaganda England was constantly warned against the United States, while the broadcasts designed for the North Americans warned the people of the United States against the British.

General Wilhelm Faupel, head of the Ibero-American Institute, made it his business to sow discord between Latin America and North America, all in the hope of making South and Central America go the Nazi way.

Before Germany invaded the Lowlands and France, Fifth Columnists were at work to warn the French against the British. In the Balkans agents were successful in weaning Rumania and others away from Great Britain, with the result that Hitler now virtually rules Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, and the rest.



XXVI

A BETTER PLACE TO LIVE IN

THOUSANDS upon thousands of patriotic but naive non-Nazis believed that Adolf Hitler really meant it when, in his first Reichstag speech of March 22, 1933, he invited all Germans of good will to join in the effort to make the Reich a better place to live in.

We who were domiciled in Germany through all those first years of Nazi rule often marveled at the amount of good will that was poured into an essentially bad cause. . .

Realizing that there was no party or movement left in Germany but the Nazis, many honest, well-meaning Germans decided that to stand aloof or sulk in their tents was not rendering their country a service. Possibly, they thought, by putting their shoulders to the wheel they could pull the German cart out of the jungle path of Nazism onto the safe, even highway of international cooperation.

By no means all the artists, scientists, inventors, captains of industry, educators, and men of the pen who generously gave their time and energy to develop the Third Reich were time servers. Not all were as calculating as the Hugenberg nationalists who kept telling their adherents: "Hitler commands the masses and furnishes the votes; but once he has come into power with our help, we'll have to supply the brains. Therefore, let's support Hitler and put him over, afterward our time will come." (How wrong this hypothesis was is shown by the Munich card index.)

The Nazis alone would never have been able to carry the nation through the first years of their regime had they not been able constantly to draw upon the past and upon men reared in a more broad-minded atmosphere than that which characterized national socialism. When the Third Reich extolled Gerhart Hauptmann as its leading poet, Richard Strauss as its greatest composer, Wilhelm Furtwängler as the wizard of the baton, Ferdinand Sauerbruch as the master mind of surgical science, Hjalmar Schacht as the sorcerer of finance, Claudius Dornier as the peerless airplane constructor, Krupp von Bohlen as the unrivaled munitions manufacturer, Gustaf Gruendgens as the most profound interpreter of Shakespearean roles, Franz Lehár as the inimitable master of the operetta, Max Planck as the greater-than-Einstein physicist, Count Felix von Luckner as the most popular globe trotter, Emil Jannings as the unexampled star of the screen, Ernst Udet as the finest aviator, and Friedrich Bumke as the outstanding legal mind, the obvious come-back of anyone who knew the background of these men was, "What has their acknowledged standing in their respective callings to do with national socialism? These men arrived long before Hitler came into power. What genius has Nazism developed during the fourteen years of its struggle for power and since taking over?"

About a year after the Nazis seized power, I was invited to the opening of the Artists' Home in Berlin, where men and women of the screen, the theater, the concert stage, the brush and chisel were to meet informally whenever their schedules permitted it.

The president of the club—I have forgotten his name, but remember that he designed stage decorations—delivered a speech, the burden of which was that the artist, like everybody else in Germany, must fit himself into the disciplined pattern of national socialism; that the time for unbridled individualism was over.

I could not refrain from saying to a man seated next to me—a judge of the supreme disciplinary court, whose wife was a singer—"Can you imagine a Beethoven pressed into a mold of any kind? Can genius unfold and live under regimentation?"

The worthy judge reflected for a moment, then said gravely, "Well, then, we'll simply do without genius."

The lord protector of this club was Joseph Goebbels who once delivered a speech within my hearing to the effect that the time was past for Germany to be "the land of thinkers and poets"; that under national socialism, it must become the land of doers. What he really meant was that it was becoming the land in which gangsters and bullies were cowing decent folk.

Nevertheless, many people with honest intentions decided to make the best of a situation which they had done nothing to create, and to put their best efforts into helping the only government then in existence in Germany.

But many of these non-Nazi Germans, who poured so much honest effort into their attempt to help pull the Nazi cart onto safer, saner roads, soon became disillusioned. First to complain to me, of all people, were the architects. As Hitler was so fond of building, and did not count costs when it came to endorsing gigantic construction projects, one might have expected that the architects would be strong for him. But with few exceptions they were not.

"It is simply hopeless to have any plan approved unless the same stereotyped pattern of four-square pillars to the portico and barrack-like windows for the building are designed," they complained to me. "All initiative is suppressed."

Artists of the brush reported that Hitler personally decided what might go into the annual exhibit in the gigantic, Nazi-built House of German Art in Munich, and that he often yanked out pictures at the last moment that had already been approved by a jury. Unless one conformed to Hitler's artistic conceptions, they said, there was no chance for them.

Movie producers found that unless their films idealized the heroic and the nationalistic, there was little hope of endorsement of their efforts. Librettos for operas ceased to be harmless: they became markedly propagandistic.

Educators and practical men of science soon learned that stu-

dents and graduates were not acquiring as much exact knowledge of their special branch as they used to, much of their time being taken up with marches, attendance at political demonstrations, and courses in *Weltanschauung*. The famous surgeon, Professor Sauerbruch, for instance, at a medical congress complained publicly that German medical science was on the rapid decline.

At the celebrated Siemens electrical works, continuation courses for university-graduated engineers had to be installed because the young diploma holders simply did not know enough to carry their load in the department to which they were assigned.

I read an article recently in which complaint was even made that the miner's arduous calling was on the decline because the young people were not schooled properly.

In labor circles, disillusionment soon set in because the workers of the hand and brain found that the State—meaning the Nazi authorities—so completely took over the direction of business and industry that the workers became virtual slaves.

The State decided what materials the manufacturer might have and in what quantity. Shortage of materials thus often ended employment in a private concern prematurely. The State also decided which industries were important for the existence of the nation. Germany became thoroughly acquainted with "priorities" long before the war began! Once the decision was rendered that this or that industry was "essential," the workers there were held to their jobs. Better pay offered elsewhere was no excuse for quitting.

Thus, a confidential secretary in a certain Berlin factory told me she had to turn down a splendid offer in a nonessential trade because her present job was in a factory engaged in the manufacture of equipment needed by the army. This, too, was years before the war began.

More and more workers and employers saw themselves deprived of all liberty. Enthusiasm for the regime cooled off perceptibly.

In the public health services thoughtful men became much concerned over the manner in which the law providing for sterilization was administered. One close friend of mine resigned from the service and went to the United States because all his protests against incompetent handling of the processes prescribed by law availed him nothing.

For a time I cherished the hope that possibly an amelioration of the tense situation between anti-Nazis and Nazis might be found, especially if the Nazis could be shown that the men whom they vilified were honest, upstanding, fine people.

My first experimental guinea pig was Hanfstaengl, the Nazi party's foreign relations man.

My wife had decided to give a dinner in April, 1933, and on our invitation list were, besides various American officials and correspondents, the former German minister of defense, General Wilhelm Groener, who was anathema to the Nazis because he ordered the dissolution of the brown-shirted SA; Kurt Sobernheim, internationally known German banker, whose fault, as far as the Nazis were concerned, was that he was a non-Aryan; and former Foreign Minister Julius Curtius, close friend of Stresemann, and cabinet colleague of Dr. Bruening.

Could I risk bringing such men together at the same table with a leading Nazi? But why not? I was not an official. As George S. Messersmith, then American consul-general in Berlin, told me in amusement after the dinner, "Only a newspaperman could get away with a set-up like that at your home; no German and no foreign official would have dared."

So my wife and I sent out our invitations, but in the case of Hanfstaengl I accompanied the formal bid with a personal note, in which I said that frankness compelled me to warn him that I did not propose to cast off my old friends; that I had also invited General Groener, Dr. Curtius, and Banker Sobernheim. Would he please come nevertheless?

Putzi's acceptance was the first to reach us!

The evening of the dinner came. One after another the guests arrived, the males of the species in tails. We told the Groeners and the Curtiuses and the Sobernheims that Dr. Hanfstaengl would also come, which was okay with them. But no Putzi showed up, although we had been standing around for fifteen minutes beyond the appointed hour.

Suddenly our parlor door was flung open, and in barged a huge, towering bulk of humanity in high boots and brown uniform. Diminutive little Frau Sobernheim trembled. Frau Groener winced. Frau Curtius stood aghast. All three thought the Nazi police had come to make an arrest. I, too, was flabbergasted for a moment.

It was Putzi. Turning to my wife, he excused himself profoundly for being late, saying, "My butler simply could not find my evening clothes. So at the last moment I had to put on my uniform."

That was his retaliation for my inviting non-Nazis to the same festive board with himself! "One up for Hanfstaengl," I thought to myself. "Rather clever." For of course I knew, and realized he must know that I knew—as he later admitted—that he had the uniform made especially for the occasion.

The ceremony of presentation began, and I wondered whether he would greet everybody with the Nazi salute, or whether he would conform to the traditional German social customs. He chose the latter. To General Groener he said politely, clicking his heels, "Good evening, Your Excellency." He kissed each lady's hand, doubling up like a jackknife to get his head down to the hand of the short, stubby Jewish Frau Sobernheim.

As he reached Herr Sobernheim, the quick-witted banker, to the amazement of all of us, said, "Herr Doktor, I believe you and I are related."

The face of Hanfstaengl momentarily turned crimson. The idea of his being related, however distantly, to a Jew seemed preposterous. Sobernheim explained that some cousin or other close kinsman of his had married an Aryan relative of Dr. Hanf-

staengl's. The two quickly went into a huddle to discuss the strange relationship in greater detail. The rest of us chuckled.

After dinner we managed unobtrusively to maneuver the former defense minister and the Nazi foreign press chief into a corner of the smoking room. I noticed that they were getting along famously. After a while Putzi came over to me and said, "That man Groener is quite different from what I thought he was. He's so nice that I've invited him to have dinner with me some time in my home."

"All my guests are nice," I answered jokingly. "The trouble with you Nazis is that you have such strong prejudices against anybody who isn't of your ilk."

"There ought to be more evenings like this," Putzi concluded enthusiastically.

I did not have an opportunity soon thereafter to repeat the experiment, for an order went out to Nazi party members not to mingle socially with foreigners unless it was unavoidable in connection with official relations. Later the ban appears to have been lifted again, for at the various cocktail and dinner parties given by my American and foreign colleagues, we regularly found a goodly sprinkling of Nazis. Nevertheless, when some years later Mrs. Lochner and I gave a fancy head-dress ball at the Esplanade Hotel to square up numerous social obligations, only one lower official of the party hierarchy turned up, while the higher-ups made excuses after first accepting.

Hitler, as has previously been shown, drew much of his support from the women, but the average *hausfrau*, too, was soon doomed to disillusionment. The women had been promised not only that their husbands would all have jobs (I have just pointed out that these jobs, however, were virtually manifestations of modern serfdom except that serfs were bound to their particular soil while modern factory workers in Naziland are tied to their work benches), but also that they would be able to rear better and healthier babies than under democracy.

Instead, they found that food was becoming scarcer and scarcer, because day in, day out Nazi canneries were conserving meats, vegetables, and fruits for the coming war, at the same time that state hoarding on a gigantic scale was going on of benzine, copper, nickel, textiles, and dozens of other objects essential to the god Mars' satanic purposes.

Before returning to America in 1939, I made a careful survey of the food situation as of May 15, in order to be able to answer the questions that I knew would be asked of me. The following story resulted, significant because it was written after six years of Nazi rule and four months before the outbreak of World War II:

"The best way to estimate what the food shortage in Germany is and what it means is to go with a housewife to one of the innumerable public markets in which Berlin abounds.

"Berlin, after all, is a fair indicator of conditions. It is a mistake to assume, for instance, that in a rural city like Fuerstenberg in agricultural Mecklenburg food is more plentiful. On the contrary, visits to little towns have shown the writer that the restaurant keepers there complain that the big cities—for Bavaria the same is true of Munich, for Saxony of Dresden, for Wurttemberg of Stuttgart, and so forth—are being supplied better than the rural town.

"If it is true, generally speaking, that the average German knows enough to keep his mouth shut when it comes to criticizing the government, it is equally true that the average middle-class *hausfrau* minces no words when it comes to airing her views on the food shortage as she goes from stand to stand in search of food.

"To anybody who knows the typical Berlin dialect it is an hour of fun just to hear the juicy expressions with which the disappointed mother and wife gives vent to her feelings. And there is always a chorus of sympathetic comrades-in-misery ready to second her. So the police prefers not to hear what is being said.

"Here is what a jaunt through the market reveals:

"Vegetables consist chiefly of spinach and potatoes, more spinach and potatoes, and still more spinach and potatoes. In a few weeks there will also be asparagus, but that needs much butter and is expensive besides—36 to 40 cents per German pound (the German pound is one-tenth more than the American).

"There is no cabbage; there are no dill pickles; lettuce is scarce. Even sourkraut, for which the government made tremendous propaganda during the winter, praising its richness in vitamins, is completely sold out and there won't be any until late this summer.

"Butter, lard and other fats are to be had only on a rationed basis and against a 'fat' card. Butter, for instance, is dispensed at the rate of 170 grammes per head per week and the purchase registered on the 'fat' card. Bacon, which is also entered on this card, can be had at the rate of half a pound per head per week. Bacon for breakfast, for instance, is an unknown thing except in the big international hotels where this delicacy can be ordered.

"As to meat, the *hausfrau* is happy if she can get any meat whatever. She has long ceased to be choosy about it. Pork is sold only in proportion to the quantity of fats conceded to each family. Mutton and veal are scarce. Beef, though more plentiful, is often frozen and not fresh.

"Many a *hausfrau* returns home triumphantly displaying one pork chop which she has managed to get for the head of the family. For, dutiful wife that she is, her first concern has been to keep the bread winner in fit condition. That she and the children have to go without meat is accepted as fate.

"One important result of this meat shortage has been that private dinner parties have been cut to the bone. Families hesitate to invite guests for dinner when they don't know whether on that particular day enough meat of one kind is available at the butcher's to serve all guests. You ask your butcher, for instance, to give you a seven or eight pound roast and he may give an answer like this:

“‘For three hours I stood in the wholesale market early this morning fighting for meat. Finally I managed to get this one calf for all my customers. I simply can’t give you seven pounds and disappoint six other customers.’

“The abnormality of the food situation is best illustrated by the fact that, as shown in this incident, the shopkeeper is not anxious to sell, but on the contrary wants to spread his small stock as thin as possible.

“Ask for apples, and the grocer will grab below the counter, fetch a small supply of them—provided you have first bought other things; he simply has none if you order apples and nothing else—look right and left that nobody else sees him, and then condescendingly offer you a pound of second-rate apples for 80 pfennigs or 32 cents.

“Oranges, too, are usually kept under the counter, out of sight. They sell at 55 to 65 pfennigs (22 to 26 cents) per pound.

“The Germans are great coffee drinkers. The scarcity of this article causes much complaint—so much, in fact, that Propaganda Minister Goebbels found it necessary to write a syndicated article poking fun at the ‘coffee spinsters’ who grouse about coffee when they ought to marvel at the accomplishments of national socialism.

“Coffee is now rationed on the basis of one-eighth pound per week per person. Coffee costs from \$1.00 to \$1.70 per pound.

“Home baking is in a fair way to become a lost art for three reasons: the *hausfrau* hesitates to ‘squander’ her small allotment of butter on baked things; she finds her cakes suddenly collapsing during their rise in the oven because somehow the flour of today contains funny admixtures; and she usually hasn’t enough eggs at hand.

“The average customer is lucky if, on scouring the market, he comes home with as many as five eggs which cost him four to five cents apiece.

“And, of course, the *hausfrau* is not so rash as even to dream of cakes with whipped cream. There will be no whipped cream

this summer, it was announced over the radio the other day (except in Austria, where the absence of whipped cream would be as detrimental to the morale as the absence of beer in Bavaria). All cream must be used for butter, the announcer said.

"Although it is forbidden, and despite police vigilance, many shopkeepers continue the practice of what is known as 'coupling.' That is, they will not sell you a scarce article unless you buy with it some article that is plentiful. Here's a case in point:

"A member of The Associated Press staff went to the market and at one of the stands asked for oranges for his little boy (the father has long renounced oranges for himself but is happy if he can get one a day for his son). The shopkeeper glanced about and made sure that nobody was looking, and then produced an orange and at the same time a little package of raisins and nuts. He had enough of the latter to insist upon 'coupling.'

"It was only a small matter but typical of what is going on. The only fruit that is plentiful is the banana, which sells at about 2 for 25 pfennigs or five cents apiece."

Arrived in New York, I was interviewed and a story put out which began as follows: "A word picture of a young Nazi so elated at having a pork chop for dinner that he gleefully waved it over his head was given Thursday by Louis P. Lochner, veteran Associated Press foreign correspondent, as an illustration of Germany's economic pinch."

Newspapers printing the interview headlined it, "When a Nazi Licks his Lips," or "Single Pork Chop an Event in Reich; Food is Hoarded."

When knowledge of the interview and of the play it received reached Berlin the next day, such an uproar went up about it that Melvin K. Whiteleather, acting chief of bureau during my absence, cabled me there was a strong possibility of my not being permitted to re-enter Germany. Fortunately, this storm, like so many others, blew over, thanks in part to Whiteleather's diplomatic and loyal handling of the situation. But when I attended the first foreign office press conference in the Wilhelm-

strasse after my return to duty in July, 1939, Dr. Richard Sallett, in charge of the American section in the press department, was frostier than an icebox in "welcoming" me back to my post.

But the single pork chop was a fact, and the disillusionment of the housewives after six years of the Nazi regime was also a fact.

Indeed one reason for Hitler's hastening his war preparations so feverishly and for declaring war when he did was the fact that enthusiasm for the Nazi cause had gradually reached a low ebb, despite the "peaceful" acquisition of the Protectorate of Bohemia-Moravia and of the Memel territory.

Dictators have ever welcomed foreign wars to bolster up their regimes, and to unite in a comradeship of necessity a people that might otherwise evince signs of disunion dangerous to dictators' tenure of office. World War II came exactly at the right moment for Adolf Hitler.



XXVII

AN ABRUPT END TO A LONG STAY

AFTER my return from the Finnish-Russian front in mid-August, 1941, signs began to multiply rapidly that the Hitler regime regarded an armed conflict with the United States as inevitable. But nobody, either among my foreign or my German friends, dated the breach of diplomatic relations or the outbreak of war earlier than the spring of 1942.

The position of the American correspondents became increasingly difficult. More and more we were excluded from press conferences staged in honor of pro-Axis statesmen. More and more we had to listen to vulgar diatribes against America and the American chief of state at the daily press pow-wows. Had we been accredited diplomats, we should have had to leave in protest. As correspondents charged with getting the news, even the unwelcome or the unsavory, we had to remain, boiling inwardly. Besides, we knew that our presence at these conferences was a matter of irritation to the Wilhelmstrasse. They would have been happy to have us withdraw.

So little did even my best sources of information anticipate Pearl Harbor and the events which followed that I decided to get out of the poisoned atmosphere of Berlin and away from politics and war, to attend the Mozart Festival at Vienna. It was the happiest week I had spent since the beginning of the war. Operas, masses, symphonies, chamber music—it was a far cry from the hymns of hate on the Wilhelmstrasse. Not even the voice of the Nazi governor for Austria, Baldus von Schirach,

who announced, "Every German boy who dies at the front is dying for Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart," could spoil it.

On my return to Berlin, my enthusiastic description of the music to my family was rudely interrupted by a telephone call, telling me that our country had been invaded by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor.

On December 9, shortly before midnight, Ed. Shanke, on night duty at the office, called me to say, "The German newsmen in America have been arrested by the FBI." We didn't need to tell each other that, under the German system of reprisals, we were slated for similar treatment.

Most of the morning of December 10 was spent in conferences at the Embassy and the German Foreign Office in an attempt to learn what was likely to happen.

"You may rest assured that, whatever may become necessary in the way of reprisals will be done in the noblest manner," the Wilhelmstrasse official who usually acts as trouble shooter for the foreign correspondents, assured me.

From his office I went to the daily press conference. There was a tense atmosphere. Little groups getting into huddles in various parts of the hall. Many a European correspondent with whom I had worked shoulder to shoulder for years, came to say goodbye and to express the hope that America would bring freedom to a sorely tried European continent.

Suddenly, about one o'clock, there was a hush. Dr. Schmidt entered the hall. As usual, we proceeded to sit down at the huge rectangular table at the center of which Schmidt was wont to preside. But he remained at the door, shouting, "One moment please! The German correspondents in the United States have, contrary to custom and a gentleman's agreement, been arrested by the American authorities. I must therefore ask the American correspondents here present to leave the conference and proceed forthwith to their homes."

We knew that meant "house arrest"—enforced confinement in our homes until further orders. Silently and with dignity the

American correspondents tried to file out. But it wasn't possible. As though by a common impulse, our colleagues from Switzerland, Sweden, Spain, Argentina, even Japan, and from virtually all the subjugated countries of Europe formed an aisle and insisted upon shaking our hands, often adding in a subdued voice, "Good luck," "*Auf Wiedersehen*," or "Our sympathies are with you."

Dr. Schmidt had remained standing at the exit door, and as we filed by, he solemnly seized the hand of each departing American and shook it. I understand that after our departure he insisted there was nothing personal about his ejection of the Americans, but that from now on his official relations to them had ceased and they had been "blotted out" as accredited correspondents.

Usually two of us from the AP covered the daily conference; this time it was Angus M. Thuermer who attended with me.

"Let's drive back quickly to the office, and while you gather up our belongings, I'll try to file a story," I said to Angus.

It was lunch hour when we reached the office.

A hurried drafting and dispatching of my last news message from Germany, briefly telling what had transpired in the Wilhelmstrasse; a quick call to Steinkopf, Shanke and Fischer, advising them not to come to the office, but to go home or stay home; a brief "goodbye and thanks" to our German staff, with attendant emotional strain; and out of the building—journalists "blotted out."

As yet nobody knew what further development our "house arrest" would have. It was a queer feeling, after recent days of excitement, late hours, nerve-racking probing into the possibilities of the political situation, suddenly to have time on one's hands. I found myself wandering about our apartment rather aimlessly, following my wife from room to room like a faithful dog.

Then, I pulled myself together and agreed with Mrs. Lochner that we had better begin in earnest to pack. But what could

we pack? Would we be allowed to take our personal belongings with us? Would our papers be seized at the border? Was it true that every departing American would be permitted to take but one piece of baggage with him? Would our "house arrest" be followed by a real arrest through the Gestapo?

"Let's first make up an over-night bag for you in case they pick you up," was my wife's advice. In a country with war rations an over-night bag contains not only clothing and toilet articles. It is always wise, even for a non-smoker like myself, to include some packages of cigarettes. They do wonders with guards and minor officials.

Our packing was interrupted again and again by telephone calls from foreign colleagues and friends. One of us seemed to be at the receiver continuously. And hardly had we had our first quiet supper in weeks before more friends called, this time in person. Not knowing how the Gestapo might interpret visits to a potential enemy, they preferred to call after dark! It was past midnight when the last of them departed. Dead tired, we prepared to go to sleep.

At ten minutes of one our doorbell rang three times. "There they are," we said almost in the same breath.

"Is Mr. Lochner at home?" I heard a man ask. Before my wife could answer, I called, "Here I am." The corridor was but imperfectly lit on account of the daily blackout; so suddenly two flashlights were turned on me. Two Gestapo officials in plain clothes revealed their badges.

"Come along," the older one said, curtly but very politely.

"Why?" I asked.

"Sorry, we can't tell you," was his rejoinder. "Where is your bedroom? Please dress and come along."

He followed us to the rear part of our flat. I seized the over-night bag from among the other pieces and said, "Guess I'd better take this along."

Perplexed, the secret service agent exclaimed, "But how did you know that we were coming?"

"Why do you think I'm a newsman?"

He didn't seem to think it necessary that I take a bag and kept assuring my wife, "It's a mere formality—in a few hours your husband will be back." But I insisted and gained my point.

Pleading a desire to go to the bathroom for a moment, I quickly scribbled, "Inform the Embassy, our AP office, and the Foreign Press Association." This slip was afterward found by my wife and the first inkling thus given to the Embassy of what was happening to the American newsmen.

It was no "Black Maria" which waited for us—Angus Thuermer, who lived a few doors away, had also been picked up—but an ordinary four-passenger car. The promise to conduct reprisals "in the noblest form" evidently meant, in part, that we were to be spared the embarrassment of being fetched in a police car.

Into the main police station on the Alexanderplatz, up to the third floor and the section marked "Secret State Police." Iron gratings and a door with steel bars and an enormous lock offered an ominous welcome. An official in uniform emerged from the semi-darkness and silently opened the door. It clanged behind us. We were locked up.

In an office room several doors ahead we were asked to write out the date and place of our birth. Presumably this was a method of obtaining specimens of our handwriting. Then on through a long corridor and into a larger room which apparently is used in daytime for questioning purposes. Besides several desks there were ordinary tables at which, presumably, the "victims" sit during the questioning.

We received an unexpectedly warm welcome—for here were Alex Small, correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune* and J. Paul Dickson, who divided his time between assisting Small and broadcasting for the Mutual System. They had been picked up a little ahead of us and were glad to have company.

Even a man with a lively imagination could hardly claim that the room was cheerful. On one wall hung a particularly stern and grim picture of *Der Führer*—one of the most forbidding

among the thousands I have seen these years. From another wall the owlish eyes of SS chief Heinrich Himmler glared piercingly down upon us, and the thin lips and narrow-set eyes of Security-Chief Gerhard Heyderich seemed about to break into a disdainfully triumphant smile.

About three o'clock, Fred Oechsner of the United Press and Jean Graffis of Acme Photo agency were delivered into our room and given a hearty cheer.

We became an octette a few moments later when Ed Shanke of our staff and Jack Fleischer of the UP joined our enchanted circle. Ed's legs felt cramped after sitting so long in a miniature car, so, after good American fashion, he tried to put his feet on a table, being careful, however, to spread out a newspaper under them.

Immediately a guard jumped up. "We still have *Kultur* in Germany," he snapped. "Take down your feet. You can do that when you get to America, but such manners aren't tolerated in a civilized country like ours. Here we are still human."

Apparently the Gestapo found the process of calling for us by twos somewhat tiresome for at five o'clock that morning, the eight of us, who had tried in vain to sleep sitting upright on hard, straight-backed office chairs, heard a whole chorus of nervously hilarious voices. The door opened and in came Hugo Speck of the INS, looking like a seasick tourist with several cameras and binoculars strapped around him, and complaining that the guard in the "reception" room had asked whether he could write; Alvin Steinkopf of our staff, whimsically philosophical as always; "Ernie" Fischer of our staff, armed with a big cardboard box full of camping articles, as his suitcases had been delivered to our office after we had been forced to clear out of it; "Joe" Grigg, Glenn Stadler, and "Pat" Conger of the UP. They had all been gathered up in a covered van.

Four more hours elapsed before the last in our group, Dr. Paul Fisher of the N.B.C. was added to the herd. He had recently changed his address and the Gestapo had been to his old haunt

where nobody remembered his new home. So the Gestapo, which knows everything about everybody, went to his fiancée and compelled her to take them to his new house.

As the hours wore on, we naturally got more and more tired. We had worked like dogs these last weeks and we needed sleep. Hugo Speck decided to take matters into his own hands by spreading his overcoat on the floor and quickly falling asleep on it. It was not long before a guard jerked him up.

"Look here," he said, "you can't do that. Get up!"

"Okay, brother," Hugo replied sweetly, still half asleep. "Give me a lift."

Before the nonplussed official knew it, Hugo had seized his arm and was raising himself on it.

"There, there," the official said, surprisingly soothing. "You may sit in that chair and lay your head on the table, but you mustn't lie on the floor."

No one seemed to know what to do with us, either the guards or the dozens of officials who peered at us as they came on duty. We felt like monkeys. We learned only much later that there had been a mix-up between the Foreign Office and the Gestapo. Mr. von Ribbentrop had given orders to let the American newsmen remain in their homes until the forenoon of December 11 when they were to be taken briefly to the police station for identification and after that to their "internment" villa. The Gestapo had decided to grab us in the middle of the night, as they were wont to grab Jews, republicans, and nonconformist clergymen.

So here we were, fifteen marooned and forgotten newsmen, without the faintest idea of what was likely to happen to us next. The breakfast hour had come and gone but nobody had brought us anything to eat or drink. We refrained from mentioning to each other that we were getting ravenously hungry.

Ten o'clock came and went, and no word from anybody. Eleven o'clock—nothing happened. About noon we were taken into another room. One of the correspondents discovered a radio

set and just managed to put it into working as the one o'clock news broadcast closed with the announcer saying, "Thereupon the American correspondents in Germany were arrested."

After the news broadcast our group became so insistent upon food that one guard finally said timidly he would supply it if we were willing to pay for it. A unanimous "yes" from fifteen famished knights of the pen showed indubitably where we stood on this question and pretty soon—the interim generously filled by Fred Oechsner dividing a salami "wurst" among us with resultant thirst—a buxom lass appeared with huge pots containing two meat balls for each and plenty of boiled potatoes, and a bottle of mineral water a piece. Price (including generous tip) sixty cents.

The morale of our group rose perceptibly once we had food in our stomachs, and we were all set to hear the broadcast of Hitler's address to the Reichstag when, just as suddenly as everything else had happened thus far, an official came to order us to put on our coats and get our baggage.

Again we were marched through seemingly endless corridors and down several flights of steps, until we found ourselves opposite a covered van or lorry such as is commonly used for the transportation of troops.

"You are going to Gruenau," one of the guards confided to me after another cigarette. This conjured up visions of the Olympic Regatta in 1936, when a stretch of the Spree River near the eastern Berlin suburb of Gruenau had been selected for the world rowing championships.

After about an hour's drive, our van came to a halt before a summer hotel annex with the intriguing name of "Riviera."

"The hot water heating will be turned on soon," one guard told us reassuringly as he noticed our look of disappointment at the cold rooms. We were assigned to rooms in pairs and threes.

"Everybody this way," someone in the Stadler-Fleischer-Conger menage called. "We have a stove in our room." So the fifteen of us huddled together in one bedroom, waiting for further

developments. It was now between four and five in the afternoon.

In his quiet, unobtrusive way, Ernie Fischer slipped out and returned with what proved to be a priceless utensil: a tea kettle. It was a life saver. During the three days of our confinement it was almost constantly in use.

The next afternoon several SS men arrived from Berlin, demanding the keys of such bachelors as had their own private apartments. Just as we were debating this rather worrying move of the authorities, a car drove up, bringing Dr. Emil Rasche of the Foreign Office, who had already proven himself a friend of the press people, and Dr. Froehlich of the American section of the Propaganda Ministry. Rasche brought us the glad tidings that the State Department, according to newspaper reports, had agreed to treat the German correspondents as men with diplomatic standing. Just as soon as the German newsmen were released from Ellis Island, and official word of the State Department's decision had been received, we would be put on the same basis. As to whether we could take our belongings with us on departure, that too would depend upon reciprocity.

About five o'clock there was a big surprise in store for us. A private came into our room and asked me to step out with him for a moment. "Somebody has come to see you, but you must not tell anybody, especially not our superiors, and you can talk to her only on the veranda," he said.

"That can only be my wife," I exclaimed happily.

And so it was. We were allowed to speak to each other on the porch in the presence of the guard, who, however, was a very good-natured fellow.

My wife told this remarkable story: someone who declined to reveal his name had telephoned to inform her where we were interned, with directions as to how to get there. To her suggestion that she would probably need a permit, the voice said that the informant trusted to her eloquence to get her admitted. So she started out with a grip full of apples for the internees (we

yearned for fresh fruit, and what a godsend those apples were), cigarettes for the dozen among us who were smokers (an Indian roar of delight went up when I produced the smokes), some canned goods to relieve the monotony of our daily prison fare, and American magazines galore.

From Gruenau railway station she had made her way to our Riviera Annex, and then a combat of wits and eloquence had ensued until she finally broke down the resistance of the good-natured but responsibility-laden guards sufficiently for them to permit our brief meeting.

The next evening an SS man arrived with an official-looking paper. He read from it: "The internees are to consider themselves free and return to their homes as quickly as possible. By nine o'clock tomorrow, Sunday morning, they are to be at the American Embassy with their luggage."

Thirty minutes later the first of us started out with our baggage to the railway station about fifteen minutes away.

A night followed during which few Americans in Berlin slept. The German government declined to allow the American diplomats and journalists more than twenty-four hours for their departure from the capital. That meant, at least for us internees, that during the night personal affairs had to be straightened out, messages left, powers of attorney signed, farewells made and baggage checked.

The American Embassy of Berlin that Sunday morning was "occupied." In the spacious courtyard dozens of German soldiers swarmed. Inside the Gestapo was in evidence everywhere. Swiss officials, charged with representing United States interests "for the duration," were beginning to install themselves. The corridors were messed up with baggage of every shape and description. Friends of departing Americans were seated in every reception room, awaiting their turn to say good-bye. Heavy-set teamsters were incessantly passing in and out of the building to fill three huge vans with baggage and official records.

Finally, at eleven-thirty three large omnibuses, carrying

"ninety-seven Americans and fifteen correspondents" (as someone offensively put it), started for the Potsdamer station. With a curious glance we took in the familiar sights of Goebbels' swanky palace, the Tiergarten, the super-spacious Reichs Chancellory, the busy Leipziger Platz. There were no demonstrations. The German PEOPLE have no quarrel with us.

We were placed on a special train of six sleepers, one diner and two baggage cars, which came to a stop about ten o'clock at night at the internationally famous spa Bad Nauheim. Here, we were told, we were to be interned until all the details of the exchange of American and German diplomats and newsmen had been arranged. We were virtual prisoners for five full months!

When I first began writing this book, I had intended to devote detailed space to our Bad Nauheim internment, upon which I shall always look back as upon a rather unique American experiment in the art of fighting boredom. Since reading, however, what happened to my colleagues who had the misfortune of being interned by the Japanese, I feel it would be in poor taste for me to delve deeply into the history of our five months confinement. I shall therefore touch only upon a few high spots.

Built as a summer hotel only, the Grand Hotel Jeschke was at times so cold during January and February that we used to go to the dining room in overcoats and hurriedly return to bed as soon as we could. The food was slightly better than what the average German household enjoyed, but infinitely inferior to what the German diplomats, living in luxury at White Sulphur Springs, had at their daily disposal. We especially lacked fresh fruit, vegetables, eggs and milk. Fortunately, the American Embassy had a commissary department from which certain canned articles could be supplied to add to our otherwise decidedly lean rations.

There was one dish which all internees will remember forever and which recurred with distressing regularity during our confinement. We dubbed it "Nauheim Pudding," and in the skits

and songs that were produced, "Nauheim Pudding" never failed to draw a big laugh. And when the correspondents organized an internee paper, its name was "The Pudding."

"Nauheim Pudding" was the inevitable dessert for lunch and supper. Its main ingredients seem to have been scant flour, ersatz gelatine, ersatz sugar, a faint odor of vanilla and ersatz eggs. Its color was a screaming yellow and its taste quite non-descript.

We lived in relative comfort. Day and night auxiliary police paced up and down outside the hotel to make sure nobody escaped (as though, without passports, ration cards, and money anybody could get very far!) All doors leading to fire escapes had an official seal whose unbroken state was attested daily. On every floor a Gestapo man had his room nearest to the fire escape.

Throughout the winter—even on coldest days—and well into the spring, Major Jack Lovell of the U.S. Army and Lieutenant Onnie Lattu of the U.S. Navy conducted every morning one gymnastic class each for women and men in the gravel square of the Colonnade. We who joined these classes feel ourselves deeply indebted to our instructors, for this exercise kept us in fit physical condition. Later, in spring, we were allowed twice a week to go to the Bad Nauheim stadium for a round of self-made soft ball games during which the journalists and the military attaches each furnished one team, the embassy and consular officials and employees two. Also, we were occasionally taken on long cross-country hikes under Gestapo surveillance.

We were allowed to correspond with persons within the German Reich, but were denied the use of the telephone or the telegraph. Three German dailies reached us, also a few German magazines. Fortunately, however, we were not as completely shut off from contact with world news as the Gestapo imagined. Edwin A. Shanke of our AP bureau had a tiny American box radio which the German officials evidently took for a camera. Regularly a small group of us, pretending we were going to

"choir practice," every evening heard the London nine o'clock news broadcast.

There was, as a matter of fact, an internee chorus, and a good one at that, with twenty-four mixed voices. It represented one of the many activities called into life to fight boredom by creations of our own—one the "Badheim University" presided over by Perry Laukhuff of the Embassy and later by Philip Whitcomb, AP string correspondent in Paris; the other an entertainment committee, which had Commander "Speedy" Graubart of the Navy and Frederick C. Oechsner of the UP as chairmen. These two institutions managed in an exceptionally able manner to keep all of us busy until the hour of our liberation came.

As month after month passed, bringing no positive news concerning the possible end of our internment, our colony naturally grew somewhat restless, especially with the coming of spring. Also our American physicians were finding that the internees were gradually losing weight, until a condition had been reached that might at any moment give rise to serious complications. The average loss of weight for men, they found, was ten pounds, that of women 6.7 pounds.

It is difficult to put into words the emotions of our group when finally a notice appeared on the bulletin board that several days hence, on May 12, we were to start for Lisbon.

A queer-looking but happy lot we were when, at eight o'clock on the evening of the appointed day, we started on our hike from the hotel to the railway station about half a mile away—some of us in the one good suit of clothes preserved for the exit, most in shabby, threadbare garments which had done duty throughout the five months of our internment.

A short, sharp whistle, and our special train pulled out. We were on our way to freedom at last!

All through that night and the entire next day we traveled through Occupied, depressed France, reaching Biarritz on May 14.

The next morning early we were awakened by the deafening

roar of cannon, the terrifying zoom of Stukas, the strident sounds of sharp military commands. To impress the departing Americans with Teuton military prowess, the German navy had staged a sham landing attempt on the Biarritz course which (of course!) was promptly repulsed.

As buses were taking our party to the railway station, German soldiers were slipping from building to building in a maneuver that apparently constituted some problem of street fighting and of driving off the few invaders that got by the coastal artillery. Some soldiers had dug themselves into the sand. Burning oil pots covered the city with a dense, evil-smelling smoke screen.

That was our last glimpse of Germany embattled and now sprawled over the European continent. How long, we wondered, would it be until the picture was reversed, and American and English troops were forcing Hitler's soldiers eastward steadily, inexorably?



XXVIII

WHAT CAN TOPPLE HITLER?

SOONER or later the United Nations are going to defeat Hitler and the Nazi system of life. But we won't do it until we understand clearly the elements of strength and weakness in the Hitler set-up and learn how, in the fastest and most expeditious manner, the scourge of Nazism may be made to disappear from the earth.

In the course of my visits to the various "fronts" and while doing my daily press work in the capital of the Reich I had to learn necessarily certain lessons in regard to the German conduct of the war. It seems to me worthwhile to indicate here—as I see them—the concrete tasks that the United States and the United Nations are facing in their attempt to topple Hitler.

1. First and foremost, this is a total war and it can be won only by total measures. In Germany the entire resources of the Nazi Reich have been and are being poured into the single effort of winning the war. Privations which are unthinkable for most Americans have been accepted, grimly and fatalistically, by Hitler's subjects.

Are we willing to make similar sacrifices? For the present, I fear, we have not even begun to think of war in totalitarian terms. We complain when there is a gasoline shortage—the German long ago renounced not only his own car but even the privilege of driving in a taxi. We find it irksome that coffee consumption is being cut slightly—the average German hardly remembers what real coffee is. We are distressed at the prospect

of not having hot water all day—the German knows he can have his warm bath only on Saturday or Sunday, and even then he must be sparing of water. I could multiply these instances.

If we go on living, unconcerned about the future, expecting that the comforts and amenities of life will continue for the civilian, and that discomfort and privation are the lot only of the men in combat areas, we may wake up with a jolt some day to find that our reserves—however limitless they may seem now—are exhausted, and that the German, possessing relatively far less food, clothing and consumers' goods than we, has by scientific rationing and placing the nation on a basis of total war from the first day in September, 1939, managed to outlast us.

I do not anticipate that our rich country will ever have to come down to the super-spartan simplicity of Teuton life in wartime. But by comparison with what I saw and experienced in Germany, and with what my colleagues stationed in England have repeatedly told me, we have not even begun to wage a total war.

2. Totalitarian war also means totalitarian responsibility for the man charged with a certain military task. In other words, unless the principle of unified command becomes universal on the United Nations side, we shall find the war far costlier in lives and materiel than need be, and we shall find Hitler rather than ourselves selecting the time and place of operations.

Field Marshal Rommel was placed in charge of the German campaign in Africa in February, 1941. That meant he was the supreme commander over the German and Italian armies, navies, and air forces in that sector of the far-flung Axis front.

But it meant much more than that. It meant that long before Rommel swung into action, he was assigned to his task and given proper opportunity to make his preparations. The way such an appointment—as head of a unified command—works out in Germany is as follows: Hitler, as supreme commander, meets in secret session with the commanders-in-chief of the army, navy, and *Luftwaffe*, plus his military deputy, Field Marshal Keitel. The situation is surveyed and the task fully envisaged, with the

thought ever uppermost: "Weigh the risks, and if they seem worthwhile, take a chance." This supreme war council then asks: Who, all things considered, is the best man to execute the particular task? Seniority or branch of service play no role. It is solely a question of the right man for the particular operation.

That is how Rommel, with his success in leading panzer divisions in France and with his general reputation for daring and initiative, came to be selected for the African task. That is how Field Marshal Wilhelm List, with his intimate knowledge of the Balkans, his friendships from World War I with Bulgarian and Turkish officers, his personal fearlessness demonstrated in being the first to make a dent in the Maginot Line, came to be appointed commander-in-chief of operations in Yugoslavia and Greece in the spring of 1941. That is how General von Falkenhorst, long a student of the Scandinavian countries, received the order to conquer Norway and overrun unsuspecting Denmark.

Sworn to secrecy, the appointee is told to go ahead and devise his own campaign in his own way, to select his own collaborators from the three major branches of the service, to formulate his detailed plans. Then he is to come back to Hitler and Keitel for final approval, and particularly for an okay on the men and materials demanded. From the moment of his appointment he is responsible only to Hitler. If he is an air force man like Field Marshal Kesselring, assigned to take supreme command of the operations for conquering Crete, even Hermann Goering can no longer tell him what to do or not to do in connection with his particular mission.

The appointee now selects his staff from men in the three arms of the service who not only seem to him to have the proper talent for the particular operation, but who will "click" with him in a human way. The German High Command realized that congeniality is an important factor in getting the greatest results out of a group of men pulling together at a common task.

This small staff secretly settles down in some remote corner of Germany, away from all other influences, and concentrates on

the one task. Rommel and his men, for instance, went to East Prussia and there, in the sands of that rather barren section of Germany, practiced with the troops demanded by him and assigned for the task the maneuvers that were later carried out with such great effect.

At a certain point in the operations the Naval High Command can never decide that it is wiser to withhold, for reasons of general naval strategy, the ships Rommel says he needs. Rommel has under him some high naval officer who mapped out this plan of campaign with him, and the Naval High Command has no authority to overthrow their plans once they are approved by Hitler.

The principle of unified command has become second nature to the strategists on the Axis side. Rivalry among the three arms of the service is limited to brilliance in the performance of the task assigned, and does not spend itself uselessly in bickerings over who shall have precedence over whom.

Pearl Harbor should ever be a warning to us as to what happens when there is no unified command. But the principle, to be effective, must extend all the way to the top. Admiral Leahy is by no means the generalissimo even of the American forces, let alone the combined forces of the United Nations!

3. The scorched earth policy, so effectively applied by the Russians, must be paralleled by a policy of unceasing "nuisance" assaults on the Hitler war machine during the present period of getting ready for the major offensive against the Nazi-dominated European continent that is certain to come.

From what I observed in Germany, the "second front" need not wait until the United Nations can actually invade the European continent. The conception of "front" in modern warfare is intangible. The "front" is everywhere.

Personally I believe it is quite as important, at this stage, to make Hitler spend what reserves he has on a "nuisance front" as it is actually to jump the hurdles of the powerful Siegfried Line,



Army leaders in modern warfare must be at the very front, sharing all danger with their subordinates. Field Marshal General von Reichenau, who is seen talking to the author at the Belgian front, inspected the front lines daily, and in Poland swam across the Vistula at the head of a reconnoitering group. General Kurt von Briesen, like other commanding generals, drove to the front lines in a side car. He was killed at the Russian front during such a trip.



which now includes as well the vast system of Atlantic coastal fortifications in occupied countries.

Hitler is short of gas, oil, and transportation, to mention but a few of his headaches. Every "nuisance" raid over German soil means that he must send his planes into the air, at the cost of vast quantities of gasoline and oil, as every aviation expert can testify. Every bomb thrown on round houses or railway junctions reduces the sadly needed transportation facilities of the Reich. Every successful interference with railway transportation in turn means that essential goods must be carried on trucks instead of by rail—and again gasoline and oil are consumed all out of proportion to calculations.

Hitler's own favorite surprise tactics might come in very handy in this connection. It would not be a bad idea to send bombers to the most unexpected places for a succession of days, merely to compel Hitler to rush equipment and men in that direction, thereby again drawing on his reserves of men and materials.

A "nuisance front" performs two other vital functions: it interferes with production, and it encourages the six million prisoners of war and foreign laborers who are now doing Adolf Hitler's work to loiter and go slow.

In Berlin I observed what air raids did to production in this vast city. Take even so minor a matter as the sign on the door of a uniform factory: "Open from 8 A.M. to 5 P.M. except after air raids, when we open for business an hour later." Figure out for yourself what one hour less of war production means in a city of over four million inhabitants teeming with war-essential plants.

More than that, I know from personal experience how "washed up" we were after a night raid. Our work the next day was sluggish. We were sleepy, inert. We lacked energy and initiative. The manager of a concern making precision instruments told me that after each air raid the work of the ensuing day was practi-

cally lost, as the men were in no condition to ensure precise calculations.

We who lived in Berlin could never agree in our hearts with the gloating references by government press spokesmen to the effect that little material damage had been done by an RAF. raid. We knew that production, at least, had been interfered with effectively. We could not understand at the time why the British came so rarely; why they did not "bunch" their visits, instead of letting several days elapse before they came again, during which the Berliner could catch up on sleep.

Seven "nuisance raids," merely by sending enough planes to keep a vast city of millions of inhabitants underground, coming day after day for a week, seemed to us at that time more likely to give a serious blow to production than seven raids scattered over a whole month.

As for the six million foreign workers, all of them—whether prisoners of war or civilians—more or less forced labor—naturally are men and women working without any enthusiasm for the Nazi cause. All are praying for the hour of delivery. All are glad to throw monkey wrenches into the Nazi machinery provided it can be done without great danger to themselves. Now, after a "nuisance raid" it is easy for them to make plausible to the Nazi employer the fact that the day's production simply could not come up to expectations. Nobody will suspect sabotage. It is uncanny how quickly underground news travels, and once such "nuisance raids" become regular there is no doubt but that the foreign workers will, of their own accord, reduce the curve of their efficiency more and more, thereby helping the United Nations War effort.

4. Air supremacy is essential in modern warfare for achieving success in military operations. The sad story of the Lowlands and France in 1940, and of Yugoslavia and Greece in 1941, was that of insufficient air power on the side of the United Nations.

The Hitler pattern of warfare may be put down as follows: first the enemy must be located, then immobilized, then attacked

at some vital point by a concentration of forces, then encircled, and finally annihilated.

Now, to locate the enemy, there must be flawless reconnaissance activity by the air force. The scouters must secure all possible information regarding the disposition of the enemy's forces, the type of weapon being moved to the front, the quality of the enemy troops, and the like.

Next, to immobilize these moving forces, again the *Luftwaffe*—this time the bombers—get into action. In Poland, in western Europe, in the Balkans, everywhere, Hitler's air force did the devastating work of interfering with marching columns, destroying air ports and planes before they could even leave the hangar, and annihilating railway centers and junction points.

This preliminary work done, Hitler would strike at some vital point and concentrate all his efforts there. The movement was always one of surprise. But it could be executed only provided he had air superiority; in other words, provided he could keep enemy scouters from observing his movements. The fact that he had air superiority enabled him to move his forces quickly in daytime. His enemies had to proceed slowly at night. And when once the two opposing forces were locked in battle at an unexpected point of concentration, Hitler again had the edge on his opponents, as we saw in Belgium where his air force practically directed the battle from planes as observation points.

Having administered a telling blow at some unexpected point, Hitler usually considered the moment had come to start his pincer movements. He would have two encircling forces on each flank, with the idea that if the inner pincer for some reason or other failed to close and entrap the opponent, the outer pincer was sure to do so. It is not difficult to see how important air supremacy was in enabling Hitler to draw these pincers without being noticed by the enemy. Conversely, the fact that the Russians, too, had a formidable air force explains why, for instance, late last autumn General Guderian's panzer army, instead of

trapping the Russians, was itself trapped and had to be extricated at the expense of completing that particular pincer movement.

Once the encirclement was completed, Hitler entered upon the fifth stage of the operations, that of annihilating the enemy. It was here that the Stukas contributed markedly to the success, not only by the actual damage done through the bombs unloaded upon the struggling enemy forces, but also by the rapid-gunfire upon the nerves, figuratively speaking, of the combatants, brought about by the roaring sirens built into the Stukas.

5. Defensive tactics, however excellent, will not win this war. It is the aggressive spirit of attack that, in the last analysis, will count. Unless the United Nations are prepared to take the initiative again and again, in spite of occasional reverses, the war will be a long drawn-out affair. It is here that we may expect much of the American armed forces.

1. We are less bound by tradition than some of our older allies. Too great caution can sometimes be fatal. The American armed forces have already shown that they have dash and daring. Their example has been contagious in several joint undertakings which I have watched from the sidelines.

Aggressiveness will be an important factor in debunking the myth of Hitlerian invincibility. When one comes right down to it, most of *Der Führer's* successes have been due to the fact that he acted while the others waited. His sensing when to strike established for him that reputation for invincibility which is still part of the *credo* of the German soldier, and an important factor toward maintaining morale.

I am convinced that just as soon as the German soldier and officer notices an equally aggressive spirit of offense among his opponents, his morale will slip rapidly. I recall how various military and high government officials in Berlin used to say, during the days of Hitler's air warfare upon London, "Our German people's nerves simply would not stand for what the British are taking. Given a series of air raids on Berlin like those we made on London, and the capital would demand an armistice."

It is not at all unlikely that Hitler's nerves will be the first to snap when he realizes that the United Nations have wrested the initiative from him. Every time I saw him after the beginning of this war, he seemed more nervous. Accounts by reliable informants agreed in indicating that he became successively more subject to moods of despondency.

"My outstanding impression of Hitler," a world-famous German accustomed to analyzing people told me, "is that he is made up of inferiority complexes. All that strutting of his, all his stage-play is but a manifestation of an inner feeling of inferiority which he tries to hide by the over-compensation of appearing especially imperious and self-possessed."

If this man's analysis is correct, it is safe to assume that aggressiveness shown by Hitler's enemies is likely to increase his feeling of inferiority and hence hasten the day of his downfall.

6. Preparation must always be the bulwark of aggressiveness. Otherwise, an act of aggression may prove a boomerang, not only resulting in disaster to the particular operation, but acting as a wet blanket upon morale because of its failure.

One of the outstanding reasons for Hitler's successes is the thoroughness of his preparations for any given task. For instance, the break through into France by way of the Maginot Line was made possible only because all through the preceding winter of 1939-40 the Nazi forces in countless test maneuvers had acquainted themselves with the job ahead of them. The seizure of Fort Eben Emael by an alleged "secret weapon" was the result of months of practice on a dummy fort in northern Germany. Field Marshal List prepared his Balkan troops in the Austrian and Tyrolese mountains; Field Marshal Rommel his African troops on the dunes of East Prussia. German artillery had actual fortifications to demolish when the Czecho-Slovak border defenses were dismantled.

7. Rigidity of thought and action is dangerous when facing an enemy whose whole regime is revolutionary. We cannot apply the standards of 1914-1918 to the present war. We must be pre-

pared to change our tactics and our viewpoint constantly if we want to outwit Hitler.

I have been rather startled, since returning to this country and chatting with fellow countrymen, to note to what an extent Americans still think of this war in terms of the trenches of 1914. Not long ago, some of my friends looked at the map when they read of our establishing a beach-head on the Solomon Islands, compared this little speck of an island with the vast Orient, and concluded that the Solomons weren't even worth bothering about. They failed to take into account such factors as strategic importance, influence upon morale, interference with other Japanese plans, and so forth. They could think only in terms of geographical size.

When the commando raid was made upon Dieppe, they saw merely that the British and American troops had once more left the European mainland, and therefore considered the experiment a failure. They did not take into account the probable effect of this landing maneuver upon the disposition of Axis troops in Russia. They failed to recall that, during the winter of 1939-40, Hitler directed many commando raids against the Maginot Line which at the time seemed to be failures. It was only later that the importance of this incessant probing into possible enemy weaknesses became apparent to the whole world.

Rigidity of thinking on the production sector is equally dangerous. It will never do for us to say, after we have embarked upon the manufacture of a certain type of plane or tank or gun or ship, that the last word has been spoken, or that the particular building program must now be carried out at all costs and without change.

8. A far-reaching technique which we could profitably learn from the Germans is their method of distributing materials for war industries. Their system is that of allocation, while ours is the much-discussed and disputed method of priorities. Now according to the system of priorities, the man who needs steel, let us say, to build airplanes, puts in his claim for the material.

"Yes," he is told, "that is necessary. Here is your slip for the material." But the order in itself does not provide the material! It does not even indicate that the steel is available.

The German system is first of all to discover how much of any given material they have, second to allocate a certain percent for airplanes, a certain amount for ship-building, etc., in relation to their needs. Then, within each given field, a director determines what companies shall be allowed a share of the material and how large a share they are to have. By this system, counter-claims and rivalries between branches of the service and war industries are eliminated.

9. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the necessity of co-ordinating information and propaganda with the military effort. Let us not be afraid of the word propaganda. The fact is that propaganda is an indispensable factor in the war effort of any nation. Just as there should be a unified military command, so there should also be a unified information and propaganda command as part of the war effort. So long as Elmer Davis or his assistants for instance, are barred from secret sessions of a military court, there can be no thought of unified propaganda command.

We have thus far given the world a rather sad picture of government offices working against rather than with each other. By this I do not mean to infer that I favor the abolition of criticism. One of the priceless things that distinguishes us from a dictatorship is the fact that even today, in wartime, the press and radio are free to criticize. Nothing could be worse than to abolish criticism. But what we have seen recently of mutual public criticism by different government departments for purely selfish reasons was hardly calculated to help win the war.

10. Even while the present war rages, it is important that we look ahead and see what kind of world we have in mind for the future. Against Hitler's mouthings concerning a New Order of slavery for all but Teutons, as he interprets it, we must set our own conception of a New Order of real justice.

Wiser men than I have already written and spoken on this

subject. I have but one observation to make: There are men of good will in Germany, just as there are such men everywhere in the world. In proportion as we can encourage such men with assurances that they too will have a share in the construction of a real New Order, in proportion as we furnish them with propaganda material and other aids for carrying on their struggle against Hitlerism, will the mistakes of Versailles be avoided, will this war be shortened, a quicker victory assured, and the foundation laid for a peace that will give promise of enduring.

THE END

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